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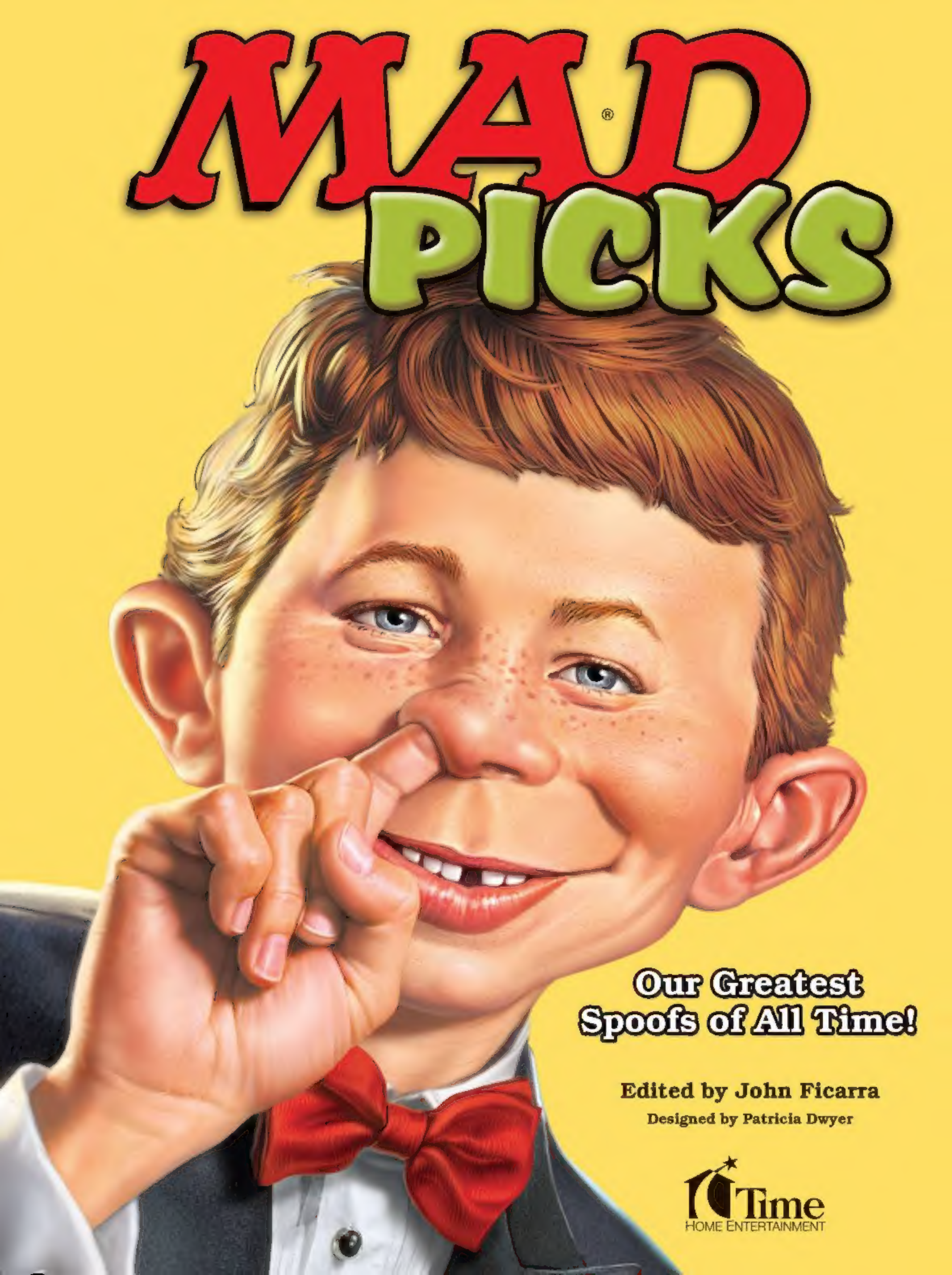

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By Norman Mingo
From "The Soul of MAD" Collection

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MAD THANKS
Special thanks to Al Feldstein and Nick Meglin, who originally edited many of the articles in this book, and to John Putnam and Lenny Brenner, who art directed them. Thanks to writer/editor Vic Arkoff, for her untiring work in obtaining the celebrity appreciations for this book. Thanks to Doug Gilford and Mike Slaubaugh for their always handy and accurate MAD fan sites, and to Grant Geissman for foolishly trusting us with his pristine Alfred Pop Art poster. An extra special thanks to Bill Gaines, who started it all and whose spirit lives on in the MAD offices, to all the "Usual Gang of Idiots" past and present and, of course, to Max Korn. Lastly, we would be remiss if we didn't say thanks to Time Home Entertainment's Steve Sandonato, though what exactly we're thanking him for remains unclear.

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"Drawn Out Dramas" throughout by Sergio Aragonés

Foreword

The idea for a book in which MAD contributors write about their favorite MAD articles was first suggested by longtime MAD editor Nick Meglin back in the 1980s. But for a reason that escapes me at the moment, we just never pulled that book together. Wait, now I remember why. We went to lunch instead.

Fast forward to January of this year. I was sitting in my office with MAD Art Director Sam Viviano along with Katie McHugh Malm and Megan Pearlman from Time Home Entertainment. We were brainstorming ideas for a follow-up to *Totally MAD*, our inexplicably successful book of 2012.

Sensing an opportunity to self-promote, I immediately jumped on Meglin's idea and offered it up as my own. Everyone loved it! (A first for a Meglin idea, I believe.)

By the end of day, I had sent out emails to many of MAD's contributors, something to the effect of, "Pick your all-time favorite MAD article and write a short essay about it or you'll never work for MAD again!"

It was a strong threat, I know. While most of MAD's writers and artists claim they would love nothing better than to never work for the magazine again, in reality they keep coming back issue after issue after issue. They obviously love working for low rates and abusive editors. (We don't call them "The Usual Gang of Idiots" for nothing.)

Their essays started rolling in.

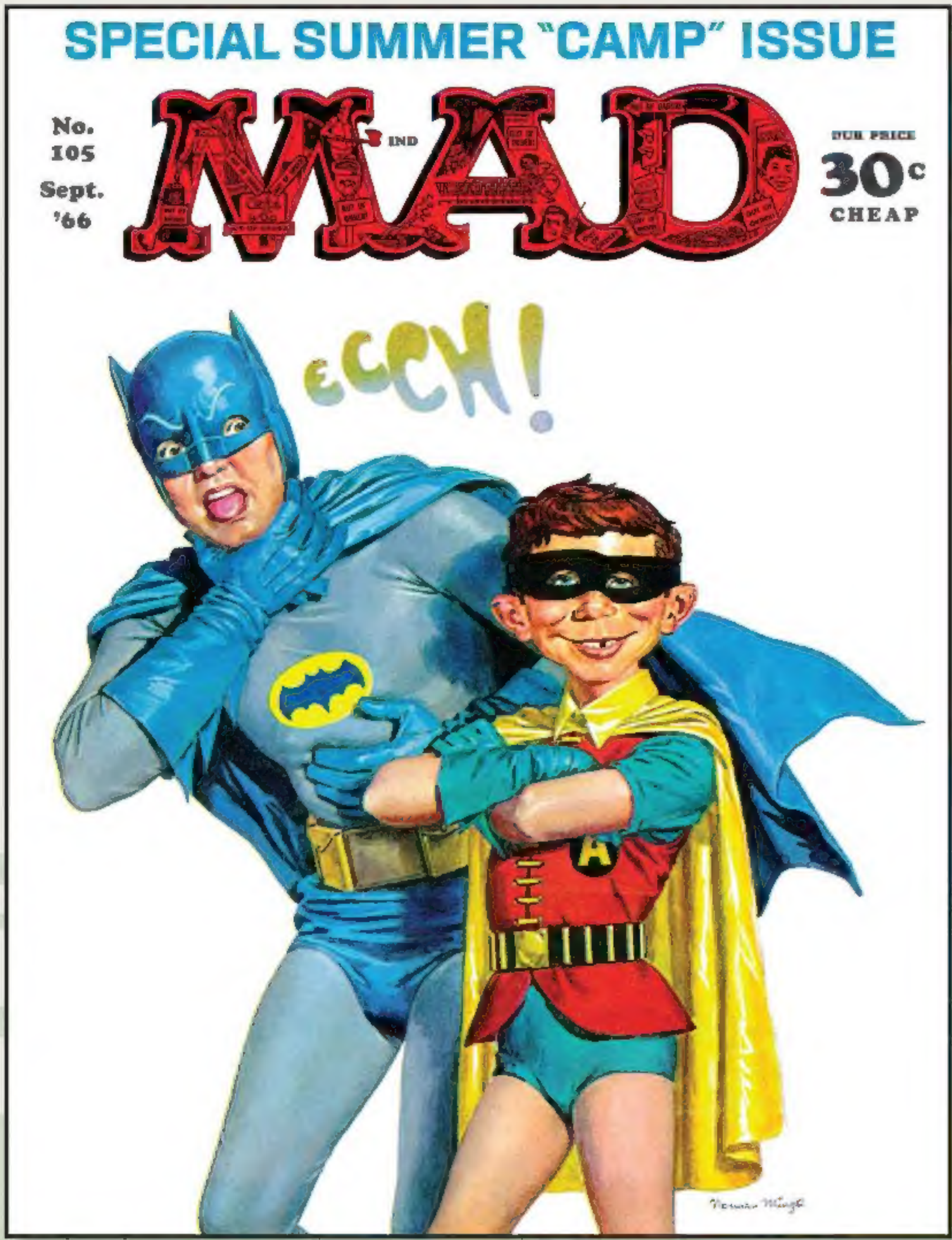
But with little faith that the MAD contributors would come through with anything worthwhile, I also contacted L.A.-based writer/editor Vic Arkoff and asked for her help in getting a celebrity to write an essay for the book. I figured one well-written essay by a big-name Hollywood star would counterbalance whatever questionable junk I received from MAD's contributors. Ever the overachiever, Vic didn't get just one celebrity essay; she got 17.

Suddenly, we had a book.

Inside MAD offers a rare look into the twisted minds of the writers and artists who have produced the magazine for the past 61 years. I would like to say it's illuminating and insightful, but unfortunately I can't — I've read it.

It's now abundantly clear to me that a book featuring essays by MAD contributors was an ill-conceived project that never should have been green-lit. Did I mention it was Meglin's idea?

John Ficarra
May 2013



ARTIST: NORMAN MINGO

MAD #105/SEPTEMBER 1966

by James Warhola
ARTIST

I discovered MAD in the 1960's when I was a very impressionable young lad of about seven. In our household my mom forbade me from reading Dr. Seuss — thinking he was just too weird for my delicate brain — but with MAD she was okay. So to her I am grateful for making the right choice, because MAD certainly influenced my life's path.

The old adage "One shouldn't judge a book by its cover" is WRONG! MAD delivered gut-wrenching humor, starting with its covers. They were over-the-top clever and brilliant. *The Saturday Evening Post* had Norman Rockwell but MAD had Rembrandt — or, I mean, Norman Mingo. Mingo found his niche at MAD in the 1950's and helped shape its destiny. Being the veteran "old-school" illustrator that he was, he gave Alfred personality and portrayed him in bizarre situations that kids like myself could identify with. The purely visual covers enticed us to read on. May I say genius? Okay, yes, Mingo's covers were pure genius! A big favorite that I distinctly remember was MAD #105, featuring Batman gagging at the sight of his trusty sidekick, who was none other than the imposter — "Robin E. Neuman." What kid wouldn't want to be Robin at the time? Alfred became our proud stand-in, thanks to Norman Mingo.

Little did I know that I would hop on board with "The Usual Gang of Idiots" and have a crack at a few covers myself about 20 years later. This was a dream come true, but wow — what an unbelievably high standard Mr. Mingo set for all cover artists. His covers are forever great inspirations to aspiring artists and will always reflect the American culture of a bygone era.

Roseanne Barr

My dad and I used to walk down to the Rexall Drug store on the corner by our house in SLC, Utah for fun. We would first buy an ice cream cone and then browse the magazine racks while eating, spilling ice cream all over the pages, leaving fingerprints on the covers, without a second thought, until one particular week when we came in, and there was a new sign: "NO BROWSING." My dad complained to the clerk, who told us that people were no longer allowed to eat in their store, either. My dad got angry, and told me that we would never come back there again, as the owners were Anti-Semites (he also told me that Santa was an Anti-Semite too, and that's why he never came to our house on Christmas). I remember that he then walked over and tore the subscription card out of a copy of MAD, without buying the magazine, because he was very cheap. But, he told me we were going to "subscribe" to it instead and that it would come to our home in the mail. It came to our mailbox sometime later, and my dad was quite proud of himself, as it was the first and only magazine he ever received in the mail.

MAD Magazine was the first and only magazine my dad ever received in the mail.

My dad explained the "satire" of MAD Magazine to me by proudly stating that it was the handiwork of Jews from New York, whose job it was to make fun of the ridiculous things in the world! I remember asking where New York was located, and if it was in the USA. He assured me that it was not foreign at all, and that Madison Avenue itself was a large hangout of the Jewish people. I was astounded, as I recall, used to being the only Jewish student from the only Jewish family for miles and miles.

Man, the idea that Jews could be something besides the occasional comedian on TV, helpless victims, or just generally neurotic outcasts who avoided pork and athletics, planted a large seed in my brain. Making fun of everything seemed like the type of career I wanted; I just HAD to get to New York, somehow, someday!

Well, I didn't get there till I was famous, and while New York was pretty exciting, I don't know if any of the perks that come with fame and fortune could rank up there with finally being the target of the genius MADmen who inflicted their maniacal magic on me and my TV show. I mean, working with brilliant actors and writers, ruling the airwaves on Wednesday nights, season after season, was a dream come true for that little working-class girl from Utah, but being thoroughly roasted by the wiseguys at MAD was something above and beyond.

"Grossanne" was hilarious, in the tradition of the best of the MAD hatchet jobs on big TV shows, movies and anything else that needed a good poke in the ribs and the naked emperor treatment. I bought my dad dozens of copies and had it framed, too. My dad was very proud, though upset at what he called the "Anti-Semitic fat jokes" at my expense. I still have that issue on a wall in my house and it brings a grin every time I walk by.

Well, MAD and I have turned 60 at about the same time and it's my sincere wish that we continue to roll along, both MADLY in love with our mission to mock and scorn everything and everybody who needs it. Happy 60th Birthday, MAD, from one of your biggest fans ever!

ROSEANNE • WILL EISNER • CUT-OUT BOOKMARKS
SPY VS. SPY • ACADEMY AWARDS • COCOON II

No. 287 June 1989

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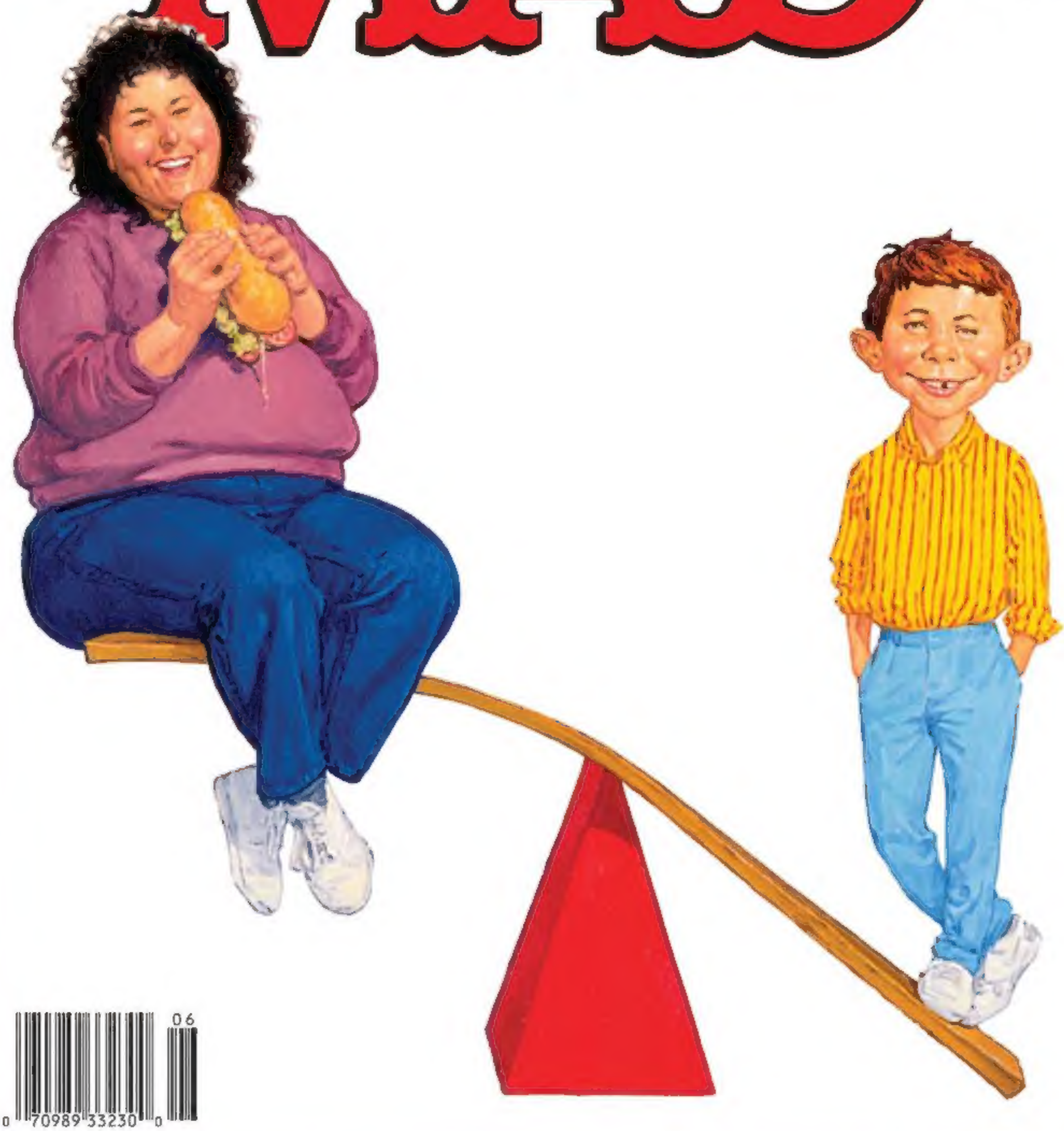

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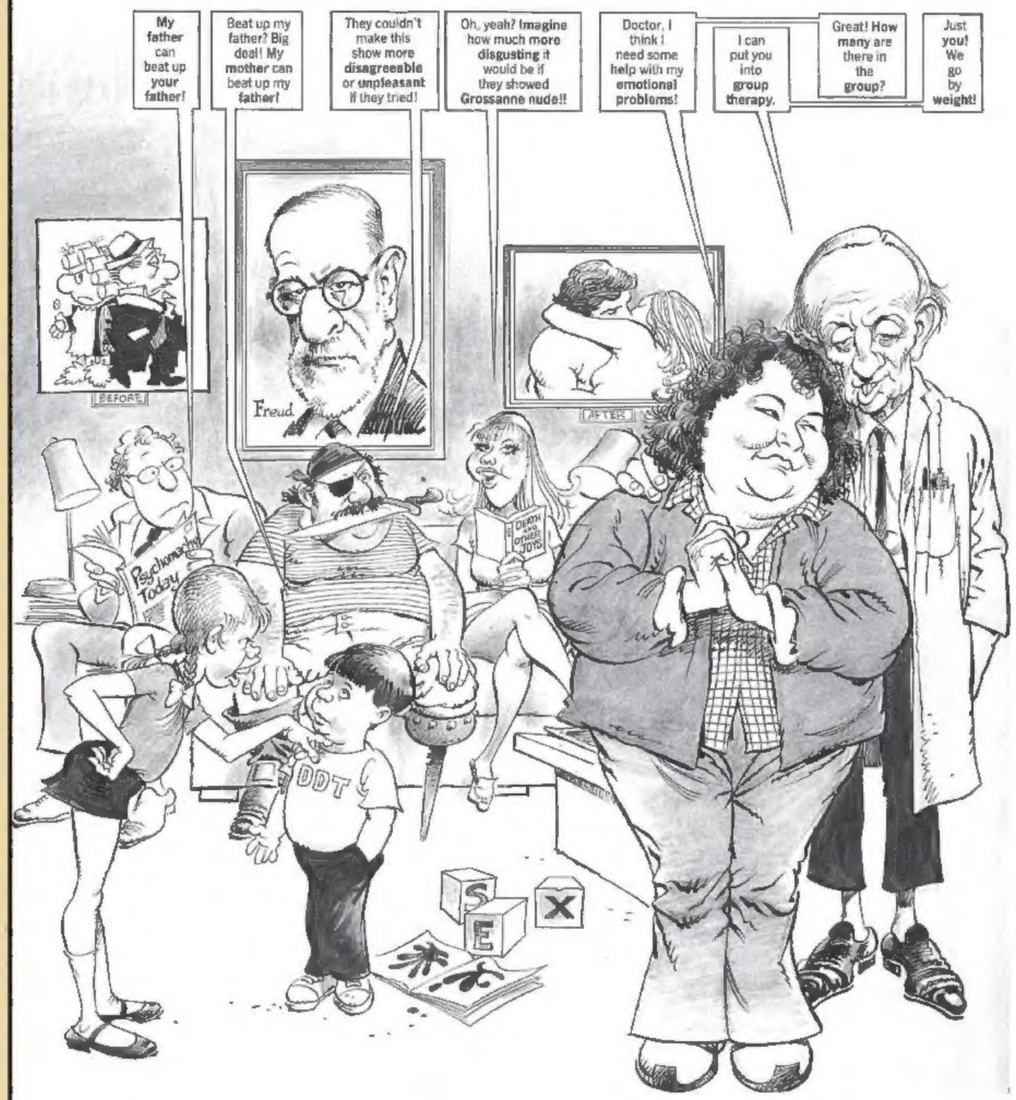
ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

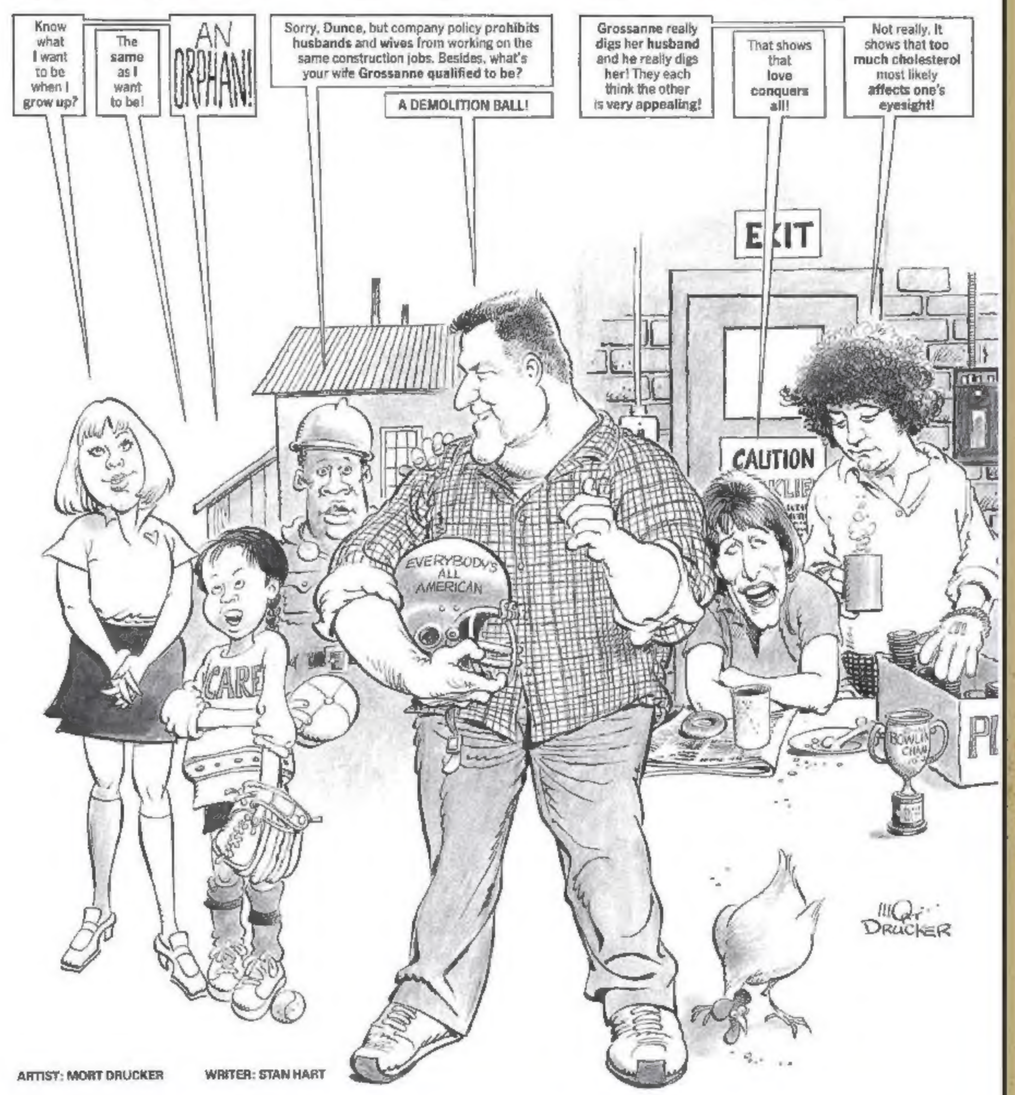
KEEP GOING, CLOD!

THE FATS OF LIFE DEPT.

So, you couldn't wait for the Writer's Strike to be over so you could see the new season's television shows. Well now, don't you feel like the prize idiot, expecting the new programs to be worth waiting for? However...among the bombs scattered around your TV dial, one show seems to stand out as a heavyweight hit. It's about a sarcastic woman who keeps zinging her family with one-liners and... ew, hell, you've waited long enough as it is! Here she is now...

GROSSANNE





ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

Hi, honey! I'm home!
Where else would a chronic unemployable like you be?
Aw stop being so smart-alecky! You think you're so special ever since you won the "Captain Lou Albano Look-Alike Contest"!
ANYONE WHO CAN AFFORD TO GO TO COLLEGE DOESN'T NEED AN EDUCATION
MOMMA
DONUTS
HOO! HOO!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
mumble mumble mumble
I don't get it! Nobody can understand this kid when he talks, yet every time he opens his mouth the laugh track goes wild!
HAR! HAR!
HO! HO!
HEE! HEE! HU-HA!
TEE HEE HEH HEH
You say my kid is developing anti-social attitudes?
Yes! He's very impressionable and he's being influenced by the wrong kind of person!
Like who?
Like you! Just yesterday he dissected a frog in class!
What's wrong with that?
In Math class?!?
What's wrong with that!?
With his teeth!
What's wrong with that?
See what I mean?!?
HEAD CLASS
HEAD CLASS
STUDENTS BEWARE! THIS SCHOOL HAS BEEN INFILTRATED BY UNDERCOVER COPS FROM 21 JUMPST!
DAN QUAYLE SLEPT HERE →
Dunce, I'm a little concerned about our children!
Me, too! I think we chose the wrong role models for them
Yeah, we could've done better than having them take after The Garbage Pail Kids!
I want to go to a marriage counselor to talk about our sex life.
There's nothing to talk about!
That's the problem! We used to be so lovey-dovey!
Yeah but we were younger! Remember you took me dancing!
I don't want to go dancing! The last time we did, you stepped on my foot and it was in a cast for seven months!
I HELPED RAISE ARIZONA
COOKING WITH WOOLITE

So you say your sex life is not going very well?

Yeah. I liked sex more before I got married.

Was it better with another partner than it is with me?

It was better when I was alone than it is with you!

ALIMONY IS LIKE DRINKING FOR A MEAL AFTER YOU'VE LOST YOUR APPETITE!

I think that Dunce's sexual problem revolves around the question of manhood!

I get it. He's troubled about his masculinity

No. he's troubled about yours

I think our marriage would be improved if everything wasn't such a mess around here! Like this kitchen! It's filthy!

Somebody's coming in tomorrow to do something about it.

A maid?

No, The Board of Health!

Gee, Mom why do you pick your teeth?

So I can get leftovers for your sandwiches!

Mom, most kids want their parent's approval. So how come when I get yours I start to worry?!?

You kids don't think that I love you?

No!

I take care of you, don't I?

Yes and no Remember when I needed that appendix operation?

Didn't I say you could have it?

Yeah, but you said it was my Christmas present! And when you found out that anesthesia would cost extra, you said that was an early present for my birthday two months later!

Don't you wish we had normal-looking parents?
Hey, you little monsters, don't knock me! I got a real pretty face! If lost a few pounds I could probably be a model!
Yeah, for a "Save the Whales" poster!

I think we got a real problem here!
Oh, yeah? What's problem?
How are we supposed to fill half an hour each week with stones about an unemployed construction worker and his wife who works in a p astics factory?
THE GRADUATE PLASTIC COMPANY
TUPPEWARE

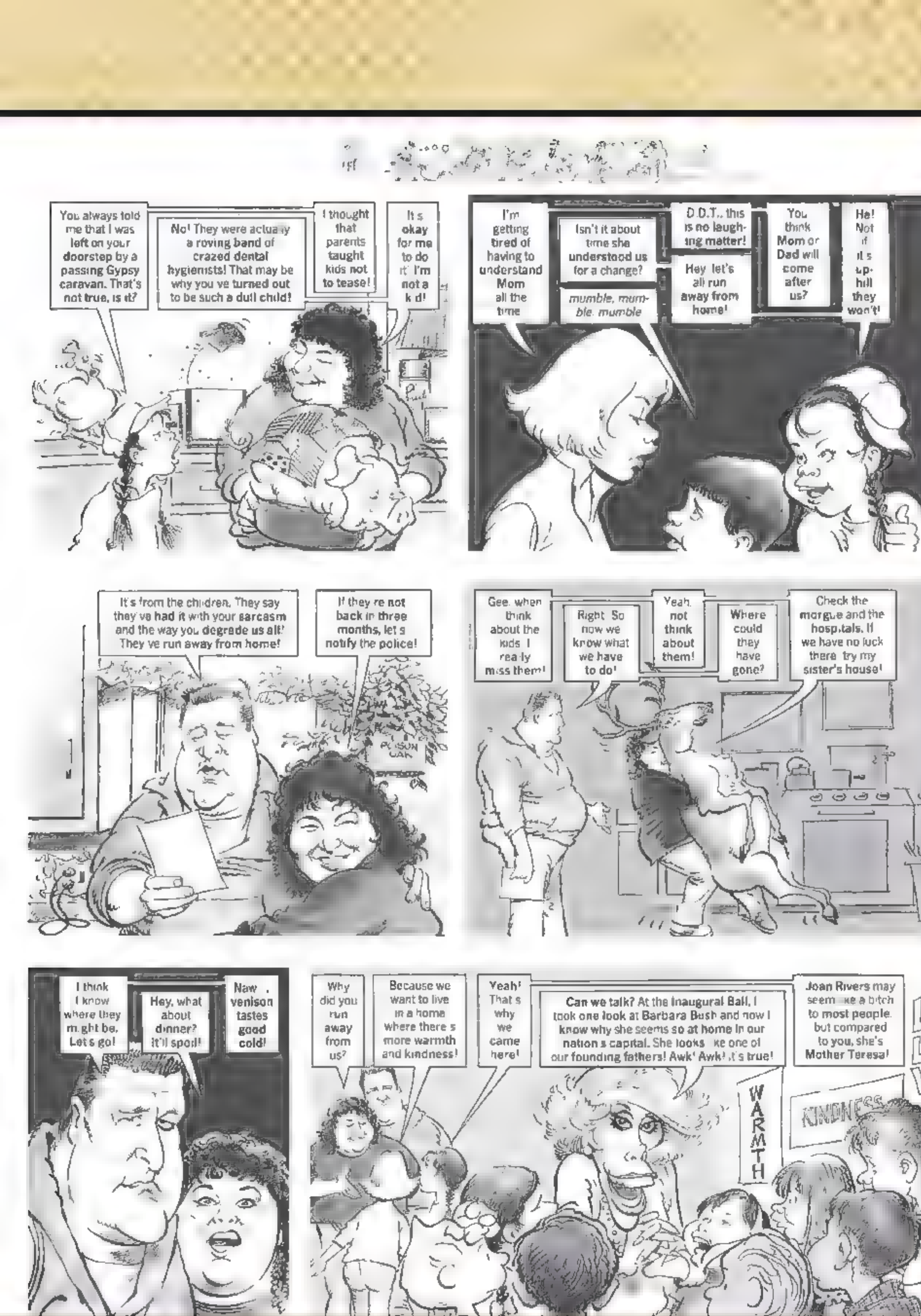
Of course ..

we can always fi half of the show .

.. with one of your endless, lifeless takes!

Mom, why are you always so nasty to us?
Hey sugar, it's all in fun!
But Mom, your cutting remarks hurt us!
I didn't say it was fun for you, did I?!
mumble mumble, mumble
Hey, D.D.T., I wish you'd shut up! That laugh track is driving me crazy!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

Mom, adolescence is a tough time for a girl, isn't it?
Yes! When was your age, boys wouldn't even look at me. But later, I was very popular. And when I graduated, a lot of people wanted me!
Yeah. She was a high draft choice for both the Green Bay Packers and the San D ego Chargers!

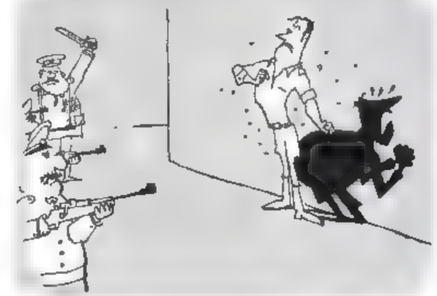

You always told me that I was left on your doorstep by a passing Gypsy caravan. That's not true, is it?
No! They were actually a roving band of crazed dental hygienists! That may be why you've turned out to be such a dull child!
I thought that parents taught kids not to tease!
It's okay for me to do it. I'm not a kid!
I'm getting tired of having to understand Mom all the time
Isn't it about time she understood us for a change?
mumble, mumble, mumble
D.D.T., this is no laughing matter!
Hey, let's all run away from home!
You think Mom or Dad will come after us?
Ha! Not if it's uphill they won't!
It's from the children. They say they've had it with your sarcasm and the way you degrade us all! They've run away from home!
If they're not back in three months, let's notify the police!
POISON OAK
Gee, when I think about the kids, I really miss them!
Right. So now we know what we have to do!
Yeah, not think about them!
Where could they have gone?
Check the morgue and the hospitals. If we have no luck there, try my sister's house!
I think I know where they might be. Let's go!
Hey, what about dinner? It'll spoil!
Naw. Venison tastes good cold!
Why did you run away from us?
Because we want to live in a home where there's more warmth and kindness!
Yeah! That's why we came here!
Can we talk? At the Inaugural Ball, I took one look at Barbara Bush and now I know why she seems so at home in our nation's capital. She looks like one of our founding fathers! Awk! Awk! It's true!
Joan Rivers may seem like a bitch to most people, but compared to you, she's Mother Teresa!
WARMTH
KINDNESS
LUV

WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW

The Hearts Of Men? KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST, SERGIO ARAGONES



by Dave Croatto
WRITER

"The Shadow Knows" is one of the greatest MAD features of all time — it's clever and funny and completely original. (At least, that's what Editor John Ficarra said when he rejected my feature "The Silhouette Comprehends.") But the true honor (and I'm sure Sergio will agree with me on this) is that it was also the first MAD piece I ever read. I was sleeping over a friend's house in the 4th grade, and his parents came in to tell us that it was lights out. Within a minute of his bedroom door closing behind them, my friend had pulled out a flashlight and a small stack of MAD paperbacks for us to read. I wound up grabbing "The Shadow Knows" and it immediately blew my sleep-deprived, Pepsi-addled mind. At that age, I devoured comic strips — from Family Circus to Garfield to Calvin & Hobbes — but I had never seen anything like this before. There were gags about husbands who were ashamed of their ugly wives! And drunk drivers whose cars' shadows were shaped like coffins! Coffins! It was fun and accessible, but also dark and moral — it was a crazy, intoxicating combo. I felt like I had stumbled into a world that straddled childhood and adulthood — and I've pretty much been there ever since. In his five decades working with MAD, Sergio has enjoyed many well-deserved accolades, but his greatest accomplishment (and I'm sure Sergio will also agree with me on this) is the huge and lasting impact he had on my grade-school brain.

CLAWS AND EFFECT DEPT.

FOR ALL YOU SOFT-HEARTED CLODS WHO LOVE LIVE LOBSTERS... BUT CANNOT BRING YOURSELVES TO THROW THEM INTO BOILING WATER, WE BRING YOU...

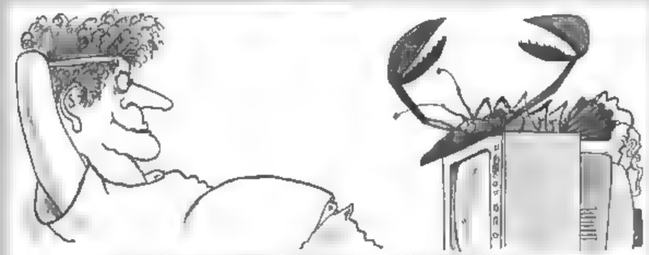
A MAD LOOK AT OTHER USES FOR LIVE LOBSTERS

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

DIAPER RINSER

HIGH SHELF EXTENSION PRONGS

EARPHONES HOLDER



INDOOR DIRECTIONAL TV ANTENNA

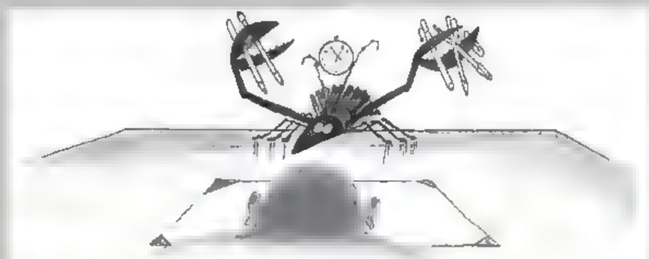
PAPER TOWEL RACK

CIGAR CUTTER

BIRD FEEDER

TURN INDICATOR

COAT & HAT RACK



DESK SET

CORN HOLDER

MAD #233/SEPTEMBER 1982

by Sergio Aragonés
WRITER/ARTIST

As a dedicated fan of cartoons since my youth, I was aware of Paul Peter Porges' gag panels in *The New Yorker* before I came to the United States to become a cartoonist myself. It was a great experience for me when we met several years later as professionals at MAD. In a short time, it became obvious that his zany approach to humor was an accurate reflection of Porges himself — totally unrestricted, a willing follower of whichever path his crazy mind would take him.

His gags about pets, insects, fish, fowl and creatures of every known species were especially hysterical to me. Porges' animals were the opposite of Walt Disney's animals, which had a human layer of cuteness and charm. Porges offered the edgy side of nature in all its mischief and chaos, warts and nastiness — in other words, wildlife that was truly wild.

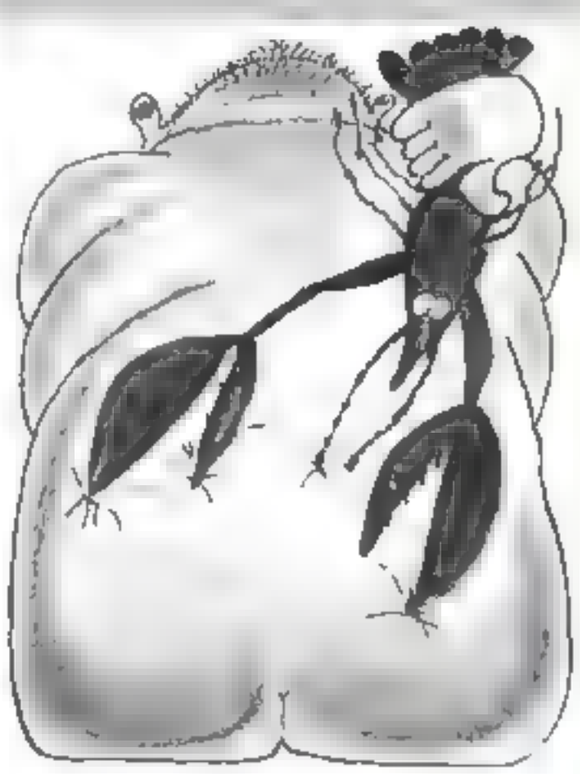
His "Lobster" article is one of my favorites and I smile every time I have a steamed one on a plate in front me, relieved that it is in no condition to cause the kind of damage a Porges creature is capable of

FESTIVE CANDELABRA

TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER

ELECTRICIAN'S WIRESTRIPPER

MUSIC STAND



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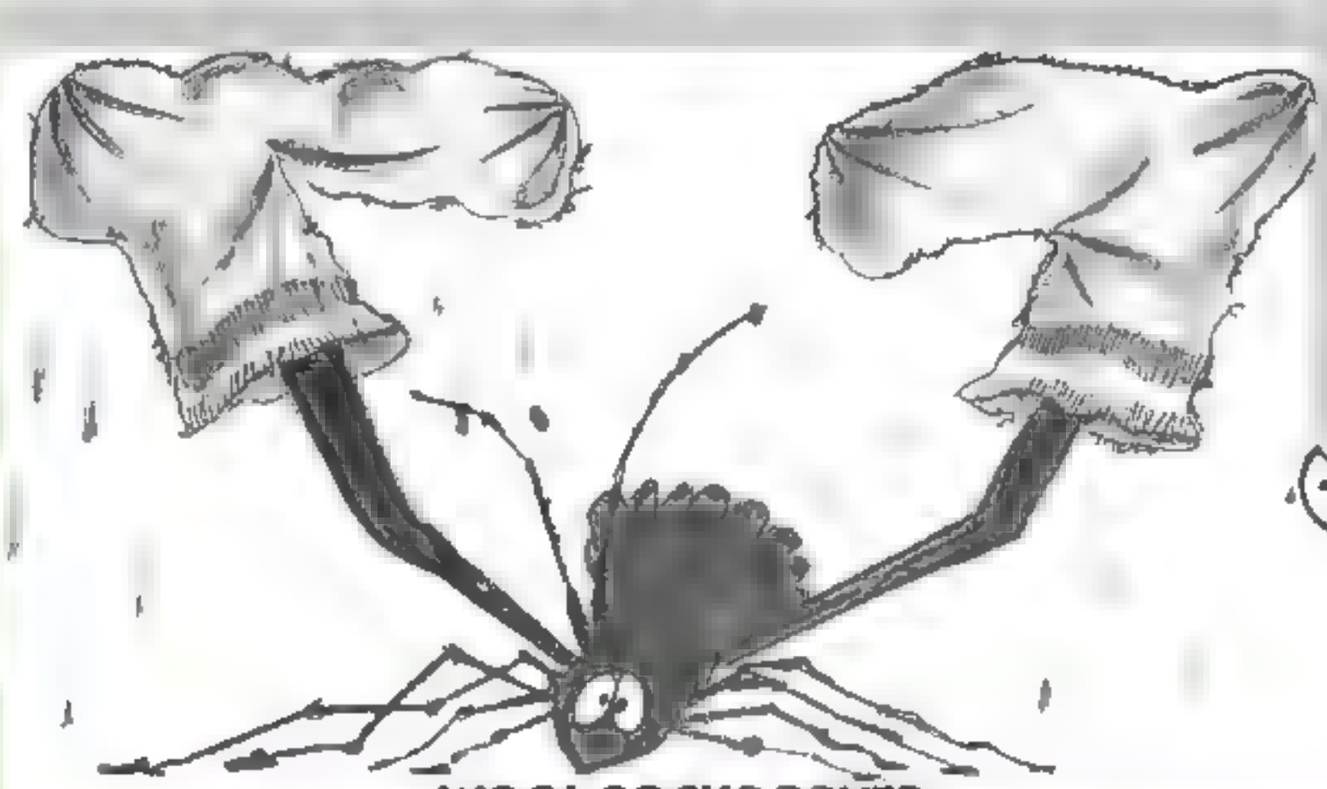


WOOL SOCKS DRYER

PIZZA PIE SLICER

WRITERS: ARIE KAPLAN AND SCOTT SONNEBORN • ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

MAD #424/DECEMBER 2002

by Ward Sutton
ARTIST

When I first saw this, I had mixed feelings: on one hand, I knew it was brilliant and an instant classic. On the other, I was sad that I hadn't thought of the idea first!

Thematically, it perfectly tied in the then-new *Star Wars* film and the Iraq War. The father-son conflict in the *Star Wars* saga mirrored the Bush family drama. Saddam was depicted as a bozo here, and yet it was Bush and his cronies who represented the Empire. This was an edgy commentary at a time when Americans were being expected to mindlessly fall in line behind the war plan. I loved it.

Visually, I tend to prefer illustrated pieces, but this Photoshop image does a great job of parodying the actual *Star Wars Episode II* poster, placing Bush in the role of Anakin Skywalker, whom we all know "goes to the dark side" by giving in to hate and violence. The "shock and awe" war machines seem straight out of Lucasfilm's dazzling special effects. And Condi nuzzling Dubya is icing on the cake.

It's worth noting that I didn't see this first in the magazine; I saw it attached to an email someone sent me. (That's how things "went viral" in the pre-social media age.) The fact that this was bouncing across the Internet and enjoyed beyond MAD's typical fan base shows how especially relevant and of-the-moment the piece was.

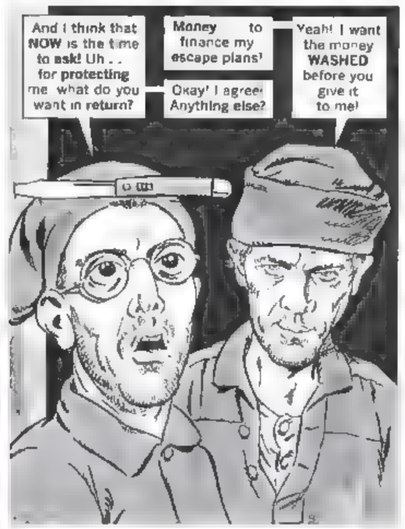
Just as audiences were wary of the *Star Wars* prequels, Americans were, at best, wary of a Gulf War sequel. But whatever you think of Lucas' or Bush's efforts, one thing is for sure: this hilarious MAD poster is a Mission Accomplished!

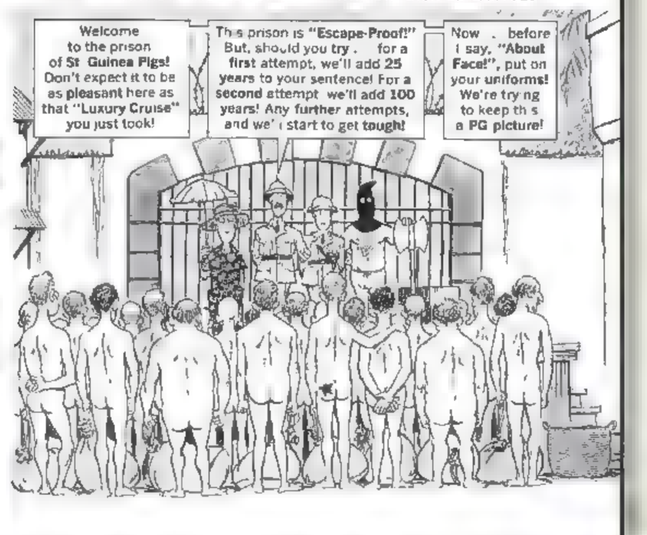
BUTTERFLY McQUEEN DEPT.

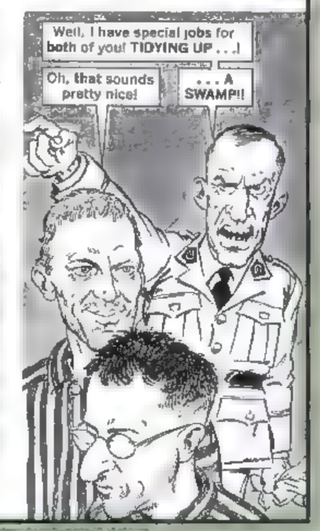
There's a hit movie making the rounds that advertises itself as "The Greatest Adventure Story Ever Told!" Well, we may not exactly agree with that, but we will admit it's "The DUMBEST Adventure Story Ever Told!" We're referring, of course, to the movie about that man who had a simply unbelievable life! And that's how we feel about it! We simply don't believe it! But we do know one thing! It was so nauseating, so disgusting, so stomach-turning . . . that we bought, but never got to eat our

POPICORN

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





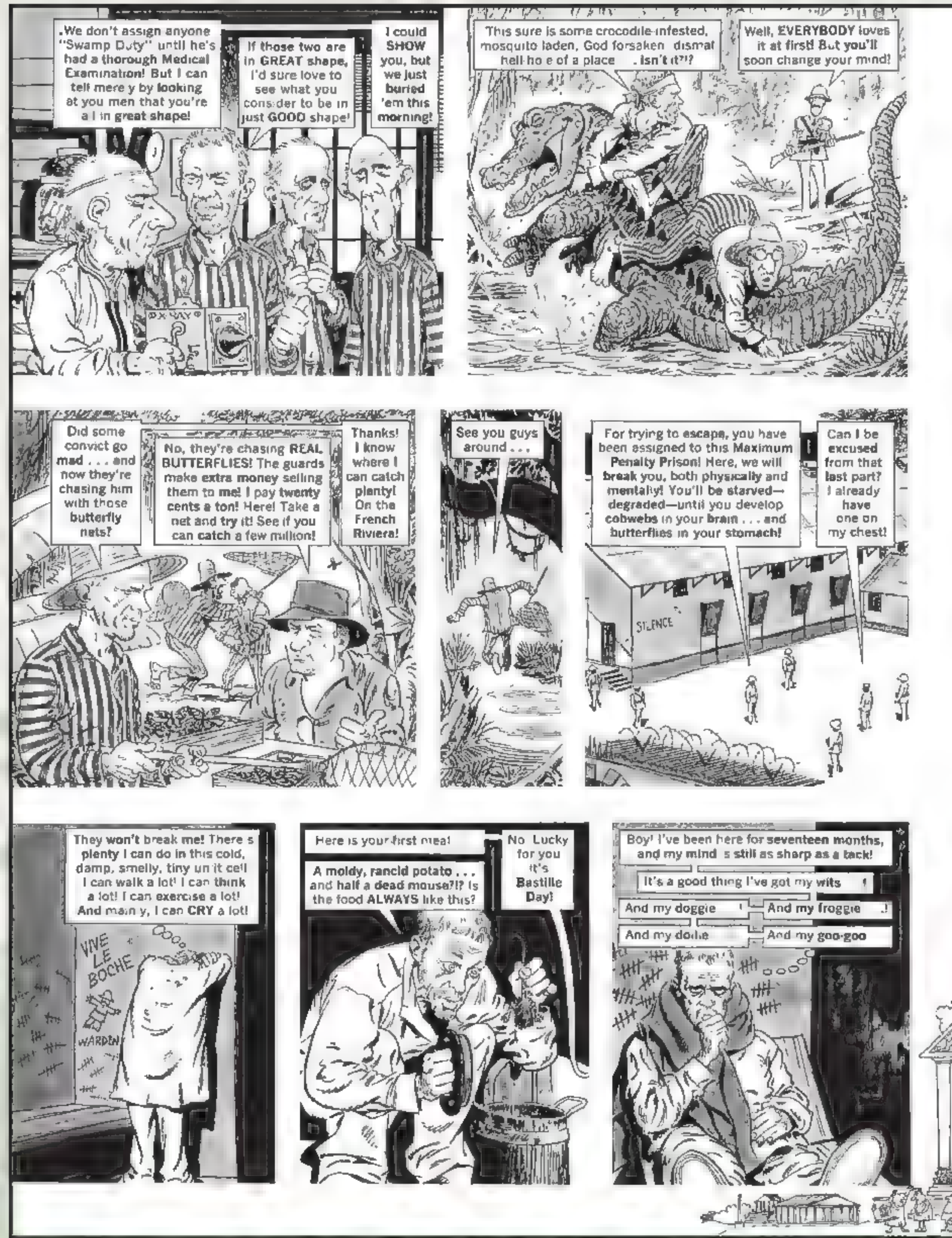


by Angelo Torres
ARTIST

The second job I ever did for MAD Magazine was a movie. It was early in 1969 and I had just become the newest member of the Usual Gang of Idiots. I had never expected to get a movie to do so soon, if at all. I had been hired by MAD primarily to illustrate TV spoofs and whatever other assignments they felt I could handle. The movies were to be done by Mort Drucker, because, like James Bond, nobody did it better.

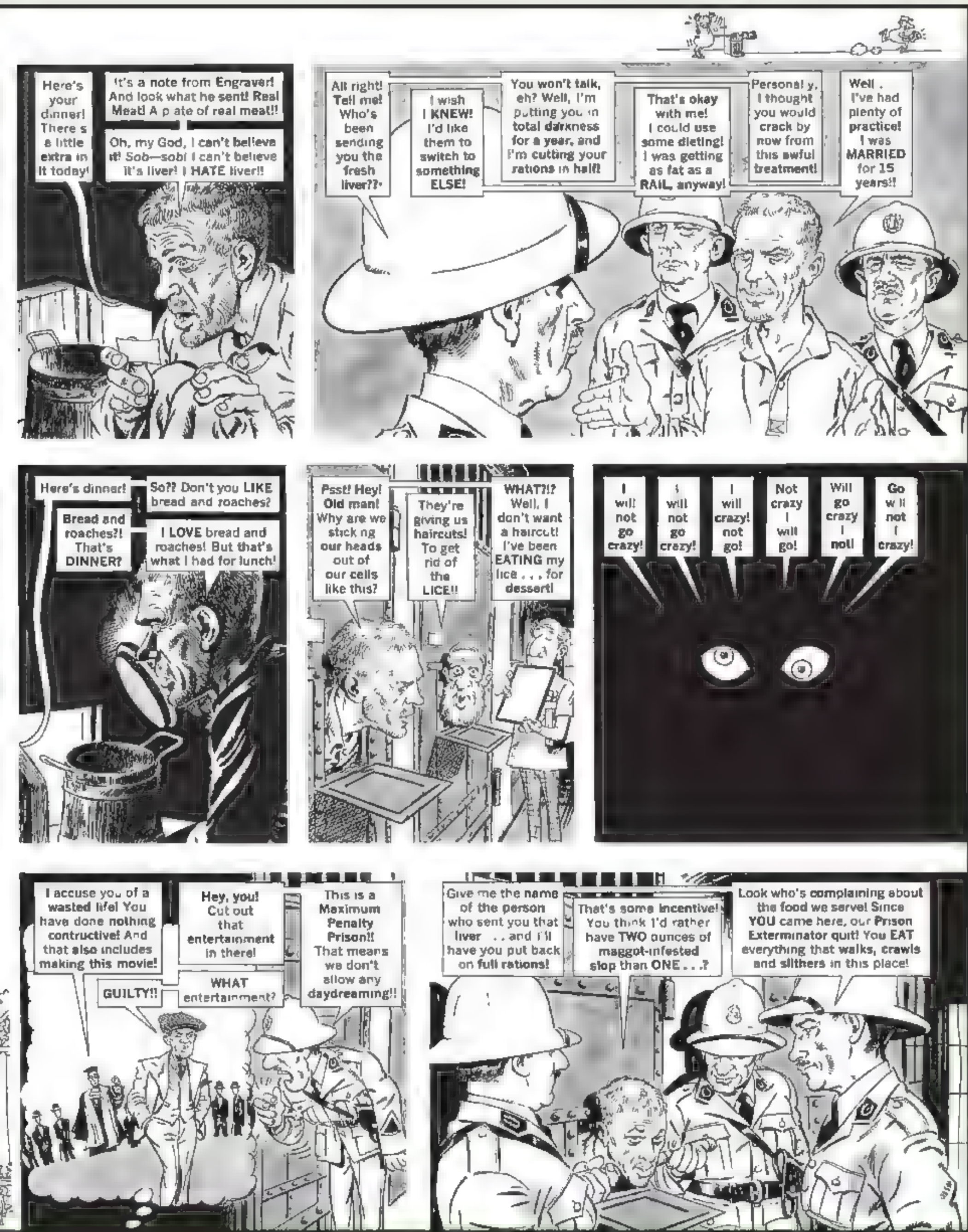
During those first few years at MAD, I found myself doing one movie a year at best, and they were a welcome break from illustrating TV sitcoms and dramas — which were fun to do, but, let's face it, *Conan the Barbarian* they weren't (Don Martin would draw that one some years later).

So it was in 1974 when I got a call from MAD telling me to go see the movie *Papillon* — my next assignment. I had not yet seen the movie but was familiar with the story about



a prisoner's attempted escapes from Devil's Island. It starred Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman and I thought it could be fun. I went to see it that afternoon and the following day went up to the office to get the layouts and the script.

I had thoroughly enjoyed the movie, a great adventure film with a terrific cast; it would, in time, become a big favorite of mine. For now, though, I wondered what MAD would do with it. The script was written by Dick DeBartolo, and it was one of the funniest satires I



would ever do for MAD. When I read it, with the movie still fresh in my mind, I busted out laughing. The job called for me to draw filthy, ragged convicts, a vile prison run by sadistic guards, a leper colony, rotten teeth, vermin and a treacherous Mother Superior. I never had more fun with a story, thanks to Dick's outrageously funny script.

It was renamed "Popicorn," and after all these years and after the many movies and TV shows I would do later, it's still my all-time favorite MAD job.

It's great seeing you again, Poppy! The rest seems to have done you good! And the fact that you never gave them my name has told me a lot about you, my friend!

What? That I'm brave?

No, that you're STUPID! So, now that you've been put through hell for trying to escape, what are you going to do?

Try to escape!

One thing I've got to say for you, Poppy! You're a SLOW LEARNER!

I was told by someone that you might be able to give me a hand—

Don't ever say, "give me a hand" here! This is a Leper Colony!

Okay! We will give you a boat so you can escape and get caught yet another time . . . if you pass a small test!

This test is to see how much we disgust you! Here! Puff my cigar . . .

You are a very brave man to take the cigar from the mouth of a hideous-looking Leper, and smoke it!

Well, I figured it can't be any worse than the cockroaches and beetles and spiders and maggots and worms and centipedes and slugs that I've eaten!

You—you've—choke—EATEN those things!? Take the boat and—gagg—GO! Boy, are you DISGUSTING!!

H-how did I get here—a primitive Central American Indian camp? And where are all my friends . . . the men that I escaped with?

Well, if you'd like me to go back and explain, it'll take another six pages of this MAD satire!

No, thanks! I really think I've SUFFERED ENOUGH already!

May I stay?

Can I have a butterfly like that?

Sure! Can I have a woman like that?

Well, Poppy! My people and I have shown you a fantastic time! We have given you food, drink, clothes, even a fortune in pearls! What ELSE can we do for you?

You can all DISAPPEAR—be GONE when I wake up tomorrow!

But, WHY?!?

Because this is Paradise, and I just can't stand all this constant NO SUFFERING!

In exchange for Sister Snow White's helping you through the checkpoint, you have given me your pearls to feed the poor! So, I in turn, have done something for you! I've called for the soldiers to take you back!

When you finish your prison sentence, you can come and visit us again! Just ask anyone for directions to the Sisters of Judas Convent!

Boy, that's some thanks I get! Just see if I ever play "Bingo" again!

Lousi! Lousi Engraver! It's ME! Poppy!! I'm back after another ten years in solitary!

Please! No stories about eating roaches and lizards and . . .

ILE DU DIABLE HILTON

No, Lousi! I'm a Vegetarian now! I eat moss and slime and mold!

Well, now that you're back . . . what are you going to do?

ESCAPE!!

I figured as much! But it is impossible to escape from Devil's Island!

No, it's not! The answer is coconuts!

Poppy, I think you're bananas!

No I think my COCONUTS!!

Are you coming with me, my friend?

No, I'm going to wait for my wife and lawyer to get me out! Oh, the misery those two have known! How they miss me! They miss me so much, they've had to live together and spend all my money, consoling each other!

Well, Lousi, the nuts are all in the water!

All except the Head Nut!

I'll miss you!

I know! We really had a lot of laughs together!

Try to keep your MIND as sharp as mine!

I will, Poppy!

And maybe one night, I'll drift back here . . . and we'll go BOWLING or something!

Oh, yeah! Your mind as as sharp as ever!

GOODBYYYYYYEEEEEE!

After months at sea Pop corn made it to shore and back to France!

And now . . . perhaps you are saying to yourself, "I could never have endured such punishment!"

Well you underestimate yourself! After all, you saw the movie —which was a prison term in itself . . .

. . . and then you made it through this satire! See? You're an even braver person than you thought!

George Lopez

No crap: MAD lined my birdcage

All I had to do is see a couple recent magazine covers to refresh my memories of MAD. It was very easy to remember how MAD first made a huge impact on my life

I remember the very first time I ever saw MAD. I was seven years old, and it was on the magazine stand at the Thrifty Drug Store near my house in San Fernando, California. It jumped out at me. It really stood out because back then there really wasn't parody. Not on TV, not in the movies, and there was no Internet. There wasn't the abundance of comedy that there is now. Now there are thousands of comedians, and thousands of hours of comedic programs. But not then. For me, MAD was the entire history of comedy. It was my only source of laughs. My house was bleak! So I remember this vividly: the drugstore had the magazine rack on the right, with the checkout counter into the store a little bit. So at the cash register I would turn and see MAD Magazine and start laughing — every time — because it was a dead-on satire of *Star Wars* or *Rocky* or *Jaws* or whatever was happening at the time. It was great! I would run over there and grab it, but then that walk from picking up a copy to walking over to ask my Grandmother if I could buy it was the longest walk ever. When the answer was "no" I'd sit there and read it. I might have lifted a few of 'em. I had to have it, so I would just grab it and walk out the door.

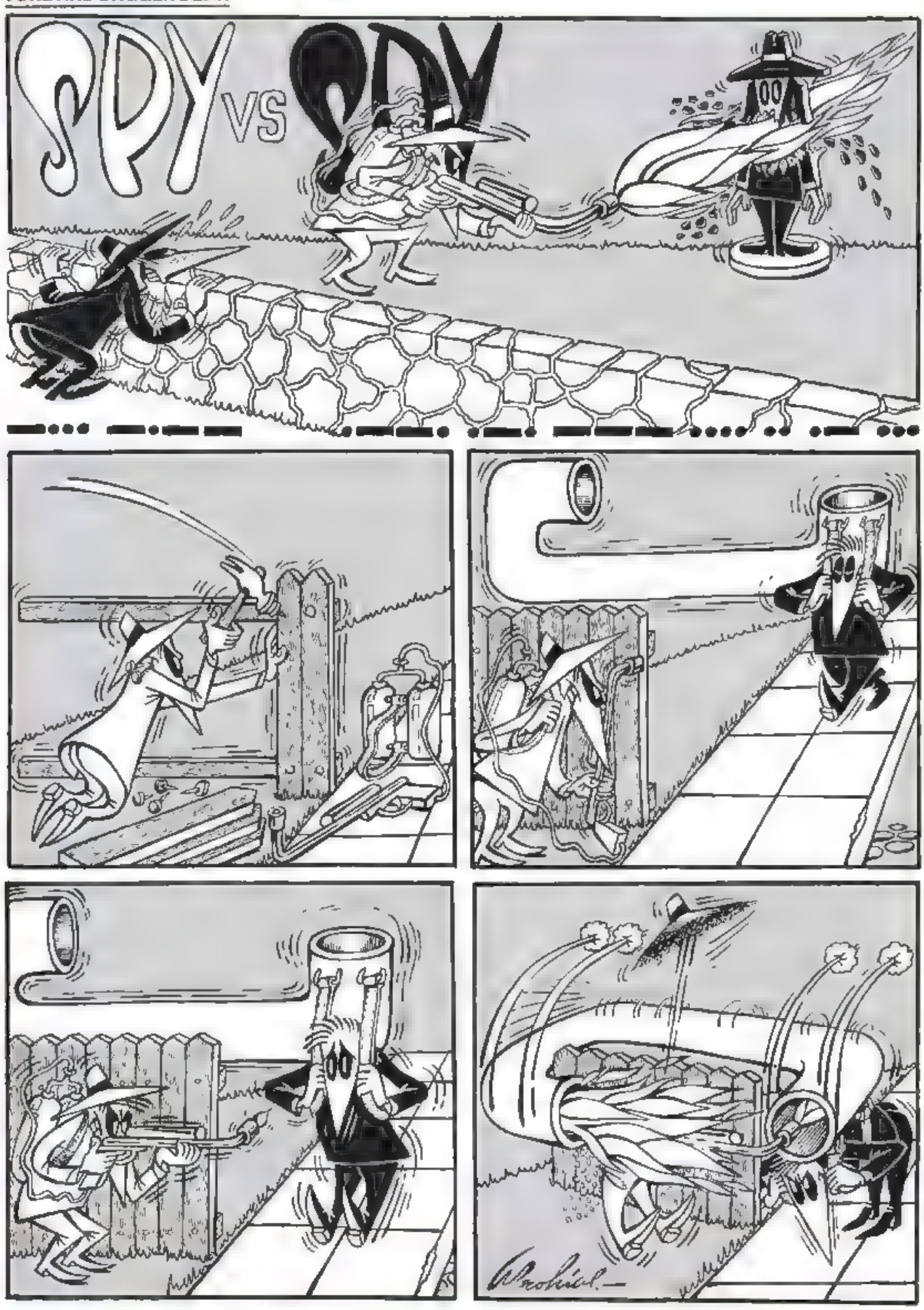
MAD was a huge influence on me. Look, if you didn't look at those sketches in the margins by Sergio Aragonés and then try to draw like that dude, you weren't really looking. The caricatures — and especially drawings by Aragones and "Spy vs. Spy" by Antonio Prohias — looked simple to draw. You might think, "What's so hard about that?" until you try to do it yourself. You can't do it. I know, because I tried. It looks easy: three little lines for hair, hands on two sticks for arms. I would sit and draw and draw and draw, but it never looked the same. And then try and draw a story like they did — without words! Impossible. I distinctly remember an old Aragones piece from way back. It was a drawing of New York City in the background, and in the foreground in the water was a drawing of a shark swimming, with graffiti on its side as if the shark had been tagged like a subway train. Incredible. And, like "Spy vs. Spy," it was drawn by a Latino. Amazing. That really spoke to me.

MAD was central to my life for another reason, too. As young Latino kids, we all knew somebody who looked like those characters in "Spy vs. Spy." A skinny kid with a long nose. We used to call him "Spy vs. Spy." And all the Latino kids in my neighborhood knew somebody who looked like Alfred E. Neuman. We called him "Mad." Truthfully, I felt like everybody in MAD Magazine looked like somebody I went to school with.

As great as MAD's artists have always been, the writers are what has always made MAD so consistent. The writing was always good, the parody was always right on target. And because MAD did it first, and was the only one doing it for so long, I would always end up waiting for the next issue, meanwhile wearing out the last one by reading and rereading it again and again.

I always wanted to draw because MAD encouraged me to draw, but that's only the beginning of how it inspired me. What MAD did was take a dead battery — me — and give it a jump. It charged my creativity. It gave me insight. I was an only child, raised by my grandparents in a tough house to grow up in. I was a bird locked in a cage and MAD Magazine was the lining to my cage. MAD was my open door. Without MAD I never would have learned to fly. It was like that briefcase in *Pulp Fiction* where light poured out when you opened it. MAD was the only thing in my life that gave me comedic vision or even a comedic thing to do. It made me laugh, and that was a very precious thing.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

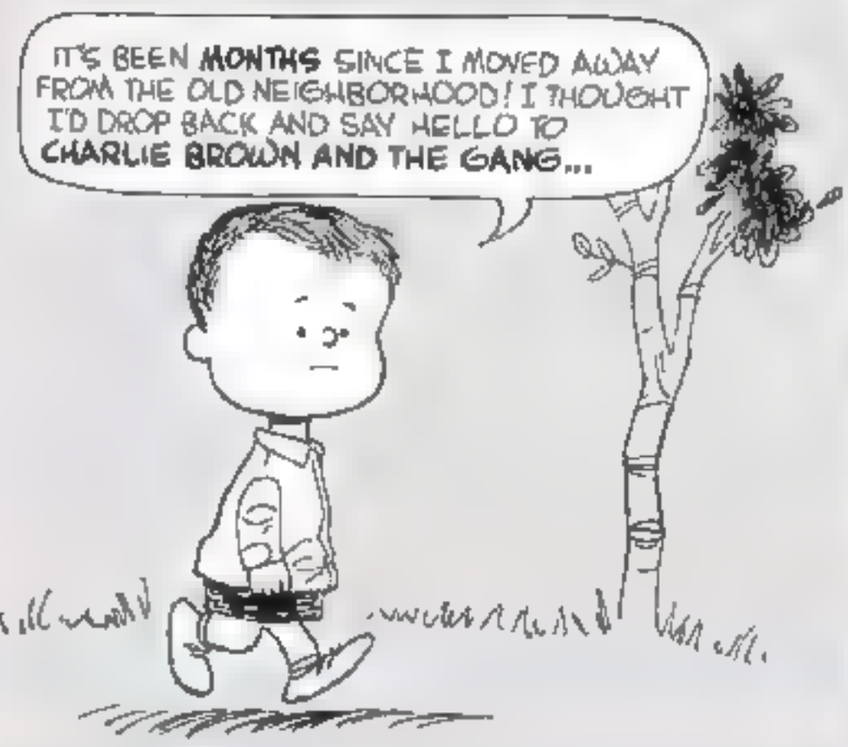


WRITER AND ARTIST: ANTONIO PROHIAS

NO LONGER WORKING FOR PEANUTS DEPT.

What was once upon a time nothing more than a delightful comic strip has become, in the past few years, a business organization that could someday rival General Motors! We're talking, of course, about that $20-million industry called "Peanuts"! As this fantastic new enterprise branches out into more Books, more Newspapers, more TV Specials, more Dolls and Sweatshirts and Records and Off-Broadway Shows and so forth, Charlie Brown and his gang continue to be real, honest, sincere and endearing people. Nevertheless, we at MAD are worried. After all, Charlie Brown and his gang are practically "Human"! So it's only a matter of time before terrible things start happening to them. All we'd like to know is:

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL CHARLIE BROWN?

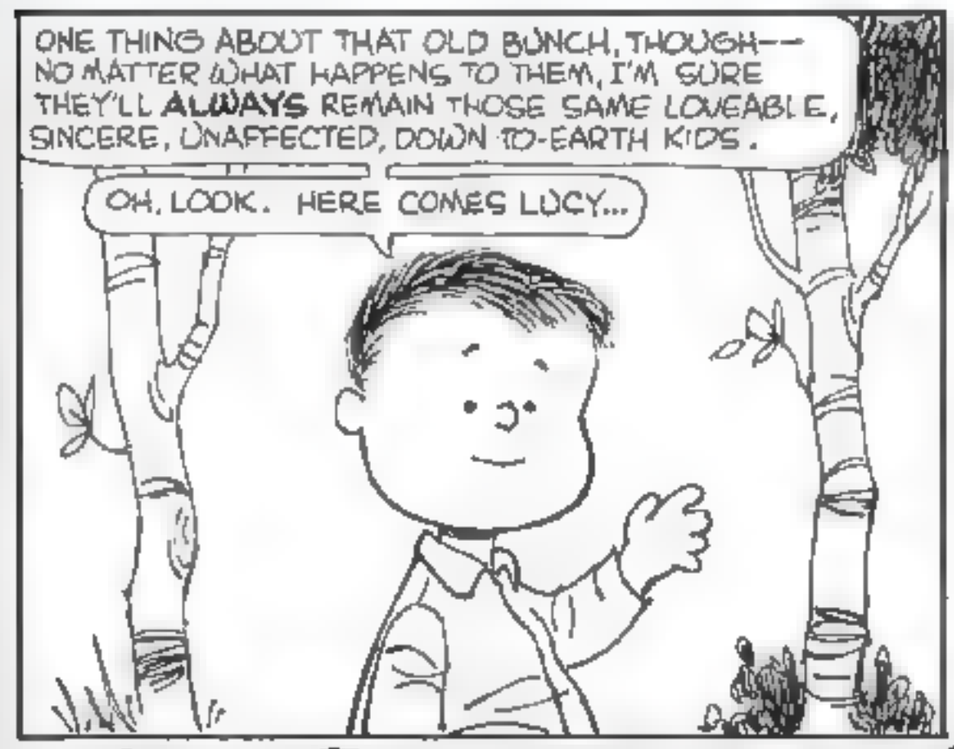


ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

by Scott Malko
WRITER

My copy of 1981's Super Special #36, "A MAD Look At The Comics," eventually fell apart due to my excessive re-re-re-reading of it (or from the cheap glue and substandard staples MAD used to bind it). My favorite article "Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?"

Today (in a world where SpongeBob Pop-Tarts exist), aggressive and all-encompassing merchandising blitzes for popular properties are the norm. In 1968 (when the piece first ran), it must have been something of a novelty (or annoyance)



MAD #117/MARCH 1969

to see Peanuts merchandise everywhere, inspiring writer Larry Siegel to pen this comic masterpiece.

Over a week's worth of strips, Siegel brilliantly exposes the Peanuts gang for the spoiled brats he'd envisioned they'd become — as seen through the eyes of Shermy, a character Peanuts cartoonist Charles Schulz had by then dropped from the strip. Who better to bring back to the neighborhood to witness the unfortunate consequences of the comic's rampant popularity?

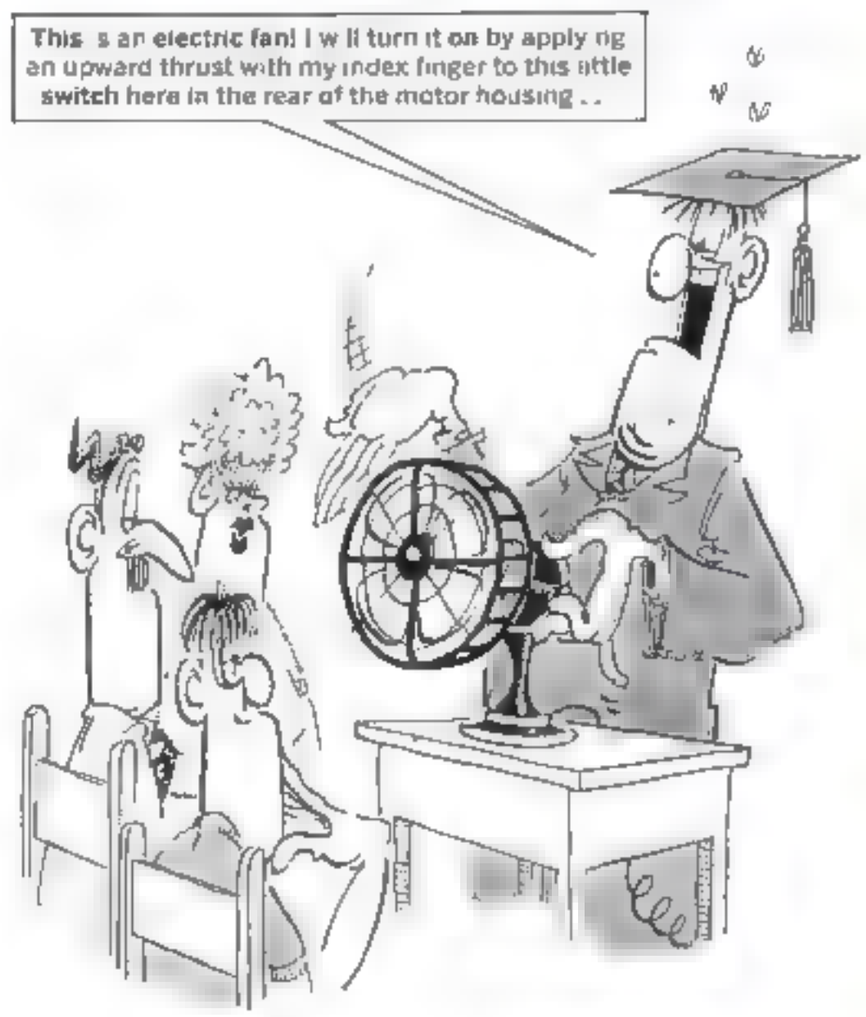
Jack Rickard's illustrations mimic, near-perfectly, the strip's style, and even the lettering

looks like it flowed from Schulz's pen. The piece ends with a Sunday strip where Good Ol' Charlie Brown's featured role has been upgraded to a "fabulous" starring turn, he dons a toupee, hits on Violet, insults Shermy and rats out Mary Worth as a Communist. Success spoiled Charlie Brown magnificently.

PEANUTS "starring the fabulous Charlie Brown"
MR. BROWN WILL SEE YOU NOW, SHERMY.
AT LAST. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR 3 HOURS. I MUST SPEAK TO HIM. I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS TERRIBLE "SUCCESS DISEASE" THAT'S OVERTAKEN HIM AND THE OTHER KIDS.
M. CHARLIE BROWN. I.. A TOUPEE!?
YOU HEARD ME! BUY TOPPS BUBBLE GUM".
NOT ONE PIECE, STUPID. THE WHOLE COMPANY.
OF COURSE, I SAID I WANT TO MERGE -- BUT NOT WITH THAT COMIC STRIP.
THAT OLD BAG MUST BE AT LEAST 60. AND WHO NEEDS ANOTHER DOG? AT LEAST MINE HAS EYEBALLS.
CHARLIE, I JUST WANTED TO...
BE WITH YOU IN A SEC. SHERM. VIOLET TAKE A LETTER TO MY BUSINESS MANAGER: "MAX, YOU CRUMB! I TOLD YOU I WANTED A FLAT 80% ON ALL TV, LP AND BOOK TIE-INS. AND DON'T TELL ME SCHULZ IS FIGHTING THE DEAL HE WORKS FOR ME NOW!" MAKE 3 COPIES, BABY, AND STICK AROUND AFTER OFFICE HOURS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
OKAY KID NOW LET'S TALK. SORRY YOU COULDN'T PLAY POLO WITH ME THE OTHER DAY, BUT IT'S KIND OF AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB AND YOUR NAME SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO-- YOU KNOW--
CHARLIE BROWN, YOU AND THE WHOLE GANG HAVE CHANGED. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
SHERMY, I WOULDN'T TRY TO KID AN OLD BUDDY. I KNOW WE'VE TURNED ROTTEN BUT IN FIVE YEARS, IT'S GONNA BE A LOT WORSE!
WHAT? LUCY'S GONE "HOLLYWOOD", SCHROEDER'S DESERTED "BEETHOVEN", AND YOU'VE TURNED INTO A RUTHLESS BUSINESSMAN, A LECHER AND A BIGOT. HOW COULD THINGS POSSIBLY GET WORSE?
SHERMY YOU FORGET IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE, IN FIVE YEARS, WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE TEENAGERS.
GOOD BYE, CHARLIE BROWN
THAT'S RIGHT SUE THE PLANTER'S CO. FOR $10 MILLION FOR USING OUR NAME ON THEIR PRODUCT...
I DON'T CARE WHO CAME FIRST!
HELLO, J. EDGAR? LISTEN I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT MARY WORTH IS A COMMIE...
LAST WEEK, IN HER STRIP SHE-

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

At The Academy Of Electric Fan Repair



MAD #113/SEPTEMBER 1967

by Tom Cheney
WRITER/ARTIST

As good Catholic boys, my brother and I were forbidden to read or possess MAD. Apparently our mother perceived some sort of satanic glimmer in Alfred's eye. Thus, after being repeatedly warned about having our flesh perpetually roasted in the furnaces of hell, we regularly went over to our catholic cousin Dave's house and read his copies of MAD.

One afternoon, while the three of us were "blackening our souls" with Dave's bountiful collection of "Alfreds," my brother started laughing so hard that he fell off the porch railing he'd been sitting on. Bruised, but still giggling like Renfield, he pointed at the page he'd been reading and handed it over to Dave, who was soon gripped by a grand mal seizure of cackling. I snatched the copy away from him, read the strip, and for the next 15 minutes the three of us fed the flames of our convulsive laughter by repeating Don Martin's immortal sound effect: "KLINGDINGGOON!"

As our good Catholic mother predicted, Don Martin had, in less than five minutes, turned her good Catholic sons into complete, incurable, and perhaps eternally damned MADmen.

AN INCONVENIENT DOOF DEPT.

Over the years, MAD has been called moronic, immature stupid and even moronic. And we're sick of it! Which is why, to improve our image and better our situation, we've hired ten Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoonists to illustrate the following article. Will this teaming smarten up MAD's image and elevate the discourse — or simply ruin the careers of ten once-respected artists? What do you *think?!?*

WHY GEORGE W. BUSH IS IN FAVOR OF GLOBAL WARMING

A MAD EXPOSÉ

WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

Netflix sent him *An Inconvenient Truth* a few months ago — but darn it if they haven't also kept sending other, more important movies

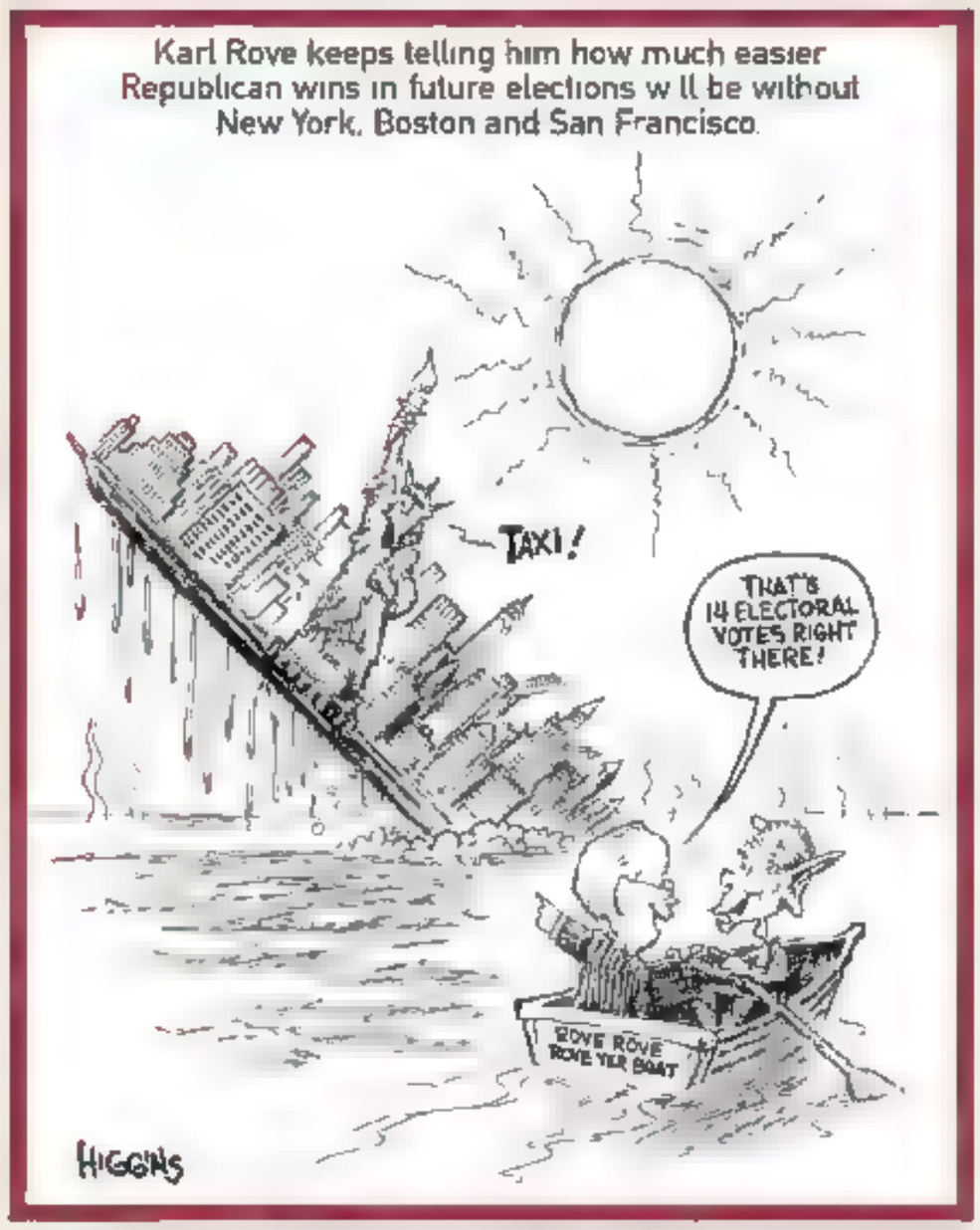
ARTIST: JOEL PETT, LEXINGTON HERALD-LEADER PULITZER PRIZE 2000

As a devout Christian, he's doubtful about science — except, of course, when it's in the name of oil exploration, bomb-making or using satellites to spy on Americans

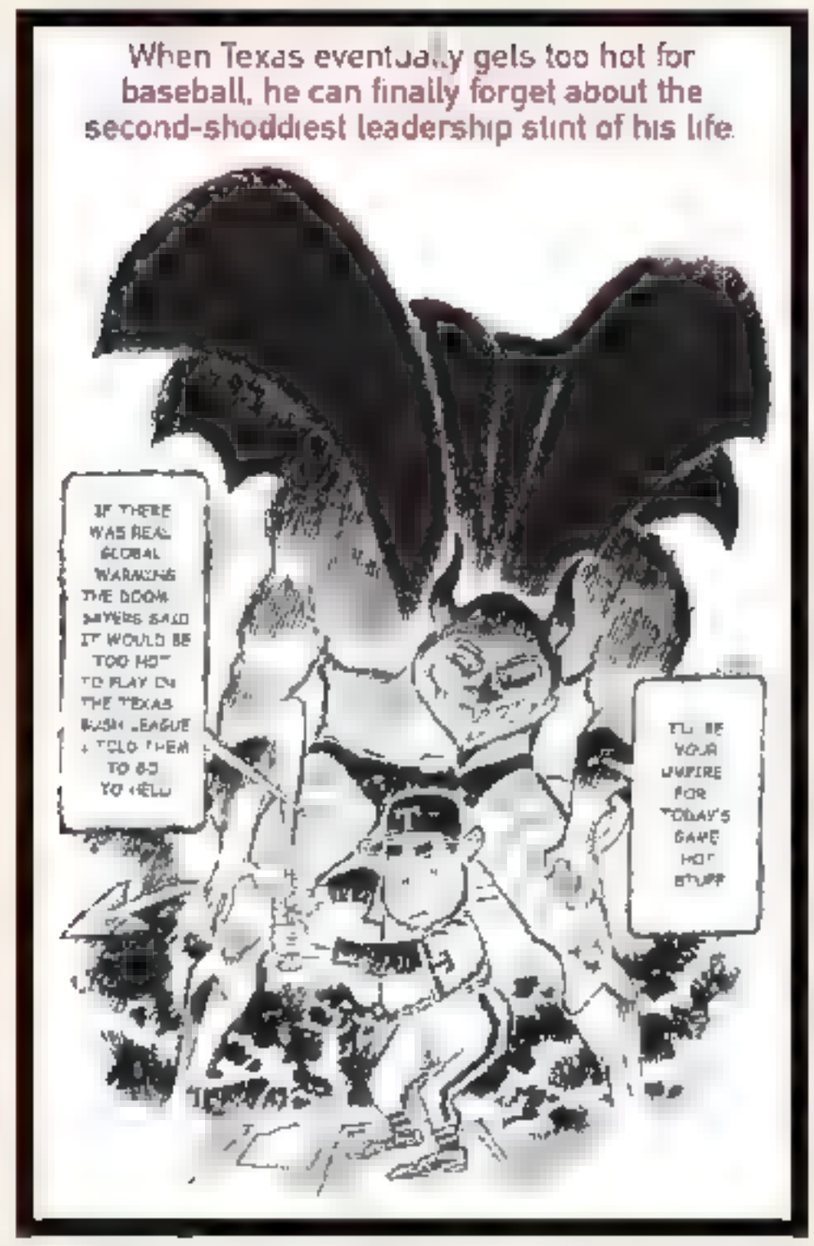
ARTIST: MIKE PETERS, DAYTON DAILY NEWS PULITZER PRIZE 1981

MAD #487/MARCH 2008

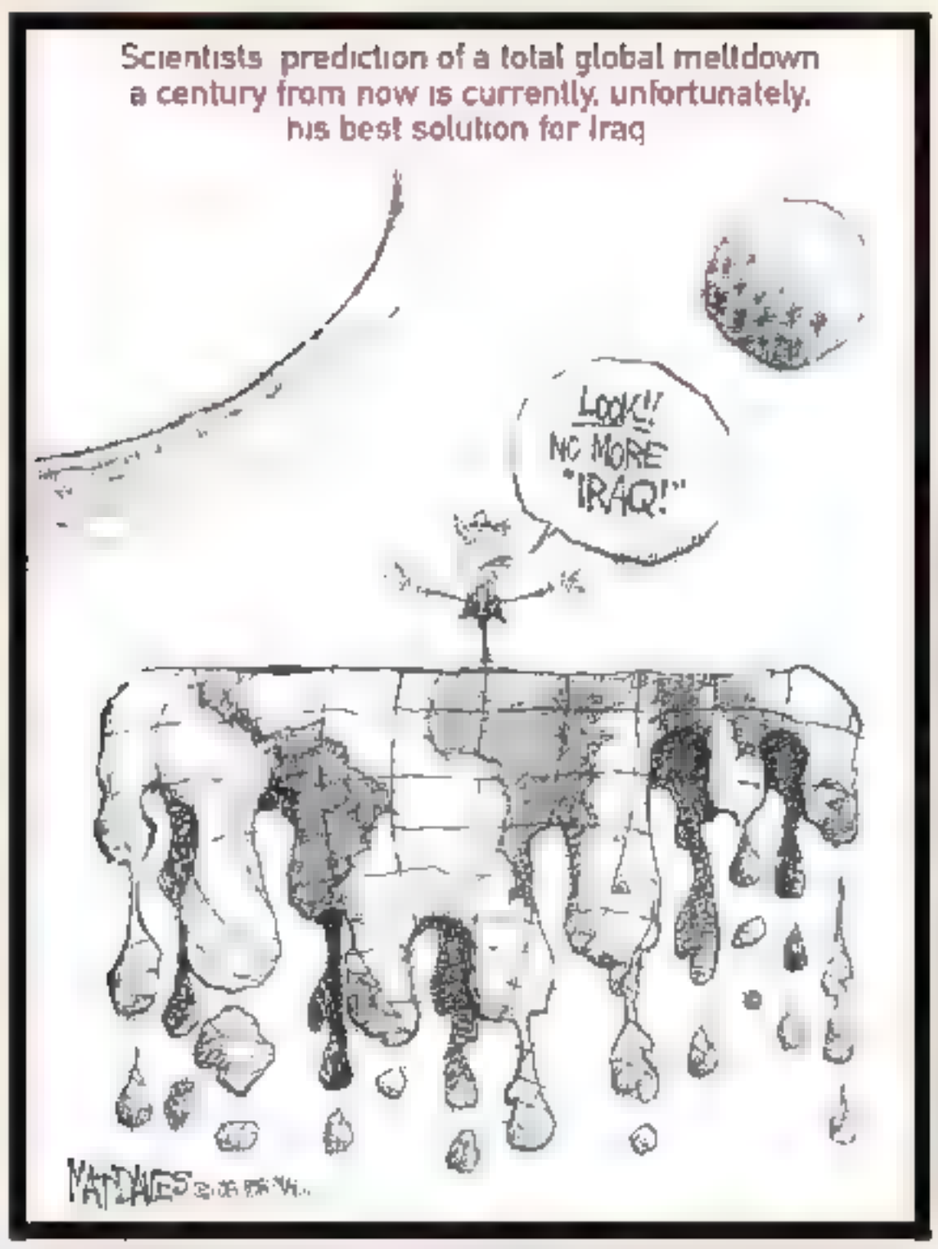
One of the great things about being the editor of MAD is that you can think up crazy ideas, and then leave it to your trusted staff to sweat the pesky details. And so it was with this article. It came in just like any other MAD article, but at some point I had the idea to have each of the 10 examples in the article illustrated by a different artist. This wasn't a wholly original idea, MAD had done this several times in the past. What made my idea different was that I wanted each of the artists to be a Pulitzer Prize winning cartoonist. I thought the notion of 10 lofty and well-respected Pulitzer Prize winners contributing to a single issue of MAD, a self-proclaimed idiotic magazine, to be too absurdly delicious to pass up. Since I hadn't the vaguest idea on how to con one, let



ARTIST: JACK HIGGINS, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES PULITZER PRIZE 1989



ARTIST: DICK LOCHER, CHICAGO TRIBUNE PULITZER PRIZE 1989



ARTIST: MATT DAVIES, JOURNAL NEWS PULITZER PRIZE 2004

ARTIST: CLAY BENNETT, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR PULITZER PRIZE 2002

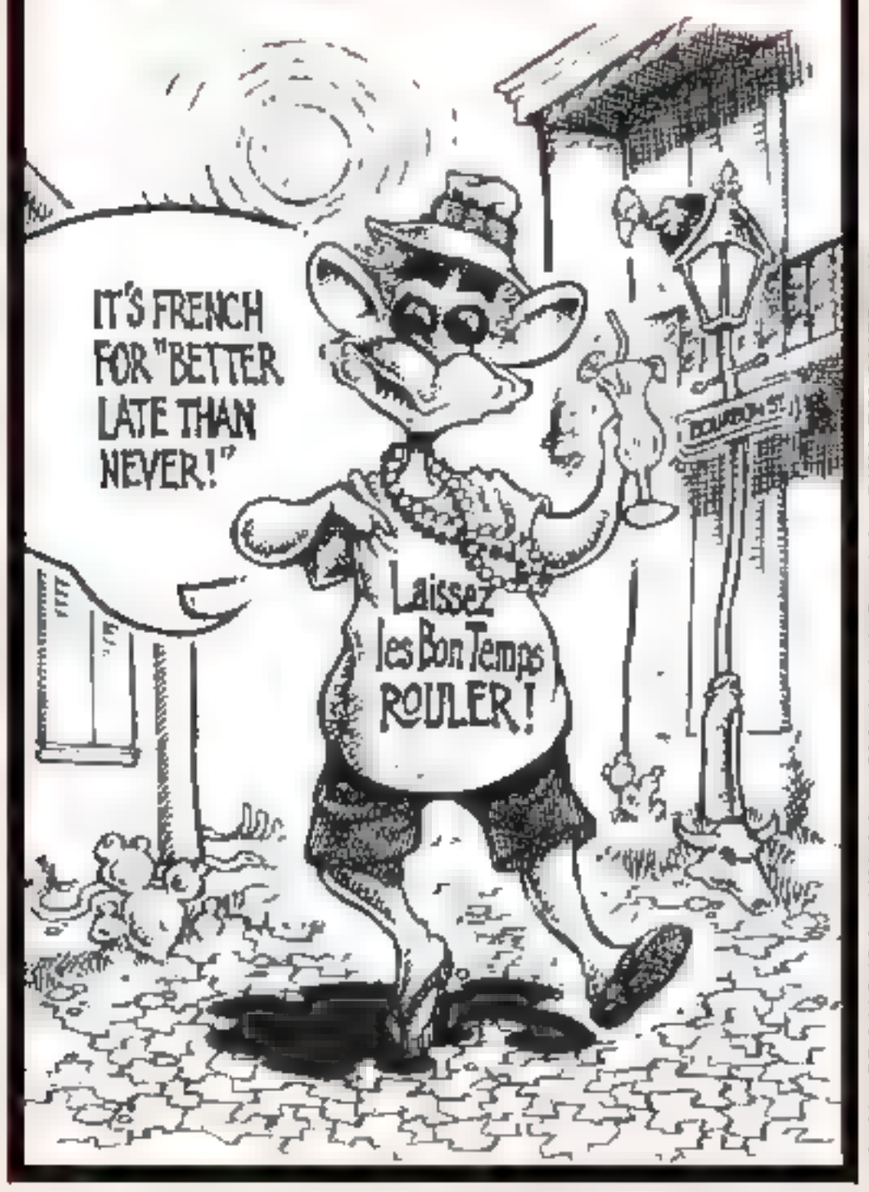
alone 10 Pulitzer Prize winners, into contributing to MAD, I called in my art director, Sam Viviano, and dropped the whole project in his lap. How Sam managed to cajole these cartoonists into risking their professional reputations by drawing for MAD, I don't want to know. I believe the legal term is "plausible deniability." But with the statute of limitations for any of these guys to be able to sue the magazine just about up, the entire, sordid story can now be told. But not by me! Sam can do it. (See what I mean about me not sweating the pesky details?) — John Ficarra

John neglects to mention that he came up with this brilliant idea in mid-December, and the issue was due at the printer in early January! This gave me less than a month to put this thing together. While I was acquainted with one or two Pulitzer cartoonists, I certainly didn't know

Just like that misleading, moronic, scam-filled Internet, he's always skeptical of stuff that Al Gore invented

ARTIST: MICHAEL RAMIREZ, INVESTOR'S BUSINESS DAILY PULITZER PRIZE 1994

To his feeble mind, decades of hot, baking sun are just the thing to finally dry out New Orleans



ARTIST: BEN SARGENT, AUSTIN AMERICAN-STATESMAN PULITZER PRIZE 1993

Those 130° Texas summers they're predicting should be just the thing to keep those annoying protestors off his back

ARTIST: BEN SARGENT, AUSTIN AMERICAN-STATESMAN PULITZER PRIZE 1998

All those flabby, lumbering polar bears that activists want to save remind him just a little too much of his annoying arch-nemesis Michael Moore

ARTIST: JIM MORIN, MIAMI HERALD PULITZER PRIZE 1996

ten of them. In the past 30 years, only a couple dozen cartoonists had won the Prize, several of whom had passed away. I'd have to have a .500 batting average if this thing was to succeed. I began making calls. A few cartoonists turned me down, for various reasons, but most of them were thrilled to have a chance to contribute to MAD. By the time the Christmas break rolled around, I had nine of the ten illustrations assigned. That left one gag, and just one cartoonist sitting on the fence. If he said no, we'd have to run the article with a big hole where tenth gag was supposed to be. To make things more stressful, the one who was still mulling it over was Michael Ramirez, the most conservative of the Pulitzer winners. A few of the others assured me I'd never land him. I checked my office email from home hourly throughout the holiday break. Finally, at 1:50 pm on December 25, I received an email from Ramirez saying that yes, he would take the assignment. What a great Christmas present. All the cartoonists got their work in on time, and I made the printer's deadline with hours to spare. — *Sam Viviano*

CHARACTERS FLAWED DEPT.

KANYE WEST'S MOST MORONIC TWEETS

Just brushed my teeth. Why don't they make Louis Vuitton toothpaste? And Gucci floss? I gotta make some phone calls
0:48 AM

For my next album, I need a title as dope as My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy. How about My Wonderful Crazy Backyard Koi Pond?
1:27 AM

My Sinfully Delicious Brown Betty Recipe?
1:28 AM

My Delightfully Eclectic Pound Puppy Collection?
1:29 AM

My Big Fat Greek Wedding?
1:30 AM

#Nowplaying Empire State of Mind by Jay-Z GREATEST SONG EVER
43 AM

Big photo shoot tomorrow — gotta practice my dull stare
2:17 PM

Still starin
2:18 PM

Still starin
2:23 PM

I wish I dated a mermaid cause after you hook up you could eat her legs
12:59 PM

Just put on a fly-ass outfit: Viking horns, hockey jersey, yoga pants, alligator boots
M

#Nowplaying Scenario by A Tribe Called Quest GREATEST SONG EVER
PM

Ever notice how hard it is to buy a decent albino rhino online? WTF??
2:22 PM

SO WHAT if I got a $180,000 watch that has my face made out of diamonds on it? Who DOESN'T have a watch like that? Hobos maybe
2:45 PM

ARUGULA SALAD WITH FENNEL VINAIGRETTE, BITCHES
2:59 PM

"Kanyelicious" not in dictionary???!!!!!!
3:24 PM

#Nowplaying Blackbird by The Beatles GREATEST SONG EVER
3:37 PM

The media's a bunch of bitches. Always wanting to build up the king so they can tear down the king. I don't need them lying-ass phonies
4:[illegible] PM

Gotta remember to bring that up when I'm on MTV News, NPR and Regis & Kelly this week!
4:10 PM

#Nowplaying Crocodile Rock by Elton John GREATEST SONG EVER
4:22 PM

People always sayin Kanye ain't street out AAAAAH! Lintball on my sweatervest!!
5:10 PM

Mila Kunis didn't get an Oscar nom?!? That s**t is CRAZY!!! George Bush doesn't care about Black Swan!!!!
5:47 PM

Nobody wants to play Boggle with Kanye
6:03 PM

FYI critics: I prefer "fascinatingly conflicted" to "comically unfocused"
6:1[illegible] PM

How come grasshoppers hate me?
7:17 PM

#Nowplaying All Night Long by Lionel Richie GREATEST SONG EVER
7:35 PM

I still have mad regrets about what happened with Taylor Swift. For one thing, I shoulda grabbed a boobie
8:52 PM

FOOTY PAJAMAS Y'ALL
10:57 PM

#Nowplaying Moon River by Clay Aiken GREATEST SONG EVER
1:02 PM

Hope I have my recurring dream where I'm the president of the USA who's also a sexy half unicorn that plays for the Lakers
12:18 AM

I got a new challenge for 50 Cent: see which one of us can tie the dopest Windsor knot
2:28 AM

#Nowplaying theme song from My Two Dads GREATEST SONG EVER
[illegible] AM

Why don't hippos have wings? COME ON, HIPPOS
1:31 AM

Are you there, God? It's me, Kanye. Seriously, I've been texting you for like THREE DAYS WTF???
2:06 AM

WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT ARTIST: SAM SISCO

By Ryan Flanders
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

This is a modern MAD classic. It perfectly ridicules an incredible moment in history, when insanely successful celebrities are able to instantaneously broadcast their most impulsive, unstructured thoughts to anyone who will listen.

I had a great time art directing this article. I knew I'd use Kanye's real Twitter account to establish the basic look, then have one of our illustrators draw a biting caricature of the egotistical rapper. I laughed out loud every time the layout was open on my computer, no matter how often I reread the lines as I arranged them on the page. When Sam Sisco's amazing sketches came in, I knew we had something special.

Sam described the opportunity to mock Kanye as a "dream job." In my initial email, I suggested he give Kanye a look somewhere between "angrily defiant" and "happily crazy." Sam smartly went with "blank stare."

It's an unusual MAD piece. Unlike a movie spoof or "50 Worst" list, this is a very direct pastiche of Kanye's Twitter cadence and mindset. Jacob Lambert concocted an exquisitely spot-on parody. When MTV Geek posted a preview of the pages on their website, they thought it was a collection of actual Kanye tweets!

I told Editor Dave Croatto I picked this article for *Inside MAD*. He immediately quoted one of my favorite lines: "COME ON, HIPPOS." I later shared my choice with Jacob. He thanked me, then added: "Did I put something about a rhinoceros in there?"

Todd McFarlane

I didn't really start collecting comic books until I was 16, but I started reading MAD long before that. Maybe I didn't think it was a comic book because it was magazine size. I didn't know I was going to be a true artist at that point, but I was a doodler. I was always fascinated looking at people's art and seeing how they drew The Mort Drucker stuff was, to me, mind-numbing because even as a young kid — at eight, nine, 10, 11 — in a heartbeat I could tell who each one of his characters were. Wow! It's William Shatner! MAD was sometimes parodying the shows I was watching, too, but at no time did I ever not know who every one of those guys were in Mort Drucker's drawings. To this day, I'm jealous of political cartoonists who do the same thing. They lampoon people and you go, "Yep. That's them." They somehow know how to play up the characteristics

So to me, Drucker was the guy who was the king of that book. And then of course, after that there was Sergio Aragones' stuff in the margins. "Spy vs. Spy" was always filled with fun, goofy stuff, and I think every kid went to the newsstands — and I know we shouldn't have — and folded in the back cover and left damaged magazines on the rack. Two MAD spoofs that really stood out for me were both by Mort Drucker his *Star Trek* spoof — I have a clear recollection of how he really nailed both Shatner and Nimoy — and then *Batman*, which was really powerful to me when I was a kid, especially because of the way he drew some of the villains. And *Planet of the Apes*, of course I was a big *Planet of the Apes* fan. Not *Star Wars* It was all about *Planet of the Apes* for me.

When you're a kid, you just swallow stuff because you like it, so I gobbled up MAD. It was like six flavors of Skittles to me, and it all tasted great. I didn't know it at the time, but what I got out of MAD Magazine was that everybody didn't have to have the same look, or the same artistic style, to still be in the same comedic arena. Some guys did it with a very simple style, as with "Spy vs. Spy," and Mort did it with his super-intricate style — but you still knew that you were in "Funland." It opened my eyes to the fact that you can have a variety of looks and still be there, because I know at the time, I was still trying to find my way as an artist with any style! I have a clear recollection that I would try 10 different styles — not comic book styles, because I hadn't gotten bit by that bug yet — from landscape drawing to realism; then I'd go draw silly cartoons and dumb stuff. I was all over the map, trying to figure out, "Do any of these fit me personally?" At some point I decided to concentrate and teach myself to draw superhero comic books. Knowing what MAD taught me, I saw the same thing was true about comics: it s a genre in a medium where some guys had a super-clean look, but I could have a complex look. It's not by accident that some of Mort's work rubbed off on me I do a lot of cross-hatch and a lot of line work too, like he does. It's not good for deadlines, but we eventually get there.

It's not by accident that some of Mort's work rubbed off on me.

Mort also sometimes liked to throw unrelated or random things into the background for extra interest When I started taking off and took over the "Amazing Spiderman" books, I started hiding spiders on the cover; then, depending on the number of spiders, I would sign it with a number under my name. People would come up to me and ask "Why's it say 'McFarlane 4?'" Because of the spiders. "What?" Then they had to look at it. Really look at it. Also, I had a buddy who had been in the Vietnam War. He was a little shell-shocked and would walk around town all day with a Felix the Cat stuffed toy, so I started hiding Felix in there, just for that one guy

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

MAD SUPER SPECIAL #83/SEPTEMBER 1992

I also took a page from MAD's schtick book — I would do my equivalent of MAD Magazine by making up false headlines in newspapers that characters were reading. I was a big sports nut, still am, so I would stack all the baseball teams by trading the best players to my favorite teams, or if someone beat one of my teams I'd make a headline saying he retired. Goofy stuff. I'd mess with the logos for different sports teams on clothes just to have a little bit of fun. They have to be wearing something, right? We all have a tendency to wear stuff, so that was my way of dressing up the pages just like Mort did in his backgrounds.

I was born in 1961 and became aware of MAD probably when I was seven or eight. And now, all these years later, it's funny because I became friends with Sergio, one of the guys who got me into the groove to appreciate the wonder of comic books. It's also strange to come full circle when MAD makes a reference to my comics. You get to the point, I guess, where you appreciate it anytime anyone pays attention to you, good, bad or indifferent. It makes me smile knowing I did something worthy of MAD making fun of

A HYMN TO DISGRACE DEPT.

America, the Beautiful - Revisited

Oh, beautiful...

for spacious skies...

for amber waves of grain...

for purple mountain majesties...

above the fruited plain...

CONCEPT: FRANK JACOBS

PRODUCED BY: MAX BRANDEL

PICTURES BY: U.P.I. & W.W.

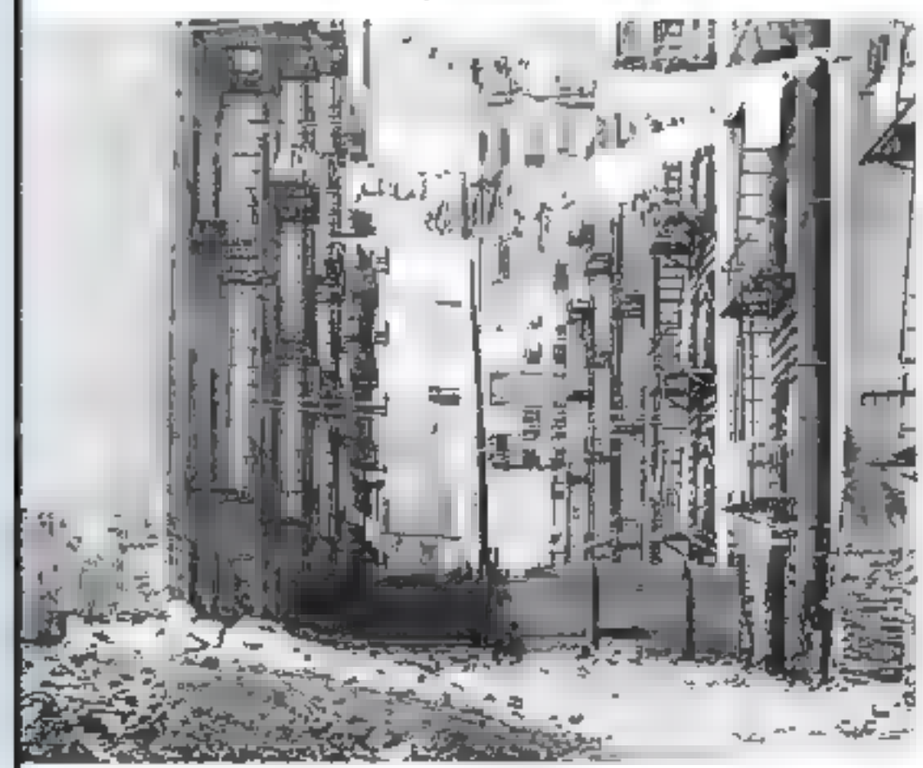
MAD #113/SEPTEMBER 1967

by Annie Gaines
LOGISTICS

There are so many laugh-out-loud, outrageously funny articles from MAD that if I had to pick my favorite funny article, I'd be in big trouble. My favorite MAD article is more of a serious, wake-up-America piece, and the reason it's my favorite is that it literally changed my life!

In 1969 I was a student at Penn State, and I had an assignment to do a class project on absolutely anything I wanted. I decided to do a pollution-cartoon scrapbook. The world was waking up to the fact that the air and water everywhere were becoming polluted, and our highways and city streets were littered with trash. There were loads of anti-pollution cartoons everywhere — in newspapers, magazines, and of course, in MAD. On one of my weekends home, I scoured all the various magazines we had, paying special attention to our family's collection of MADs. But I couldn't find one MAD article I remembered and really wanted to include in the scrapbook — "America the Beautiful — Revisited." So I decided to write to the publisher, William M. Gaines, to ask for a reprint of the article. He sent it to me. We began a correspondence, which, a few years later, blossomed into love and a two-decades-long

America, America...

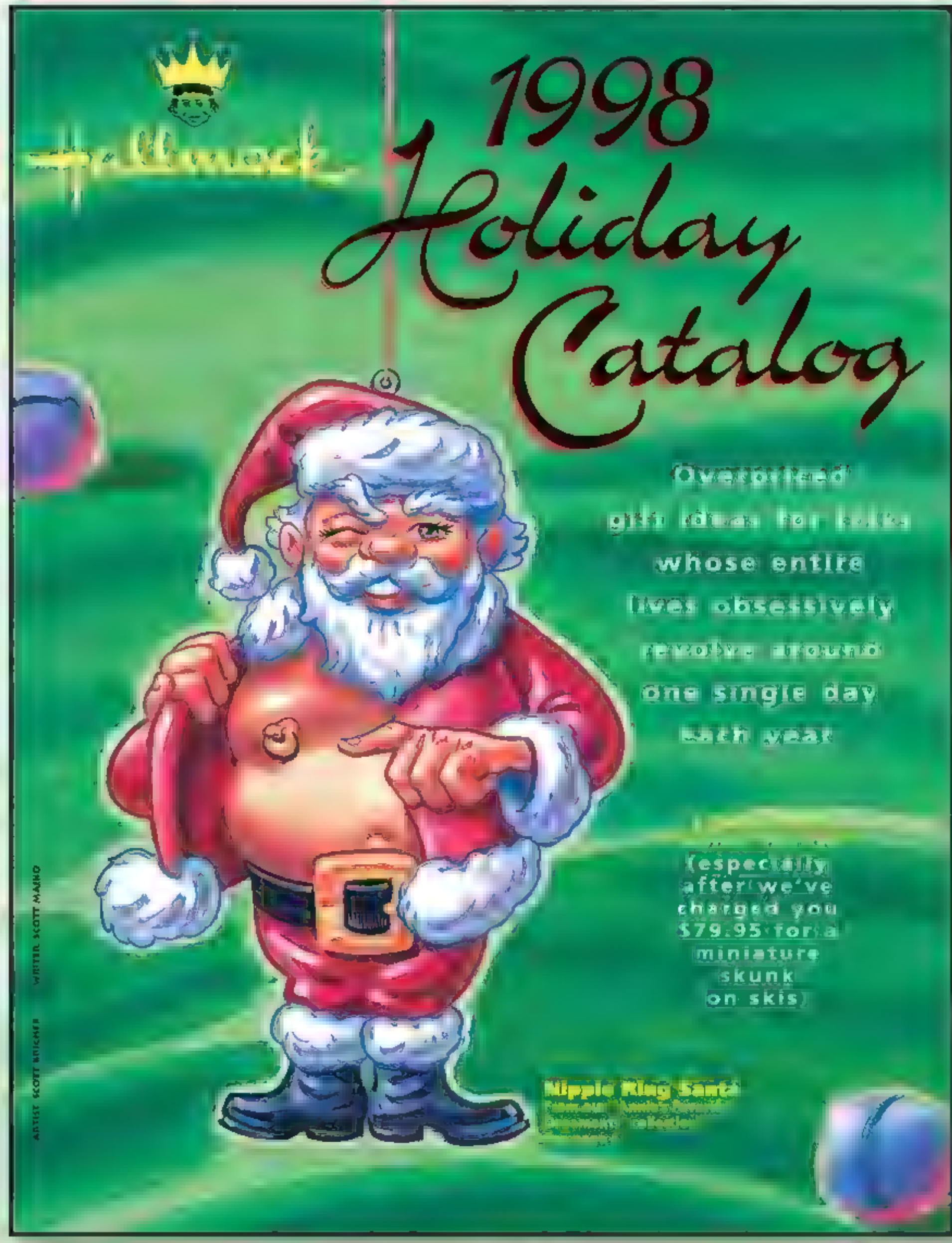


God shed His grace on thee...

and crown thy good with brotherhood...

from sea to shining sea.

whirlwind adventure of romance, travel, laughter, the best foods and wines, a job at MAD and marriage! Bill treated me like a queen and we had a marvelously happy life together. A year after Bill died, I flew to Kansas City to attend the wedding of MAD artist Paul Coker, and Paul's bride Rosemary introduced me to the man who would become my second husband! Don and I have a happy marriage, a lovely home and beautiful twin daughters — and it's all because I wanted that article from MAD for a silly cartoon scrapbook and took the time to write a letter to Bill Gaines



MAD #376/DECEMBER 1998

by Scott Bricher
ARTIST

Completing the EIGHT FULL-COLOR PAGE(!) "Ha mock" catalog, issue #376, showed my commitment to MAD. Under dead ne, I packed paints and family to attend my best friend's wedd ng in California I attempted to "live the dream" by working on "Nipp e Ring Santa" in a lounge chair by the pool, but I hadn't considered the scorching heat and low humidity of Los Angeles. The paints dr ed nstantly, which made work mposs b e. For the rest of the trip I was confined to the gloom of the 70's-era motel room, complete with failing air conditioner. After the bachelor party, my fami y asleep, I ret red to the tiny bathroom to finish the last two watercolors while sitt ng on the to et. The next morning, in my tuxedo on the way to the wedding, I dropped off the artwork at FedEx.

Grandma's Last Christmas
With the onset of senility and her body rejecting that plastic hip, it's time to look back on a life of love and warmth, and thank God you probably won't have to change her Depends this time next year! Celebrate Grandma's imminent passing with this whimsical selection. 'Grandpa' also available. Crafted by Irene Fitzpatrick
Evergreen
$9.95

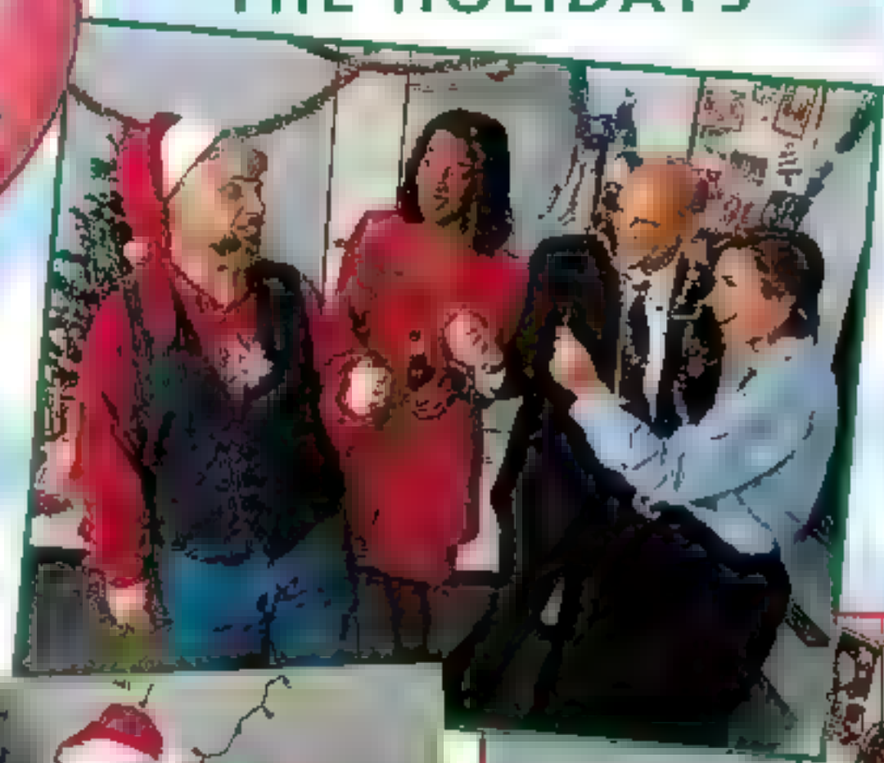
Welcome to the Cheapskate Ornament Studio, where it's Christmas all the time — for us, that is, because we get orders for our overpriced, chintzy knickknacks every day of the year! We're happy to say that most of our collectors' lives are so barren and unhappy that they feel compelled to fill them up with memories of the one day when everything is supposed to go right.

But things don't always go as hoped for on Christmas. Walk into the bathroom at the wrong time and you might find Uncle Ted snorting cocaine. Grampa may want you to put on that Catholic school girl outfit he bought you and sit on his lap all afternoon. And if you don't cut Aunt Judy off after six cups of eggnog, chances are she'll start smashing plates and go into one of her infamous crying jags. It's with these memories in mind that our creative staff and team of artists — all from severely dysfunctional families just like yours — came up with this year's new designs.

Xmas Crackhouse
Twelfth in our *Inner City Slums* series. Crafted by Irene Fitzpatrick
Evergreen
$9.95

CELEBRATING THE HOLIDAYS

The Hallmock staff gathers for our annual Christmas party to share good cheer and friendly laughs, then later, nasty comments, lots of crying, a catfight or two, and possibly sex in the supply closet!



Left:
When the party's liquor runs out, Hallmock staffers draw straws to determine the unlucky sap who has to go on a beer run. Frank Grout (left) is the obvious loser

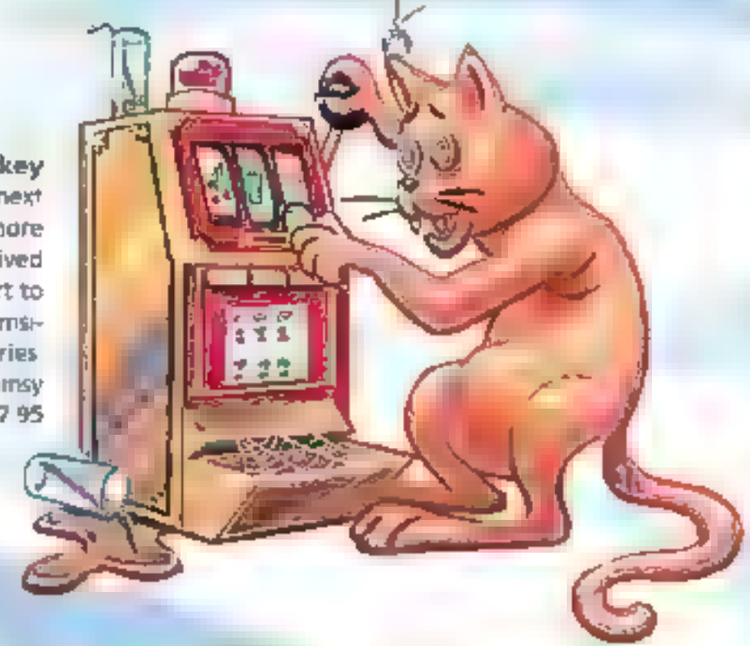
Below left:
Bob (Santa) Felder and Joyce Cox nap between libations

Below right:
Sue Paddocker is repulsed by the advances of a plastered Herb Acneman while Ted Birdsall vomits in trash can for sixth consecutive year. Joyce Cox is passed out in background.

Cheapskate Ornaments

Family & Friends

☐ **My First Christmas as a Woman**
Sculpted by Andrew Tannenbaum
$7.95



☐ **Slot Jockey**
Grandma will think of you on her next trip to Reno as she throws away more of your inheritance after she's received this lovely detailed piece of art to hang on her tree. Third in our whimsical *Compulsive Gambling* series. Sculpted by Mary Johnson Whimsy
$7.95

☐ **Holiday Emergency**
The ideal ornament for the local ambulance driver, or for anyone who has recently suffered a life-threatening emergency! Whimsical tire marks over bunny victim's body shows just where bunny medic needs to apply first aid. Sculpted by Irene Fitzpatrick Evergreen
$9.95

☐ **Tinsel Poisoning**
A whimsical warning to keep poisonous, intestinal-blocking tinsel out of the way of our feline friends — or just a cheery reminder for a friend who lost a beloved pet. Sculpted by Anita Lee Stocking
$8.95

☐ **Buttering Up Teacher**
Our 1998 ornament for teachers features little Sammy Schoolmouse presenting his favorite teacher with a bright red apple — and what's that underneath it? Insurance for a passing grade! Apple portion of this whimsical ornament contains small compartment, perfect for stashing a few wadded-up bills! Sculpted by Anita Lee Stocking
$10.95

☐ **Our Last Christmas Together, You Bitch!**
Spending one last holiday season together with that former loved one is less of a chore thanks to our delightfully whimsical ornament featuring a pair of cute, fuzzy, yet completely incompatible bunny rabbits. Also available as "Our Last Christmas Together, You Bastard!" Sculpted by Mary Johnson Whimsy
$8.95

Cheapskate Ornament Artist
MARY JOHNSON WHIMSY

"Meeting collectors is the best part of being a Cheapskate Ornament artist. Their unnatural obsession with the ornaments I sculpt shows me just how well-adjusted I am by comparison. The worst part of working for Hallmock? Their bizarre insistence that all women artists use their middle names in an effort to evoke a sense that we're all warm, cuddly grandmotherly folk artists who dress like Holly Hobby, own a lot of cats and live in cozy wood en saltbox houses in Vermont."

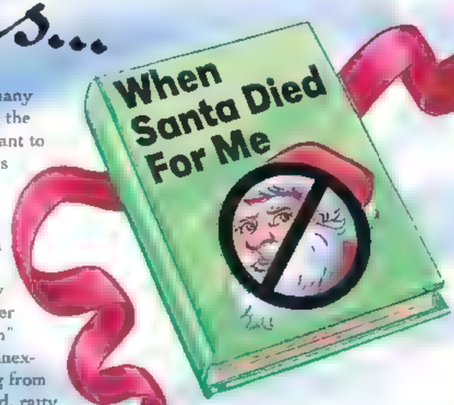
Christmas...

it means as many things to as many people as it means dollars to us. Gone are the days when Christmas was a strictly holy day meant to celebrate the birth of the Lord. Gone, too, are the days when Christmas meant presents and Santa and snowmen and reindeer and Currier and Ives prints on holiday cards.

Today, thanks to middle class families with disposable income and a penchant for spending way beyond their means, and thanks to consumers obsessed with sending greeting cards for holidays that in many cases we simply made up, and thanks to the ridiculously hypnotic power that the terms "collectible," "signed and numbered," and "limited edition" have over the general public — yes, thanks to all this - Christmas now inexplicably means incongruent and inappropriate pop culture icons hanging from strings on a dangerously overloaded Douglas fir. It means mass-produced, ratty and worn-looking teddy bears designed by our own "folk artists," it means patchwork everywhere! And, best of all, Christmas means enjoying a commercialized holiday without the labored holiness and tired respect it once commanded

Today's Hallmock prides itself on having everything you need to celebrate Christmas the '90s way. The only Lord you'll find here is Lord Vader (See page 18 for our charmingly blasphemous *Star Wars* Nativity set.) So, Merry Chritma from your friends at your neighborhood Hallmock!

You'll feel poorer inside!



☐ **When Santa Died For Me**
Not a story of heroics, but many stories of sadness and despair as over 30 manic-depressives tell a tale of their worst Christmases ever. Sprinkled throughout the book are cocktail recipes, directions for making industrial-sized batches of fudge and phone numbers of nationwide 12-step programs. Perfect reading for a holiday evening home alone right after your boyfriend dumps you. Seventy-eight pages, hardcover $13.95

Cheapskate Ornament Artist
IRENE FITZPATRICK EVERGREEN

"It's gratifying to see that collectors have fallen in love with my mass produced Cheapskate Ornament creations, especially after years of sculpting and peddling one-of-a-kind, hand-made, highly-detailed, original Christmas ornaments of much higher quality at countless local craft shows with absolutely no success

1998 Collectible Series

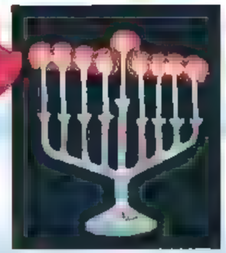
While we stress throughout the catalog that all of our ornaments are highly collectible, and that you should purchase as many as humanly possible, we also randomly dub a few different ornaments as part of a "Collectible Series" and group them together in order to insure that you will purchase all of those within this subset.

☐ **Down On His Luck**
Our rumpled little teddy bear's sign says it all! Sculpted by Louise Wilcox Peppermint $16.95

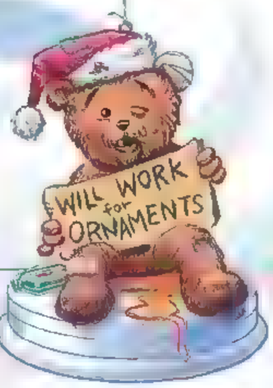
☐ **North Pole Snow Globe**
The wonder of a musical snow globe is even more magical when it contains no snow! Depicting the Arctic Circle as it may look in just the next few years, our "snow" globe shows the North Pole after the polar ice caps have melted - nearly completely under water! A whimsical reminder that global warming will eventually destroy civilization as we know it. Plays "Heatwave." $29.95

☐ **Angel Pee Sweatshirt**
Exclusive design features our beautiful Tinkling Ange. A wonderful gift for yourself, a daughter, granddaughter, or anyone who enjoys angels, snow or urine. Machine washable. Sizes M, L, and XL $34.95

☐ **Patchwork Extinguisher**
Handy, festive accessory, indispensable for those little emergencies that pop up during the holidays. Surplus 64-ounce standard fire extinguisher from the 1950s covered in heartwarming patchwork is a must for any family with a dry, brittle Christmas tree overloaded with lights. Goes great with our exploding Santa Claus ornament! (Note: Pressure of contents in each extinguisher will vary and are not guaranteed to function properly.) $64.95



☐ **Patchwork Holiday Menorah**
Used by Jews around the world to celebrate "Hanukkah" or "Chanukah," or however you spell it. We're not sure what it symbolizes or how it's used, but we figured why not offer at least one item that allows us to cash in on the Jewish religion, too $48.95



☐ **Dumpster Divers**
Who's that desperately scrounging for a morsel of food to keep him alive for one more night in the midst of another sub-zero North Pole winter? This delightful ornament features two cute-as-the-dickens, starving bears popping in and out of one of Santa's fetid, garbage filled dumpsters. Charming! Sculpted by Anita Lee Stocking $18.95

Pimpy the Snowman
This festive ornament is a perfect gift for all your "ho ho hos"! Sculpted by Todd Pfefferneuse $12.95

☐ **Sharin' the Warmth**
Two unemployable vagrant mice illustrate the spirit of the season of sharing in this endearing collectible ornament. Sculpted by Louise Wilcox Peppermint $16.95

Annie's Favorite Ornaments

☐ **Removin' Asbestos**
First in the *Careers at High Risk for Cancer* series. Sculpted by Edward Sleighreid. $8.95

☐ **Prison Tattoo**
Sixth and final in the *Mice Behind Bars* series. Sculpted by Mary Johnson Whimsy $7.95

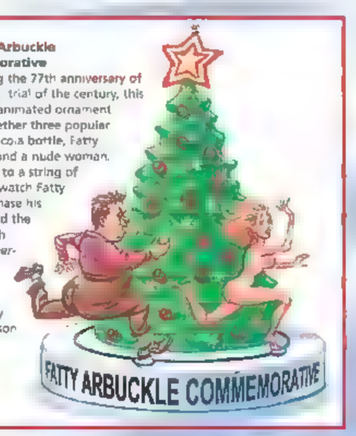
☐ **Taking a Dump**
You can't eat cookies left by millions of boys and girls around the world without stopping for a potty break, as this whimsical ornament shows. Santa relaxes over a bright white toilet while flipping through "The North Pole Gazette." Sculpted by Andrew Tannenbaum $7.95

☐ **Nipple Ring Santa**
Sculpted by Ken Warmth
$8.95

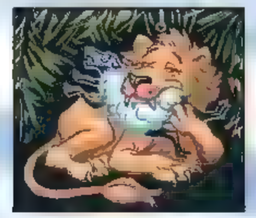
☐ **Rectal Exam**
Your proctologist (or friend who's seeing one!) will appreciate this whimsical and cheery ornament showing good Dr. Squirrel examining Frosty the Snowman. Sculpted by Todd Pfefferneuse $12.95

☐ **Thimble**
We've taken a standard metal thimble (valued at 29 cents) and ingeniously attached an eyelet and string to the top. What seamstress, tailor, or thimble collector wouldn't be thrilled to hang this warm and cheery sewing notion on his or her tree? Designed by Todd Pfefferneuse $16.95

☐ **Fatty Arbuckle Commemorative**
Celebrating the 77th anniversary of the original trial of the century, this whimsical animated ornament brings together three popular icons—the coke bottle, Fatty Arbuckle, and a nude woman. Hook it up to a string of lights and watch Fatty gleefully chase his prey around the tree. Fourth in the *Career-Ruining Scandals* series
Sculpted by Mary Johnson Whimsy
$14.95



☐ **Gritty the Gum Man**
Our little cockroach friend is having himself a merry little Christmas as he puts the finishing touches on his little snowman—charmingly sculpted out of a hairy, gritty piece of chewing gum! Sculpted by Mary Johnson Whimsy $7.95



☐ **Lion and Lamb**
Second in the *Nature's Enemies* series.
Sculpted by Ken Warmth
$7.95

MEET ANNIE GAINESDORF EGGNOG

Annie Gainesdorf Eggnog has been sharing her obsession with Christmas and her fetish for collecting ornaments since she was promoted to President of the National Cheapskate Ornament Collector's Club in 1986, from her former position of mail clerk at Hallmock's corporate offices. Ornament book author, ornament lecturer, and ornament historian, Miss Eggnog visibly cringes most when referred to as "ornament historian."

"What makes Cheapskate Ornaments so special? Well, it's sure not their uniqueness! Thousands upon thousands are mass-produced each year for a huge number of collectors — there's NEVER a shortage of these things. And after so many years of our catalog being filled with sickeningly cute country field mice and rabbits and birds outfitted in oversized scarves, hats and mittens, it's getting damn hard to tell one 'special edition' ornament from the next!

"It's not the painstaking detail and quality of each item that makes Cheapskate Ornaments so special, either. Let's face it — we're basically dealing in glorified Happy Meal toys. In fact, our ornaments are probably manufactured and painted by the same underpaid third-world workers who create the PVC figures that come with Junior's hamburger and fries!

"You see, what makes Cheapskate Ornaments so special is you, the collector, ever willing to spend more money for "collectibles," even though the marketplace is totally glutted with worthless figurines and ornaments. So what if this year's 'Marilyn' ornament is last year's left-over Scarlett with repainted blonde hair and a beauty mark? Just stamp the current year on the bottom and write it up as a 'catalog exclusive' in this year's catalog and we know we've got a winner!"

☐ **ASPCA Holiday Pets**
Through special arrangement with the ASPCA, Hallmock is proud to offer these adorable original ornaments. We've scoured the nat on's largest animal shelters for the cutest puppies and kittens scheduled to be destroyed. Each lifelike ornament features the sad eyes of an actual small dog or cat just moments before it is gassed or lethally injected. Please allow us to select a breed and method of execution. $12.95

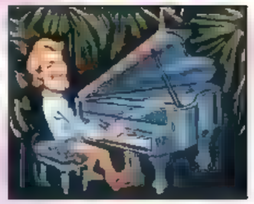
Pyramid Scheme
A charming little ornament, perfect for any ignorant friend or relative about to waste valuable time and money investing in a "guaranteed-to-work" multi-level marketing program. Also makes a quaint "I Told You So" gift for those who have lost small fortunes on such schemes. Sculpted by Louise Wilcox Peppermint $16.95

Three Sappy Favorites From Previous Collections

Each year, Hallmock introduces a new collection of Cheapskate Ornaments. Here are three of the most endearing from the past.

☐ ***A Three's Company Christmas***
Dated 1978
Issued @ $6.95
$625-$695

John Tesh
Third in the *Should Never Have Been Given a Recording Contract* series
Dated 1995
Issued @ $8.95
$800-$875



☐ **Makin' Moonshine**
First in the *Backwoods Kinda Christmas* series
Dated 1995
Issued @ $12.00
$550-$625

NOTE: The prices shown below each ornament represent the range of prices extremely stupid people will pay for these ornaments on the secondary market. Though we express an opinion concerning the validity or accuracy of this information, nor do we make any claims regarding the present or future market values of our products, by merely printing these extremely exaggerated market values in large type and this lame disclaimer in teeny-weeny type, it is assumed that you will not even bother reading this, and that by now you'll either be rooting through your attic trying to find old Hallmock ornaments you'll wrongly believe are worth a fortune, or better yet, you'll be high-tailing it down to your local Hallmock store, ready to invest in plastic Christmas decorations as though they were blue chip stocks.

THE NATIONAL CHEAPSKATE ORNAMENT COLLECTOR'S CLUB

The NCOCC was formed in 1986 by Hallmock when it was evident there was a great deal of money to be made by forming such a club, initiating annual dues, and increasing the number of Cheapskate Ornaments available each year tenfold. Your $25 membership fee entitles you to all of the following benefits and privileges...

- You'll receive four of our ugliest, most unpopular Cheapskate Ornaments, available exclusively to Club members, since we know we can't unload these dogs to anyone else.
- You'll have the opportunity to purchase other unpopular designs that will seem more appealing to you, the collector, when we tell you that they are EXCLUSIVE CLUB EDITION ORNAMENTS!
- You'll receive our annual Hallmock Holiday Catalog, the catalog available for free in Hallmock stores that shows each of our expensive ornaments, mailed directly to your home! Why settle for a nice, pristine copy at the store when we can send you a soiled, torn version, mishandled by the postal service, with a big ol' mailing label on the front?
- You'll receive invitations to attend special ornament-themed events where you can spend even more money.
- You'll be sent four issues of *Obsessed Ornament and Crazed Christmas Collector News* full of self-serving Hallmock press releases and ads for all the ornaments you'll be buying between now and December.

We're proud to say that The National Cheapskate Ornament Collector's Club benefits not only easily-led collectors, but Hallmock, too. In addition to all the profits we reap from club membership, we've been able to effectively squash more impromptu, relaxed, local ornament collecting clubs; and even more effectively, we've managed to keep competitors out of all ornament conventions, open houses and related functions! We've built the dinky Christmas tree doo-dad business up from nothing into a multi-million dollar operation, and then cornered the market ourselves! That's why we love the holidays!

The Hallmock Cheapskate Ornament Collector's Club

Membership Application

Name

Address

City

State_____ Zip _____

Please check all that apply:

☐ I have an obsessive/compulsive disorder that, as a collector, will make me buy every ornament you shove at me, regardless of how much I may not like them or how repetitive the designs are.

☐ I am prepared to make my children go without food for a few days to be able to afford any item a Hallmock brochure or representative deems "an excellent value for collectors."

☐ I am an unhappily married woman not getting any from my husband anymore, so I am making an effort to spend as much money as possible on worthless Yuletide gewgaws to fill the void.

Send this application with payment of $25.00 to:

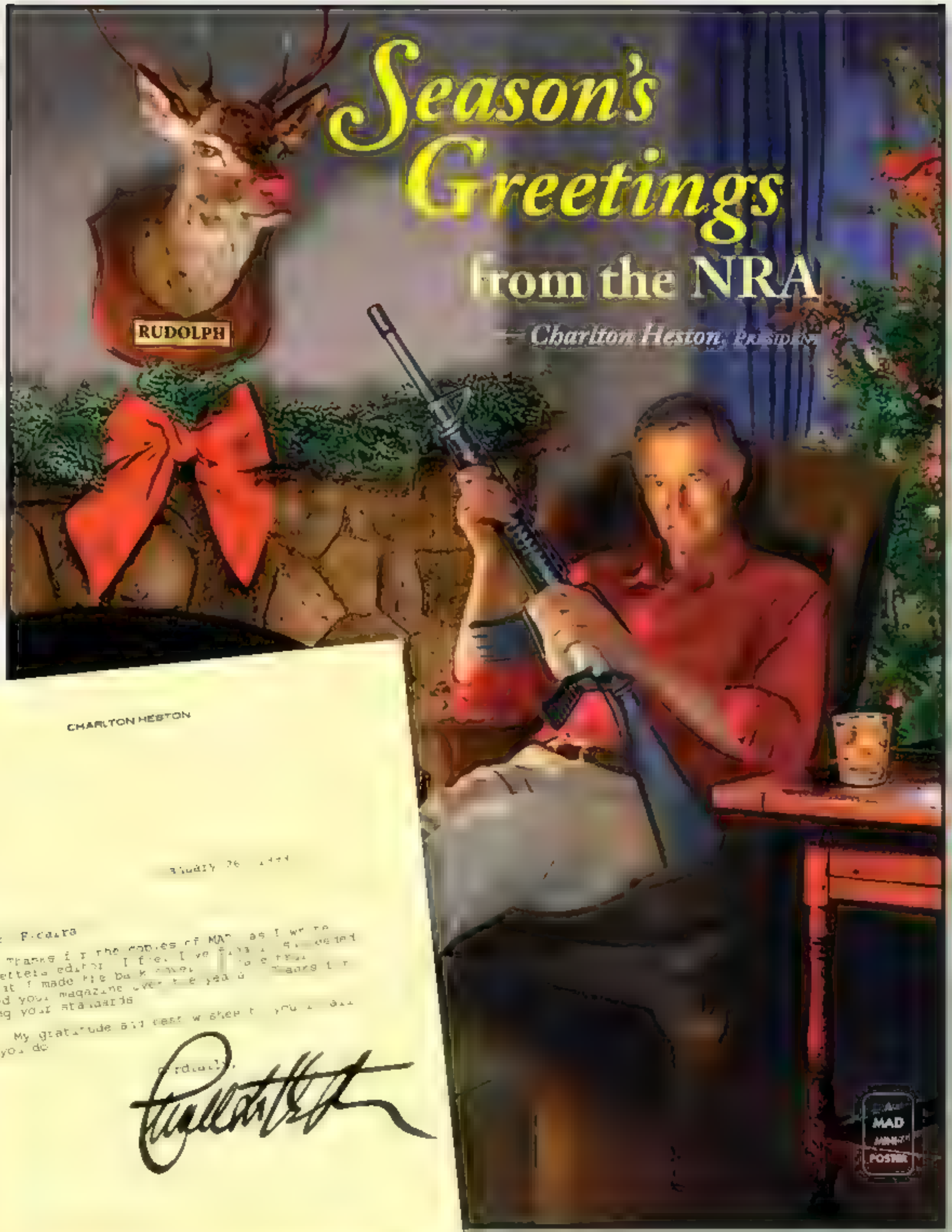
Hallmock Cheapskate Ornament Collector's Club
P.O. Box 1225
Tinselgarland, MO 64141-122

☐ I am an overweight, unhappy single woman who has no hope for ever finding a male companion nor true happiness, but am willing to try to fill my empty life with little wood- and creatures in Christmas settings cast in PVC and resin.

☐ My life is so miserable now that I try to make it Christmas year round to forget about my pain and loneliness.

☐ My childhood was such a nightmare and Christmas such an annual letdown that I am now trying to make up for this regardless of the cost.

Share the Magic... Share the Warmth... Share Your Cash... With Us!



ARTIST: SCOTT BRICKER

MAD #377/JANUARY 1999

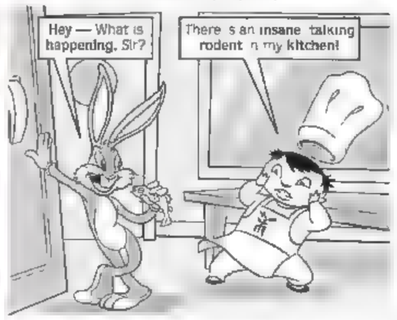
The NRA back cover, issue #377, ushered in a new era of digital art for MAD. The editors wanted a very realistic painting on a tight deadline. MAD had a preference for traditional art media, so I did sketches on the computer and finals with paint. I photographed my friend Mark as Charlton Heston's body double and set about creating a reference image in Photoshop to paint from. I got as far as transferring the image to a board and starting to oil paint when I had an epiphany: "What they really want is a photo, not a painting!" I returned to Photoshop and everyone was happy with the result, including, as I am told, Mr. Heston. (My father is a hunter and this piece is his favorite. I grew up among stuffed deer heads.)

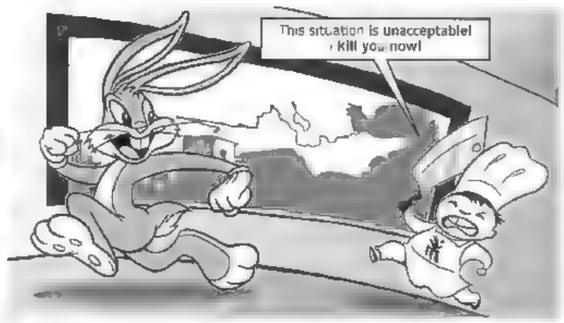
PILLAGE IDIOTS DEPT.

YEP, YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO THOSE EUROPEANS, ASIANS AND MIDDLE EASTERNERS! THEY'VE GIVEN US SOME TRULY GREAT ART, FINE CUISINE AND JACKIE CHAN MOVIES! AND OF ALL THE WONDROUS THINGS WE'VE GIVEN THEM IN RETURN, THERE'S NOTHING THEY APPRECIATE MORE THAN COMEDY! UNFORTUNATELY, THE SUBTLETIES AND NUANCES OF AMERICAN HUMOR OFTEN ESCAPE THEM, AS YOU'LL SEE IN THESE...

CHEAP FOREIGN RIPOFFS OF AMERICAN CARTOONS

KOO KOO RABBIT (Japan)





ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO WRITER: SEAN EISENPORTH

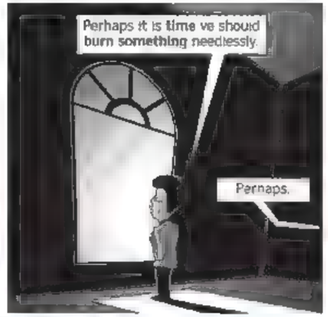
SCOOBÉ DEU (France)

THE FLINTELLIS (Italy)

THE BLASPHEMOUS AMERICAN SATAN FAMILY (Iraq)

SANJI THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT (Sri Lanka)

BECHTEL UND BUMHÄDT (Germany)



by David Shayne
WRITER

I come from a long line of former MAD interns who somehow managed to parlay a lackluster unpaid internship into a lackluster poorly-paying editorial position. Being a MAD editor means spending much of your day reading a lot of funny submissions as they're passed from office to office. (It also means reading a lot of unfunny submissions, but that's another book.) Oftentimes that initial idea is a work-in-progress: The comedic bones are there, but it'll require a rewrite or two before it's bought and passed on to the artist. But "Cheap Foreign Rip-Offs of American Cartoons" came in almost fully fleshed out, with very little altered from premise to publication. Even writer Sean Eisenporth's original rough sketches are pretty close to Sam Viviano's masterfully-drawn final illustrations. (And note how Sam successfully mimics the styles of six different cartoons, while also giving each a clever "foreign" spin.) From the moment it hit my desk, I thought the piece was laugh-out-loud funny. What can I say? It combines two of my great loves: Cartoons and xenophobia. For weeks after, whenever I passed then Co-Editor John Ficarra in the hallway (which was frequently — it was a small hallway), I'd say in my best German accent: "Perhaps it is time ve should burn something needlessly." To which he would reply with great Germanic menace, "Perhaps."

FRANK ON A ROLL DEPT.

Christmas is a time of giving, and we're betting that given his recent harsh words for certain ethnic groups, there won't be many gifts under the tree for Louis Farrakhan this year! But at least old Lou can take comfort in knowing that we're thinking of him and that others will be too, as they sing along with these...

Louis Farrakhan CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Farrakhan is Coming to Town

(Sung to the tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

You better be black,
You better be straight,
You better admit that Hitler
was great --
Farrakhan is coming to town!

He wears a bow-tie;
He's got a real flare;
You shouldn't mess with his
bodyguards there --
Farrakhan is coming to town!

You see that he means business;
You see he's not a fake;
He's angry if you
dis-a-gree,
So agree for Islam's sake!

At stirring up crowds
He's surely a whiz;
He'll show you just what a
demagogue is --
Farrakhan is coming to town!

ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN WRITER FRANK JACOBS

by Drew Friedman
ARTIST

Pick my favorite MAD article? That's like asking me to pick my favorite Jerry Lewis movie...or my favorite Wayne Newton song. Impossible! Oh all right... *The Big Mouth* and "Danke Schoen." Happy?

Sto ..."Louis Farrakhan Christmas Carols" looms pretty large...very large... OK, largest. This was the fourth piece I illustrated for MAD, and if my early MAD contributions were perhaps a bit tentative, it was no doubt due to my still feeling somewhat in awe that my art was actually being published alongside my heroes — legends like Al Jaffee...Dave Berg...Mort Drucker...Andrew J. Schwartzberg...the "Usual Gang of Idiots." Was I really worthy to join such a gang?

Then I was assigned "Louis Farrakhan Christmas Carols," written by the MAD poet laureate Frank Jacobs. Oy vey, what to do? This: I calmed myself down, showered, had a Tofu Pup, and decided to rise to the occasion and create artwork that would (hopefully) compliment the piece and well-serve the brilliant "Jacobs-ian" Christmas/Farrakhan song parodies. I think I succeeded. Validation came when I was told that

angry letters had arrived at MAD's offices from several Nation of Islam members condemning Mr. Jacobs and myself — one stating that we would both surely "Burn in Hell" for mocking their leader, the honorable (Jew-baiter) Minister Farrakhan.

Hearing this really didn't bother me much, though — mainly because I was delighted to learn that even members of the Nation of Islam read MAD.

God Help Us, Louis Farrakhan

(sung to the tune of "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen")

God help us, Louis Farrakhan,
You're really not much fun;
The chances that you'll go away
We'd say are slim and none;
And yet despite your words of fright
That make most people cringe
Let's give thanks...that you re on-ly on the fringe --
Lunatic fringe --
Let's give thanks that you are only on the fringe.

O Farrakhan! Yo Farrakhan!

(sung to the tune of "O Christmas Tree! Fair Christmas Tree")

O Farrakhan! Yo, Farrakhan!
On telecasts you show..up;
With Farrakhan, great Farrakhan,
The ratings always go..up,
Ar-sen-i-o you snowed the most,
He kissed your butt from coast to coast
O Farrakhan! Hey, Farrakhan!
Excuse us while we throw..up.

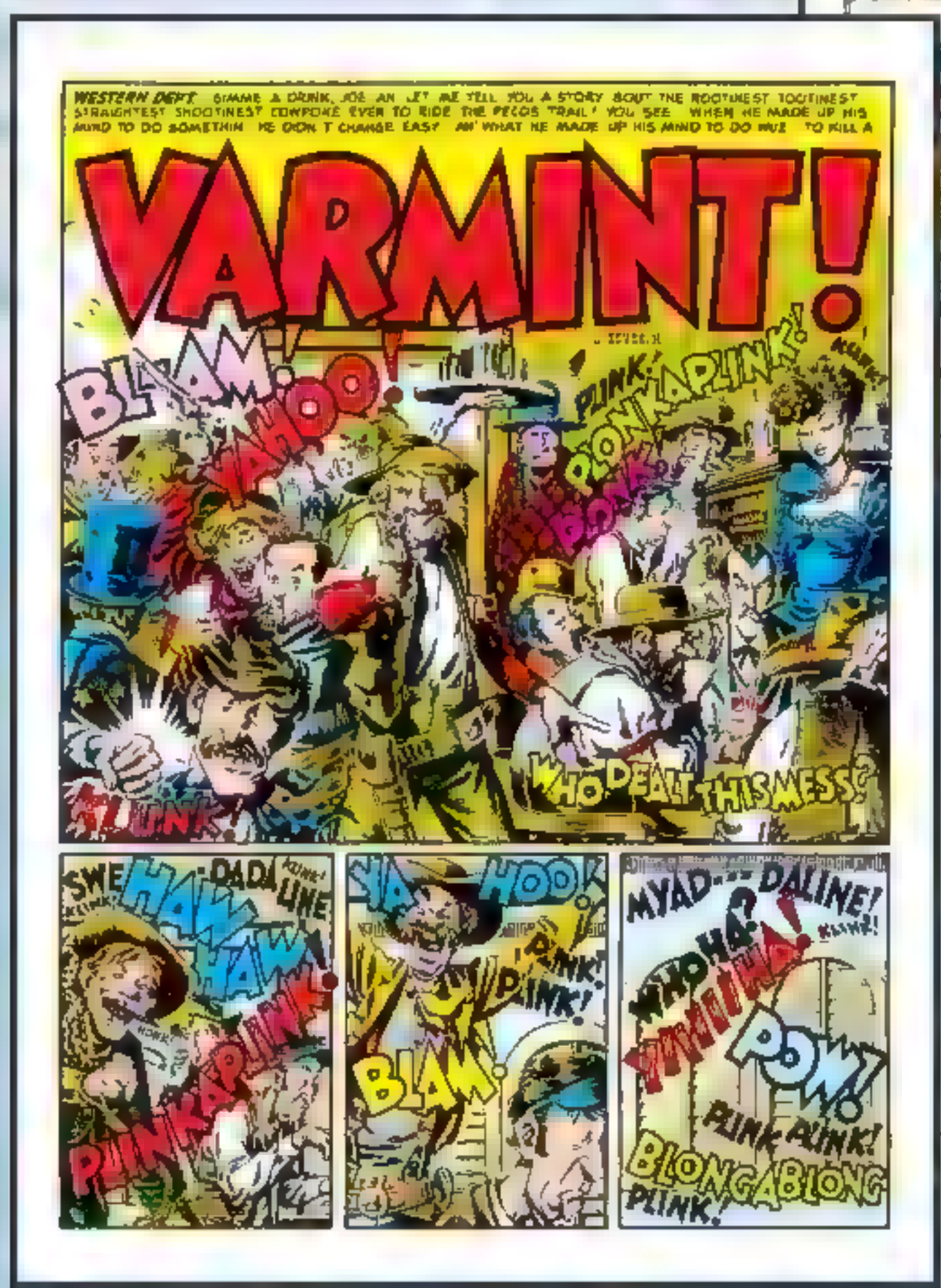
by Jack Davis
ARTIST

ARTIST: WALEY WOOD

MAD #3, JANUARY FEBRUARY 1953

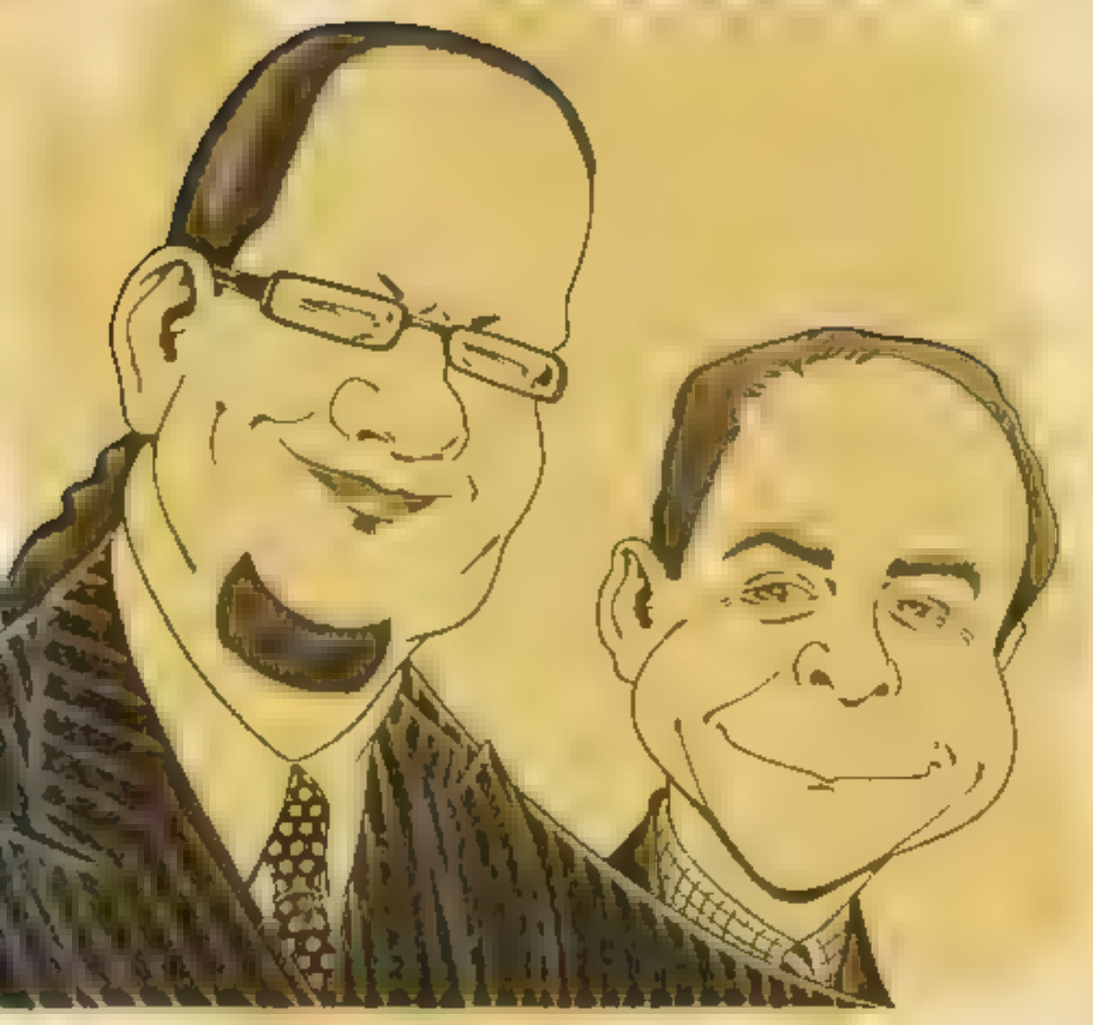
ARTIST: BILL ELDER

MAD #18/OCTOBER 1954



ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

MAD #1 OCTOBER NOVEMBER 1952



NRBQ — the New Rhythm and Blues Quartet — is about the grooviest band that ever was. They would go from Sun Ra, to Eddie Cochran to Sinatra without a flinch. You could listen to NRBQ and not know that people had broken music down into categories other than good and bad

I would see NRBQ at the Bottom Line in NYC, and Keith Richards would be in the audience. Paul McCartney had them do a private show for his band. Elvis Costello carried on about them being the best live band ever

They *were* the best live band. I saw them many times and finally became friends with them, but… I didn t feel that I really fit in. I wasn't part of their culture. They had a song called "Wacky Tobacco" about marijuana and I felt left out I never smoked I cared about only the first and last parts of sex and drugs and rock and roll. I related to the music, but not really to the band. NRBQ never published their lyrics, and some of the words were garbled so there were places, when I listened, that I had no idea what they were saying I had listened to their song "Wacky Tobacco" a zillion times before it hit me.

Penn Jillette

It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide

All of a sudden, this one time, like Kurtz's diamond bullet, I understood what he was singing in that one line of the song: "It's crackers to slip a rozzer, oh, the dropsy in snide, boys!" This wasn't dope talk. This wasn't "Waiting for my Man," or "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," or "Puff, the Magic Dragon." (That's marijuana, right?) This was a message coded for a Rosetta Stone that I had in my head. This was for me! I'm not a pothead, but I sure am a MAD Magazine fan Now, I'm not saying those two are mutually exclusive, there may even be some correlation, but my life proves it's not a perfect correlation All of a sudden NRBQ really was my band. They might be singing about dope, but they were also singing about a dope, Alfred E. Neuman, my dope from MAD Magazine

"It's crackers to slip a rozzer, oh, the dropsy in snide, boys!" is a straightforward way of saying that it's ill-advised to bribe a peace officer with counterfeit money. The phrase is originally from Margery Allingham's mid-'30s detective story "The Fashion in Shrouds," but it was obscure Aussie slang so we all know that NRBQ got it from MAD Magazine. MAD founder Bill Gaines loved the phrase, so in the 1950s, MAD snuck it in everywhere, scattered through every issue for years. Almost no one knew what it meant, but the phrase became teenage slang for something to say when you didn't know what to say. Decades later it gave me something to say to NRBQ, backstage, when they were done talking guitar strings and amps with the Stones, because I knew they could talk MAD Magazine with me.

I'm from a dead factory town in Western Massachusetts and the first person I knew in showbiz was me. My mom and dad liked a joke, but I didn't know anyone in comedy I didn't know anyone who thought about serious things by laughing. My subscription to MAD Magazine let me know I wasn't alone Bob Dylan said of Woody Guthrie, "You could listen to his songs and learn how to live." I could read MAD and learn how to think

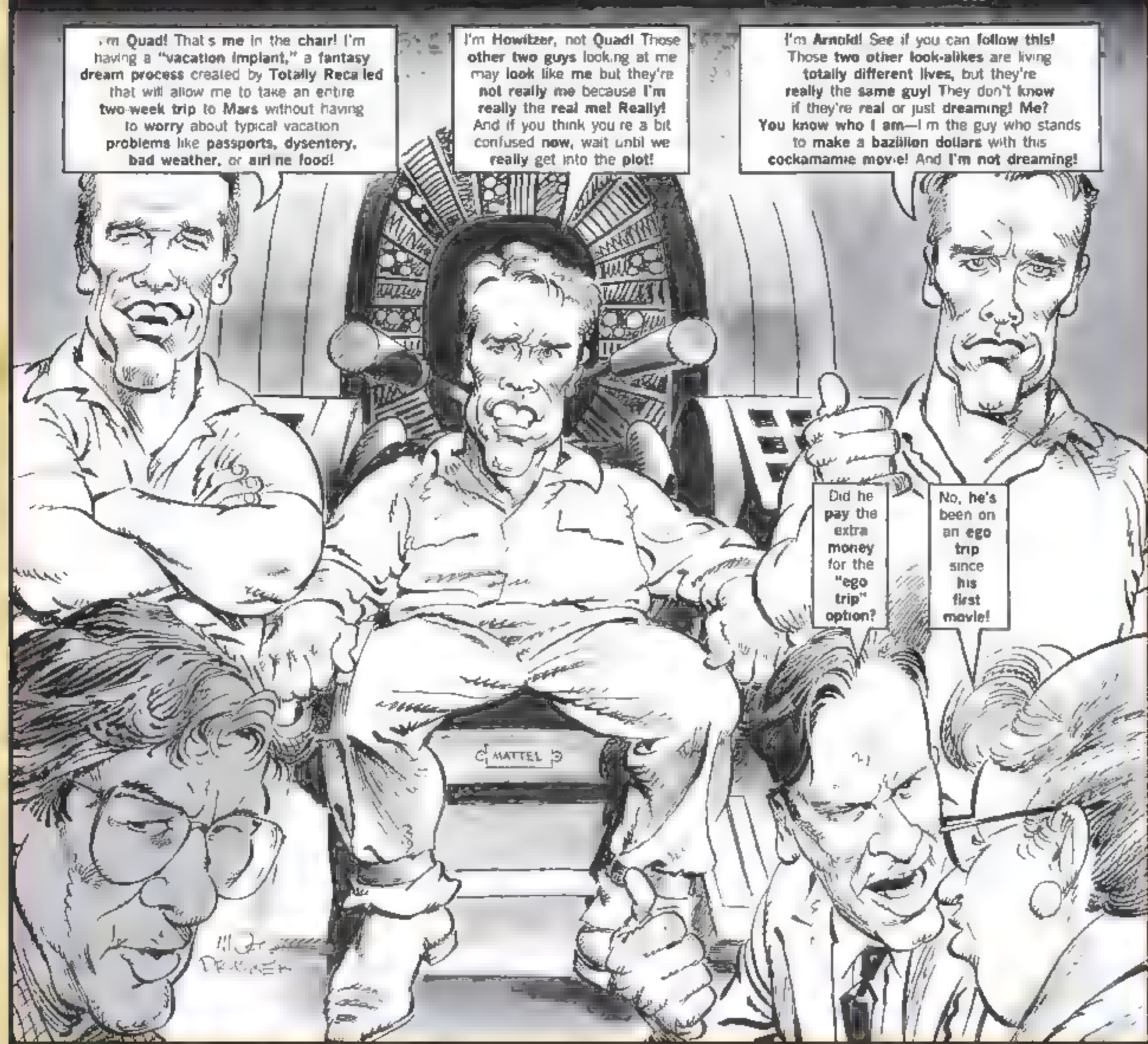
I got older and didn't read MAD as much. My subscription ran out (I need to find someone famous reading it, take a picture, and a get a year free). I didn't think much about MAD Magazine when I was all fancy-pants and Broadway, and Letterman, and Stern and *Rolling Stone* magazine. Then someone showed

MILKING AMNESIA DEPT.

There's a brand new sci-fi movie out with so many *defects* in the plot, acting and special effects, that it *breaks down* before it *runs* even an hour! That's why we *airbags* at MAD are convinced this *lemon* of a *clinker* of a *bomberino* should be...

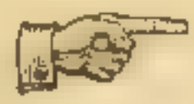
TOTALLY RECALLED

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



MAD #289/DECEMBER 1990

me the December 1990 MAD parody of *Total Recall*. There, on the third page, were Penn & Teller. Forgive the Chevy Chase quality of talking about myself in the third person but, Penn & Teller in MAD was amazing. It was a level of success and acceptance that I hadn't aspired to because I had never thought it was possible.



There was my face and name in MAD Magazine. My face and my business partner's face!

The magazine that taught me how to think funny was thinking funny about me. It was a big hairy deal. I read it over and over. I looked at the drawing of me, my big fat head and stupid hair and thick glasses. It was me. I had gotten a ticket to a world where I always wanted to live. How had MAD Magazine even heard about me? How did I get there?

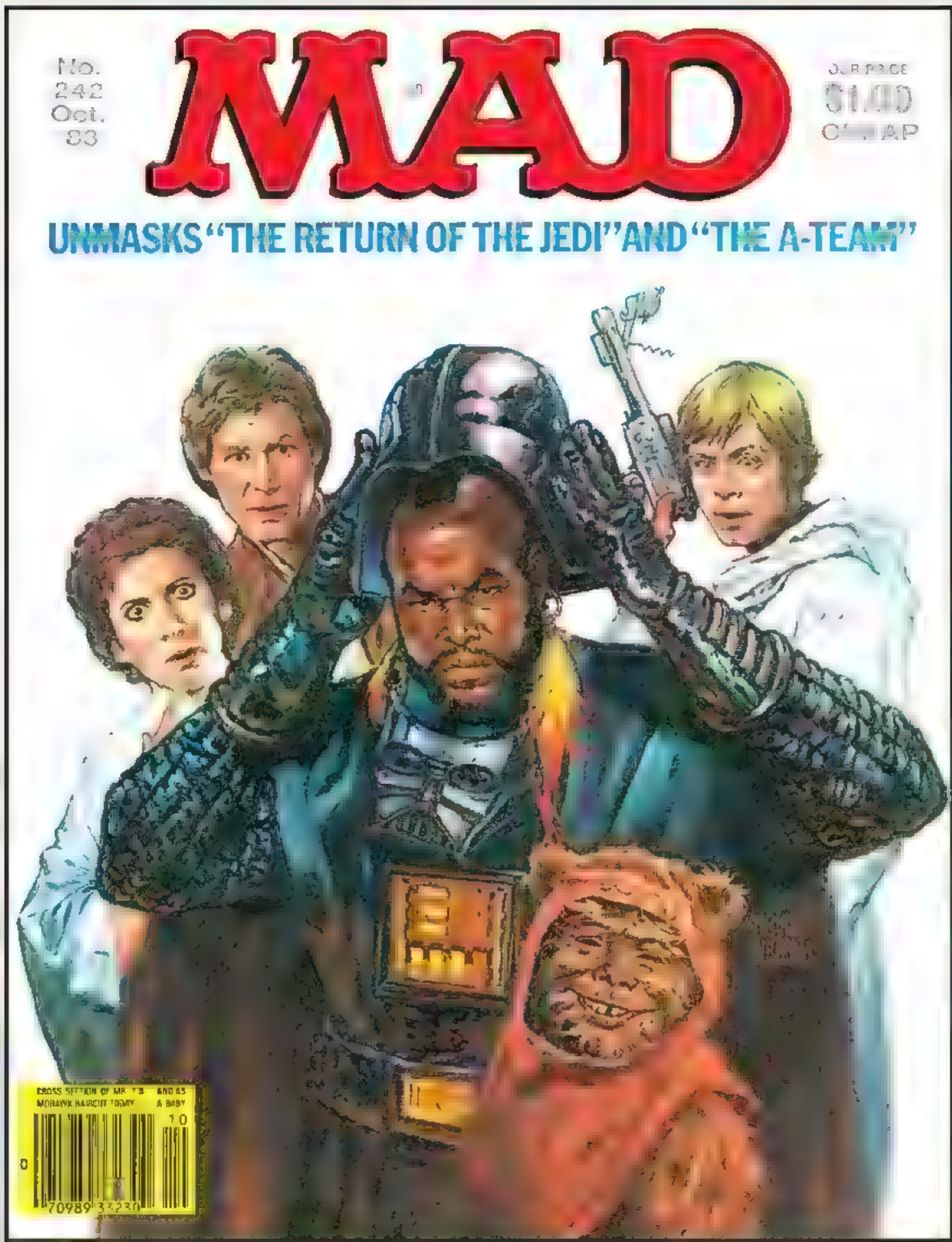
What did it feel like to have your own show on Broadway? What did it feel like to see yourself in a

movie? What did it feel like to have a theater named after you, and your picture on the side of a hotel in Vegas?

All of those things have happened to me, but all those things I had some control over. All those things I worked for. But being in a MAD parody, I didn't work for. I didn't even really get lucky — it just happened. All of a sudden I was sucked into a world that was full of people like me, and now I was part of it. Wow.

Years later Bill Gaines came to our Broadway show and I trembled as I shook his hand. He asked me out for lunch and then chose to die rather than take a chance of being stuck with the check. So I met him only that one night at our show and it was a thrill, but meeting Bill himself was not as big of a thrill as seeing my face and name in that magazine.

I was finally home. And there's only one way to sum that up: It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide!



MAD #242/OCTOBER 1983

by Richard Williams
ARTIST

My favorite cover would have to be the first one I did. Of course I had read MAD as a kid, but at the time that they commissioned me to do this cover I hadn't seen the magazine for many years. I almost turned it down. I was still new to the field of illustration and this was just one of many jobs I was doing at that time. No big deal, I would get it done and move on to the next client.

But the editors kept coming back to me with new cover assignments. And I'm very glad they did! Over the years, working with everyone at MAD and getting to know them has been the highlight of my career as an illustrator. After a while they were no longer a "client," they were friends.

It has been and continues to be a wonderful experience to be associated with MAD and the people who create it. I could never claim to be a great artist but I can say I have been an extremely fortunate artist. That first cover changed the course of my life. And to think I almost passed up that fabulous opportunity.

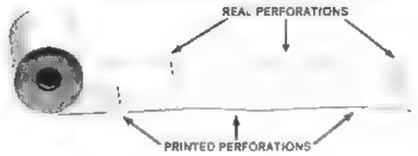
A WORSE MOUSETRAP DEPT.

The big corporations have always depended upon "Planned Obsolescence", the calculated rapid breakdown in acceptable design and performance of their products, to keep their coffers filled. Planned Obsolescence boosts sales and profits by insuring quick replacement of worn-out or outmoded items. Recently, consumer crusaders like Ralph Nader have been exposing the despicable practice of Planned Obsolescence in the automobile and appliance fields. But the use of Planned Obsolescence in less spectacular, but no less important products, that the average consumer cannot do without, has been totally ignored. And so, to fill the gap, here's a MAD report on

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE IN EVERYDAY PRODUCTS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

TOILET PAPER



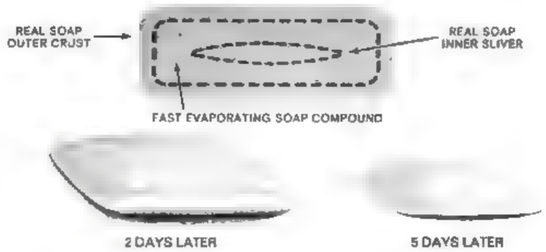
Careful examinations have disclosed that perforations alternate between real ones and phony ones. Phony ones are only printed on. Thus, when consumer gives normal yank, five feet of tissue cascades onto floor. Since consumer never suspects real reason, he vows time and again to be more careful next time. Of course, tissue on floor is discarded...and roll goes fast that way.

PENCILS

Investigation shows how lead is placed in many pencils today, and the kinds of points you get when you sharpen them.

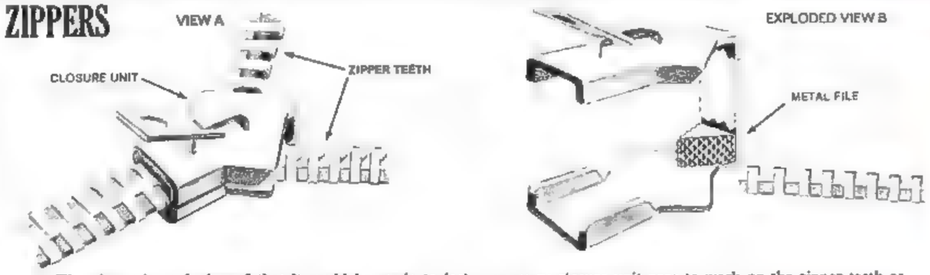
Note that every other point is bad. As a result, when the consumer sharpens pencil, he keeps doing it until he gets a good point. Thus, he uses up this pencil twice as fast as a well-made one, and the sharpener is usually blamed.

SOAP



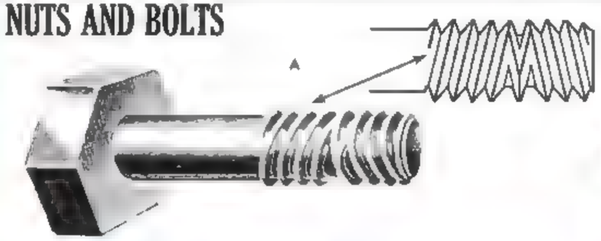
Most bars of soap will turn into slivers in about 5 days whether soap is used or not. This is due to presence of "fast evaporating soap compound"—located between normal outer crust and inner sliver—which is dissolved by air.

ZIPPERS

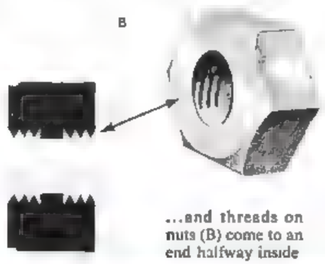


The zipper is so foolproof that it could be made to last forever. But what good would that be? So, as in exploded view (B) above, we see how a carefully placed metal file in every closure unit goes to work on the zipper teeth as it moves up and down over them, wearing them out quickly. This causes gapping, jamming and—best of all—*replacing!*

NUTS AND BOLTS

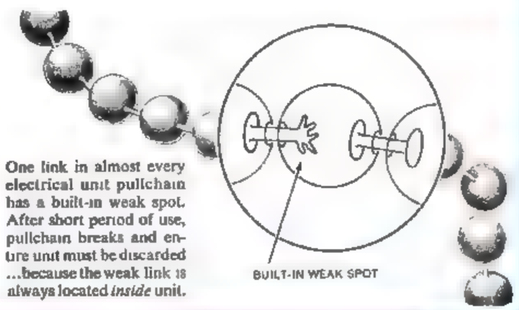


Many ordinary nuts and bolts are virtually useless. For example, threads on bolts (A) are manufactured so that they cannot work with any ordinary nuts...



...and threads on nuts (B) come to an end halfway inside

ELECTRICAL UNIT PULLCHAINS



One link in almost every electrical unit pullchain has a built-in weak spot. After short period of use, pullchain breaks and entire unit must be discarded ...because the weak link is always located *inside* unit.

by Al Jaffee
WRITER/ARTIST

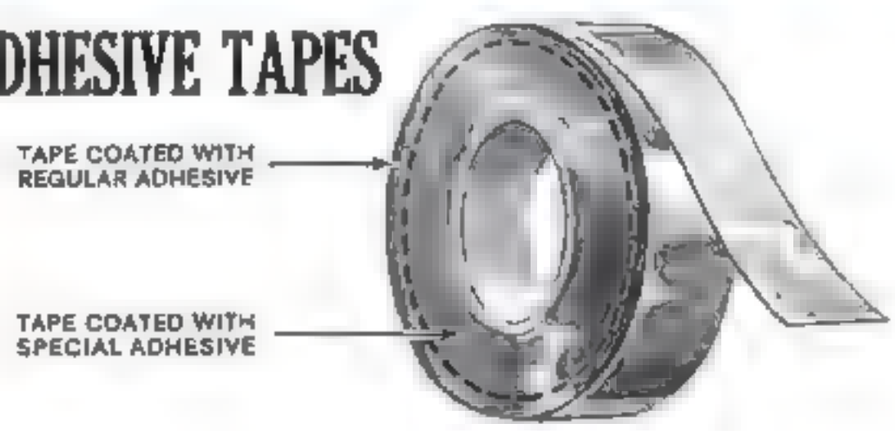
Most of us are not aware that planned obsolescence even exists. We just take for granted that things have a short, limited life, wear out, and need to be replaced often. But that was not always the case. Years ago a young consumer crusader named Ralph Nader set out to prove that as a matter of fact, manufacturers build breakdowns into their products so their consumers have to replace and pay for new ones over and over again.

The original crusade against planned obsolescence involved major products which were expensive to buy and repair. Items such as automobiles, washing machines and television sets were in this category. Manufacturers could easily insert undetectable weak spots into these complicated devices so that when they broke down it appeared to be either normal wear and tear or the fault of the user. This scheme worked so well it created ancillary industries, like repair shops and replacement-parts manufacturers.

This attracted the attention of other manufacturers of small, uncomplicated items in everyday use who wanted to get in on this profitable new business model.

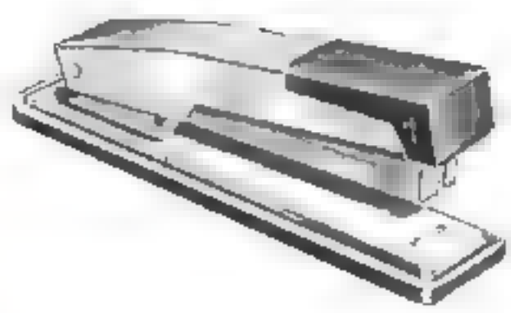
Take, for example, the original ketchup bottle. It had a cleverly designed narrow neck that prevented too much from pouring out all at once. That was good. But then came the bad part. After a while the ketchup thickened, as

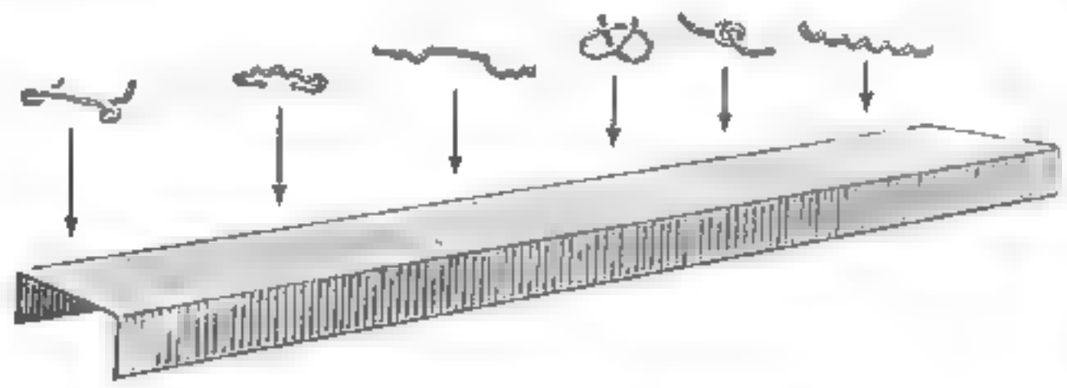
ADHESIVE TAPES



First three feet of most adhesive tapes are coated with the normal adhesive and unrolled easily. But after that, a special adhesive is used which has been designed to stick best to tape itself. This makes it virtually impossible to remove more than one inch of tape at a time, and the disgusted consumer, thinking it's just old, buys new roll.

STAPLES

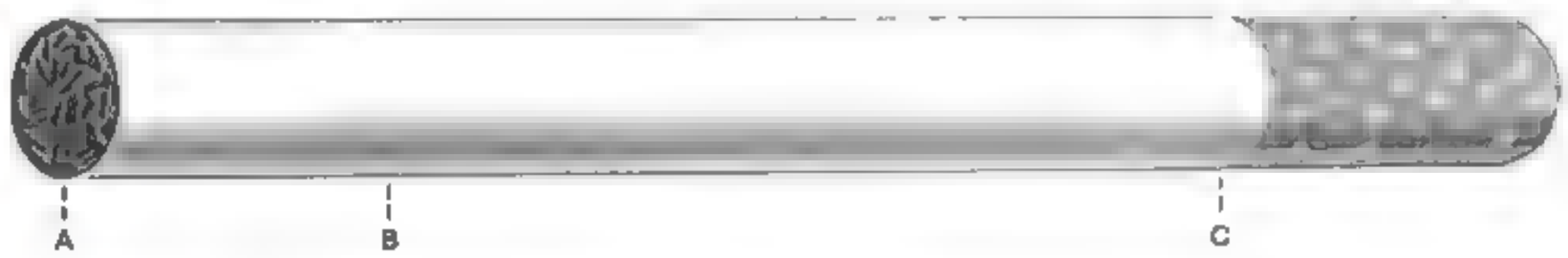




Most bars of staples look perfectly innocent. But every third staple is actually made of soft, inferior wire that can't penetrate even one sheet of paper. It simply turns into one of the grotesque shapes shown and is discarded.

CIGARETTES

Most new long cigarettes actually burn down more quickly than old shorter types, thanks to specially-developed tobacco.

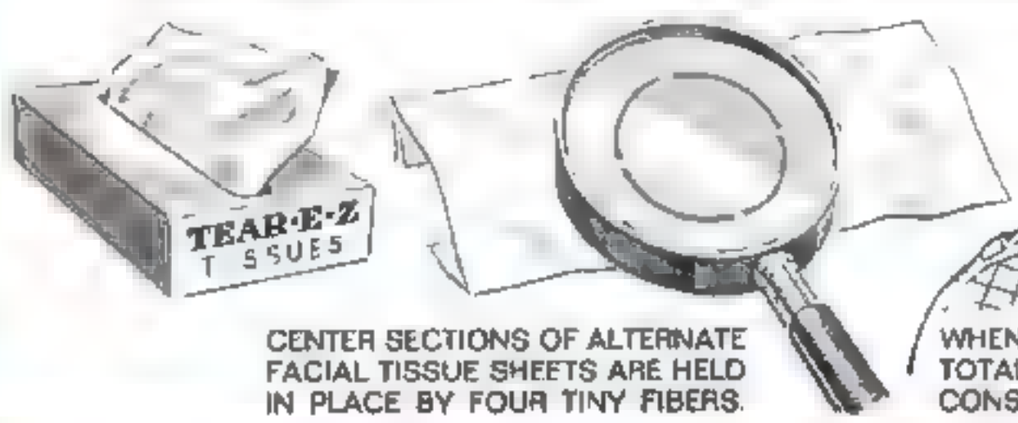


TOBACCO BETWEEN "A" AND "B" IS REGULAR SLOW-BURNING KIND

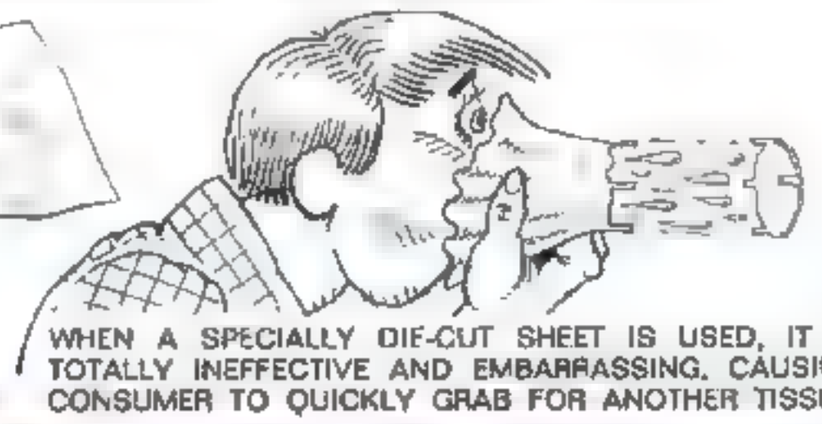
TOBACCO BETWEEN "B" AND "C" IS SPECIALLY DEVELOPED NEW TYPE (IMPREGNATED WITH PARTICLES OF GUN POWDER) WHICH BURNS DOWN IN A SPLIT SECOND SO CONSUMER QUICKLY LIGHTS UP ANOTHER ONE.

FACIAL TISSUES

Alternate sheets of many brands of facial tissues have been specially die-cut to create a built-in failure feature.



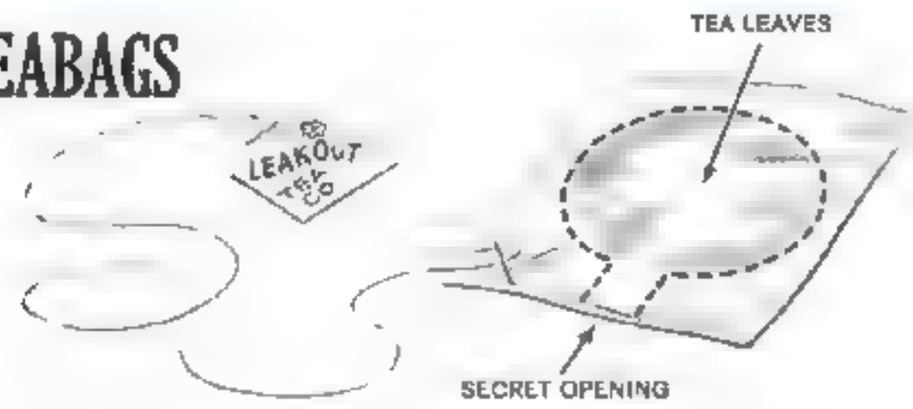
CENTER SECTIONS OF ALTERNATE FACIAL TISSUE SHEETS ARE HELD IN PLACE BY FOUR TINY FIBERS.



WHEN A SPECIALLY DIE-CUT SHEET IS USED, IT IS TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE AND EMBARRASSING, CAUSING CONSUMER TO QUICKLY GRAB FOR ANOTHER TISSUE.

intended by the manufacturer, and no matter how hard you shook, smacked or pounded the bottle, the remaining 10%, 20%, or more never came out and required the consumer to go out and purchase another bottle. Peanut butter manufacturers came up with a different and equally brilliant way of gaming the system. They had jars designed with attractive, intricately sculpted bottoms. Thus, when the user reaches that area inside the jar there is no instrument yet invented that can reach every bit of peanut butter that fills these nooks and crannies. All one can do is toss it and buy another jar just like it.

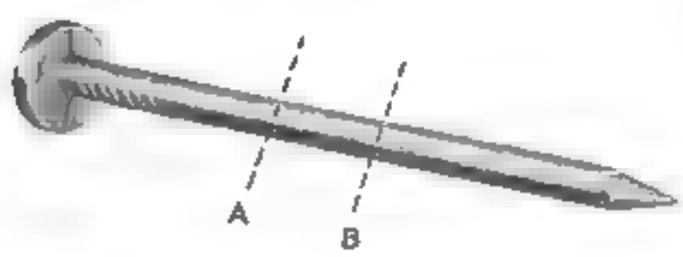
TEABAGS



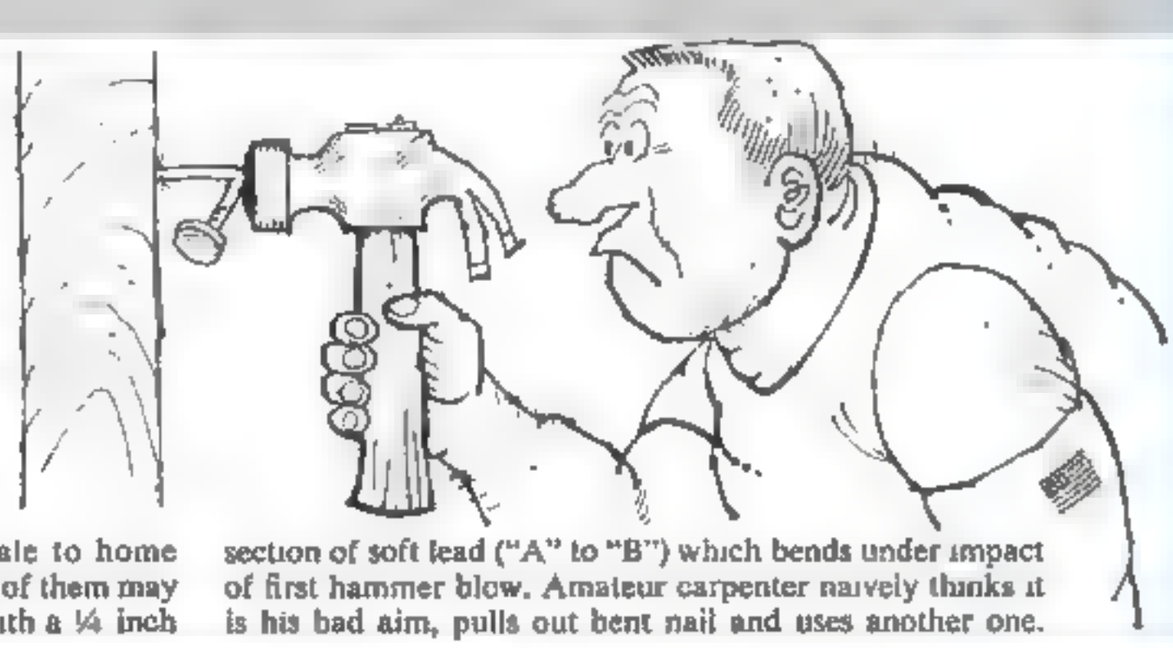
Many teabags are made with secret openings that are cleverly concealed to prevent discovery by inspection. These openings are sealed with a non-toxic glue that dissolves in hot water.

When secret opening is unsealed, tea leaves escape into the water, and unwary consumer is forced to dump it out and start all over with a new tea bag.

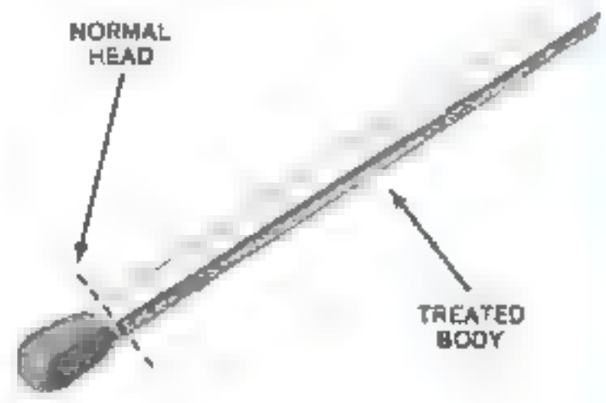
NAILS



A close scrutiny of the nails offered for sale to home workshop buffs reveals that a high percentage of them may look normal but are actually manufactured with a ¼ inch section of soft lead ("A" to "B") which bends under impact of first hammer blow. Amateur carpenter naively thinks it is his bad aim, pulls out bent nail and uses another one.



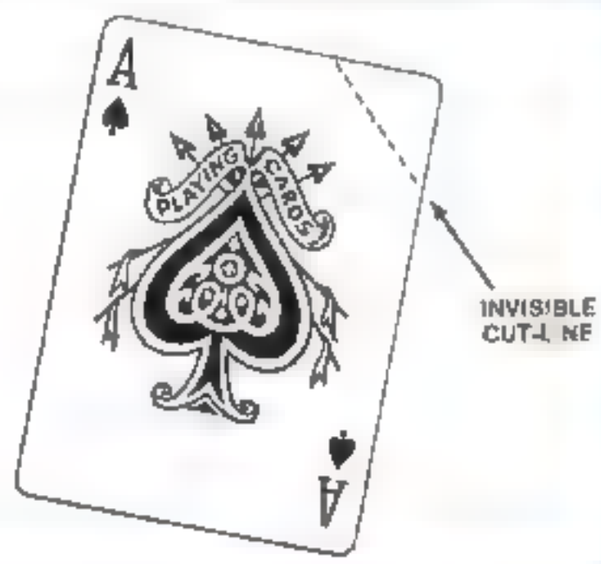
MATCHES

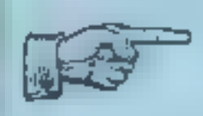


Many matches when struck, spark, sputter and then go out. User thinks match is wet and takes another one! Actually, match has been treated with a flameproof chemical! A box of 50% bad matches like these gets used up mighty fast.

PLAYING CARDS

It's a well-known fact that one bad card ruins an entire deck. That is why many card manufacturers place invisible cut-lines on corners of one or two cards in each deck. Corners break off after a few short hours of play. Card players attribute breaks to clumsy oaf partners and innocently go out and buy new decks.





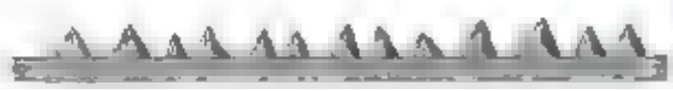
Then there's the planned obsolescence in coffee shops and restaurants. We're all familiar with the little packets of sugar, ketchup, mustard, jam, etc. The food industry loves these because most of it goes to waste and must be constantly replaced. Even unopened packets have to be discarded because of health laws

This idea was so intriguing I simply had to create an article for MAD imagining how this could be applied to all everyday products.

SCREWDRIVERS

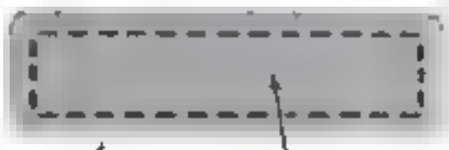
Today, many screwdrivers are made with a soft lead tip so it looks like it has a clean, square edge before use. But after one use, tip ends up looking like rounded fingernail ...and is about equally as effective for driving screws.

SANDPAPER



Normal sandpaper is made with tiny particles of ordinary sand which has sharp cutting edges that last a reasonable time. Many companies are turning out sandpaper made with tiny particles of simulated sand (plastic) which wears flat in no time. Buyer must replace it or wear himself down faster than he'll ever wear down what he's sanding.

RUBBER ERASERS



LIVE RUBBER COATING

VULCANIZED RUBBER CORE

In appearance and use, many rubber erasers seem perfectly normal ...for a while! But when the ¼ inch layer of "live" rubber is worn off, the hard rubber core renders the rest of the eraser totally useless.

PAPERBACK BOOKS

Most paperback book publishers equip their products with special "one-use" bindings made from rigid-drying glue which limit books to one reader. When buyer first opens the book and turns the pages, binding is broken half-way When book is closed, binding is broken rest of the way The next time the book is opened, all the pages fall out.

6/4/10 John Ficarra's rough sketch kicks things off

6/4/10 Sam creates a digital comp to give a feel for the final cover

6/21/10 Mark Fredrickson starts out by trying an overhead view

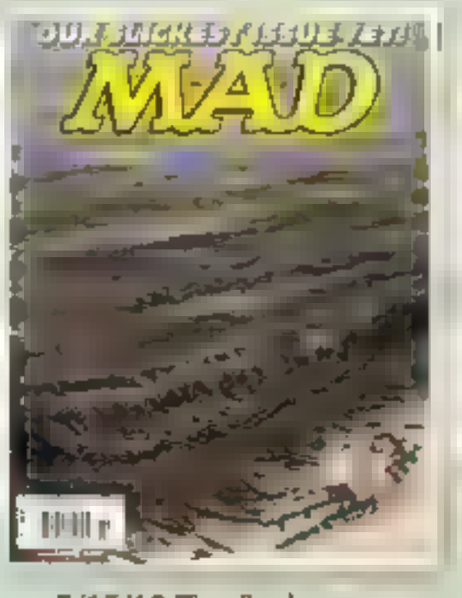
6/22/10 He then gives us a front view with Alfred facing the reader

6/22/10 We see how the front view looks more closely cropped

6/22/10 Mark decides to go back to our original composition.

6/22/10 He revamps his rendering of the oil-soaked waves

7/1/10 This version is labeled "More Progress" by Mark



7/7/10 Waves have been added to the larger body of oily water

7/14/10 We receive Mark's finished art and hail it as a masterpiece...

7/15/10 ...until he sends us this revamped version the next day

7/15/10 The final cover, with type design by Ryan Flanders

Nothing stresses me out like cover meetings. Coming up with a great cover for MAD is not an easy task, and there are instances in which we've had daily meetings for several weeks before arriving at the right idea. Even when inspiration hits quickly, there's still the intensive process of comping up the cover to iron out all the details, assigning it to an illustrator, and working with him to achieve exactly what we're looking for.

The cover of MAD #505 was inspired by the Deepwater Horizon oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico, and the basic idea came to John Ficarra pretty quickly. He pictured Alfred E. Neuman on a beach, sunning himself, as a huge wave of oil came rushing in to engulf him. I loved the idea at first sight, thinking a cover that was 80% oil with a little sunbathing Alfred in the corner would make a great design, and set off to comp it up, using photographic imagery borrowed from the internet.

Once that was given the go-ahead, I contacted Mark Fredrickson, our regular cover artist and a Photoshop wizard. He played around with the idea at first, trying different points of view, until he settled on something very close to my comp. From there it was three weeks of constant back-and-forth, as Mark labored to create a sea of petroleum that was not only convincing, but in its own oily way beautiful to look at. Hardly a day went by that we didn't receive at least one new version that was slightly different from the last.

Mark is such a perfectionist that, after we accepted his finished artwork — feeling we had a masterpiece on our hands — he worked through the night to come up with a totally overhauled (and even more impressive) rendering. It didn't stop there, after the issue had been printed and bound, Mark called me to ask if it was too late to tighten up a few details! (Yes, Mark, it was too late.) — *Sam Viviano*

TUNING FORK DEPT.

Nearly all Popular Songs these days are written about "love" . . . falling in love, falling out of love, two-faced love, lost love, unrequited love, etc. But love is only a small part of our lives. What's really important is food! Not only does eating food take up a great deal of our time, but it's also absolutely vital to our survival. After all, you can't live on love alone!

You gotta eat once in a while! Well, with this startling new thought in mind, MAD proudly glorifies this essential area in our lives with a collection of stirring and succulent . . .

SONGS OF FOOD

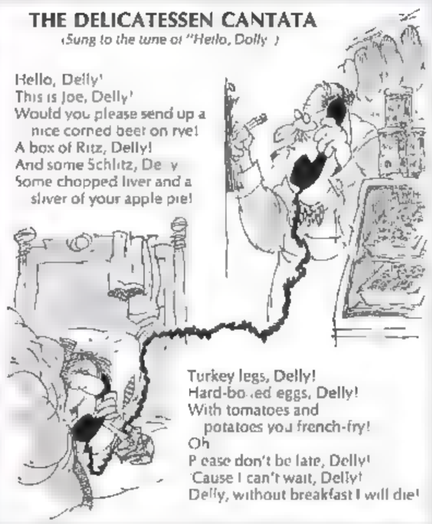
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE DELICATESSEN CANTATA

(Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly")

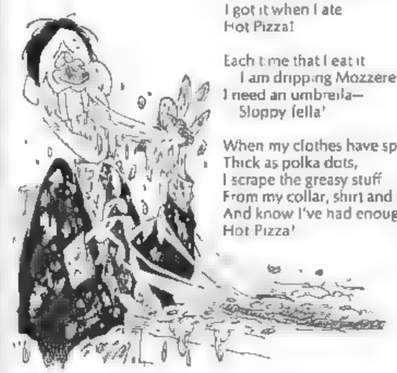
Hello, Delly!
This is Joe, Delly!
Would you please send up a
nice corned beef on rye!
A box of Ritz, Delly!
And some Schlitz, Delly
Some chopped liver and a
sliver of your apple pie!



Turkey legs, Delly!
Hard-boiled eggs, Delly!
With tomatoes and
potatoes you french-fry!
Oh
Please don't be late, Delly!
'Cause I can't wait, Delly!
Delly, without breakfast I will die!

THE HOT PIZZA SERENADE

(Sung to the tune of "There's A Small Hotel")



There's a strange new dye
On my fav-rite tie—
I got it when I ate
Hot Pizza!

There's a glob of goo
On my new suede shoe—
I got it when I ate
Hot Pizza!

Each time that I eat it
I am dripping Mozzerella!
I need an umbrella—
Sloppy fella!

When my clothes have spots
Thick as polka dots,
I scrape the greasy stuff
From my collar, shirt and cuff,
And know I've had enough
Hot Pizza!

THE AIRLINE ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "Tonight")

In flight!
In flight!
They serve great food in flight!
The sirloins are so tasty and rare!

In flight!
In flight!
I try to eat in flight!
But it just doesn't work in the air!

In flight!
Those headwinds we are bucking!
And soon I am upchucking
Oh, what a sorry sight!

I'm white
With fright
From trying to hold down every bite
In . . . flight!

THE MEAT-EATER'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Downtown")

When you eat meat,
But hate the meat that you're eating—
Then you've surely got
Ground Round!

It's so unnerving
When they're constantly serving
in an eating spot—
Ground Round!

It may be called a Chopped Steak, a Salisbury,
or Beef Patty!
No matter what it's called, it's always
over-cooked and fatty!
What can you do?

Sound off to your waiter there—
And loudly pound on your table, stand up on
your chair
And shout
"*Ground Round!*
"Piled on my plate I see
'*Ground Round!*
Always you're conning me!
"*Ground Round!*
'Why must it always be
"*Ground Round*
"Ground Round
"Ground Round . . .

THE CHINESE RESTAURANT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning")

There's a bright golden glaze on the Egg-Roll!
There's a bright golden glaze on the Egg-Roll!
The hot Egg Foo Yung
Really pleases the tongue!
The tea's in the pot
and our waiter's named Chung!
Oh, what a glorious dinner
Oh, what great Moo Goo Gai Pan!
We're having 28 courses—
Thanks to the Family Plan

All the Noodles are covered with Soy Sauce
All the Noodles are covered with Soy Sauce!
We're feeling no pain
Cause our plates all contain
A big double portion of Sub Gum Chow Mein!

Oh, what a glorious dinner
We'll fill our bellies, and then—
One hour after we've eat-en—
We'll all be hungry again

THE HEALTH FOOD HYMN

(Sung to the tune of "I'm In The Mood For Love")

I'm eating food for health!
'Cause it is so nutritious!
Though I hate all the dishes—
I'm eating food for health!

Spinach and eggplant soup
Steaks that are made of soybeans!
Though I do not enjoy beans—
I'm eating food for health!

Turnips with wheatgerm dressing
May a bad smell produce—
Though it may be depressing,
I'll wash it down . . . with cabbage juice!

Blackstrap molasses pie
Yoghurt on rhubarb shredded
Though they're all foods I've dreaded
I'm eating food for health!

by Anthony Barbieri
WRITER

Since I was about six, 've known Frank Jacobs' fake songs more than the real ones they're based on. It started when the platoon of old ladies who sat on the stoop outside my Brooklyn apartment demanded entertainment. I immediately busted out with MAD's hot new tune, "Bad Breath Ballad" (...to the tune of "Moon River"). Chopped liver! Onions on the side....

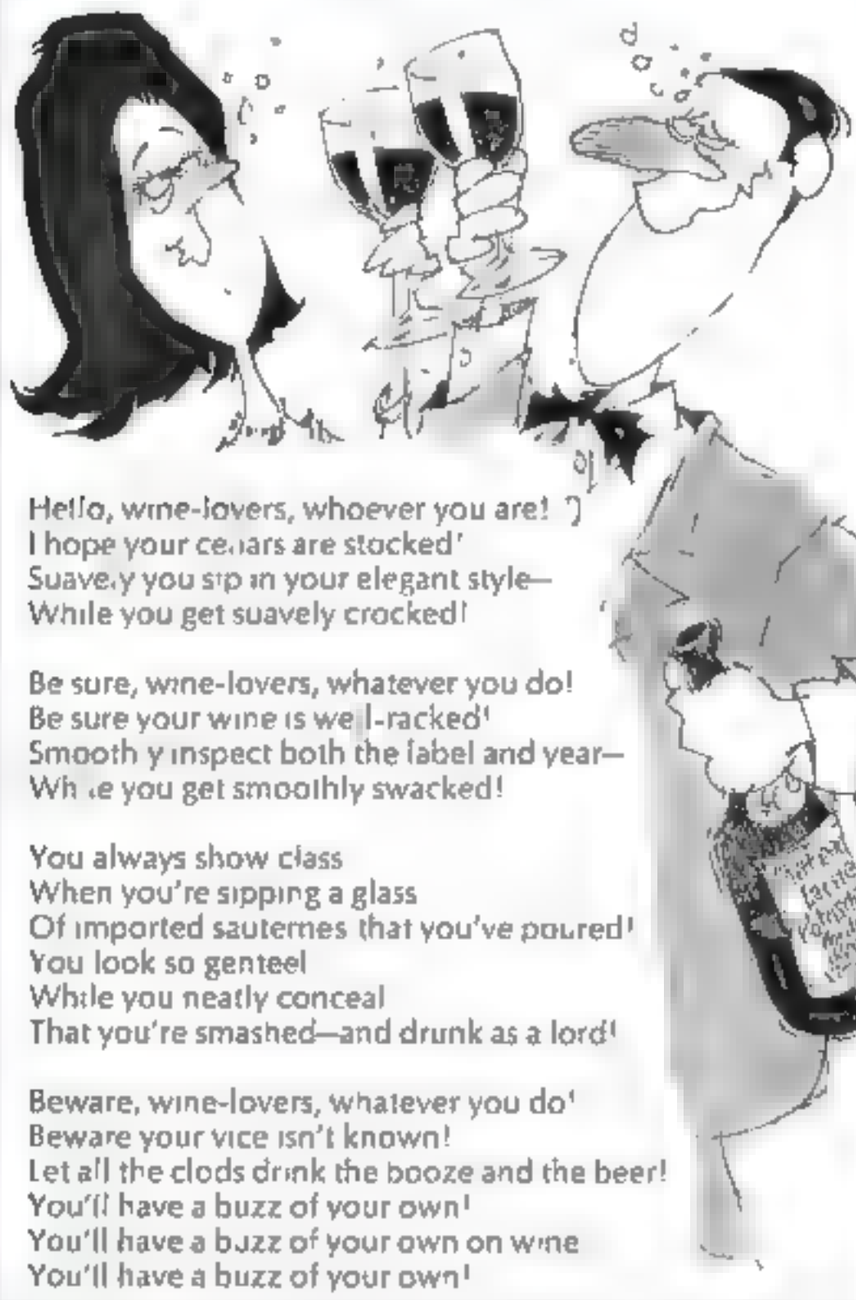
It killed (the charges were later dropped). From that moment on, it was all about MAD "Dave Berg this" and "Snappy Answers that." But Frank Jacobs was something special. He wrote over 575 Articles for the magazine, more than anyone. So blame him, folks.

He was THE song parody pioneer. For an aspiring comedy kid, Frank was like Bruce. Vilanch. He was my Dylan. McDermott. I can keep going with this.

A few years back, I got a chance to meet him at Nick Meglin's retirement party, hosted by fellow MAD legend Arnie Kogen. The wine and cheesy jokes were flowing. Starstruck, I introduced myself to Frank just as someone knocked over a

THE SONG OF WINE-LOVERS

(Sung to the tune of "Hello, Young Lovers")



Hello, wine-lovers, whoever you are!
I hope your cellars are stocked!
Suavely you sip in your elegant style—
While you get suavely crocked!

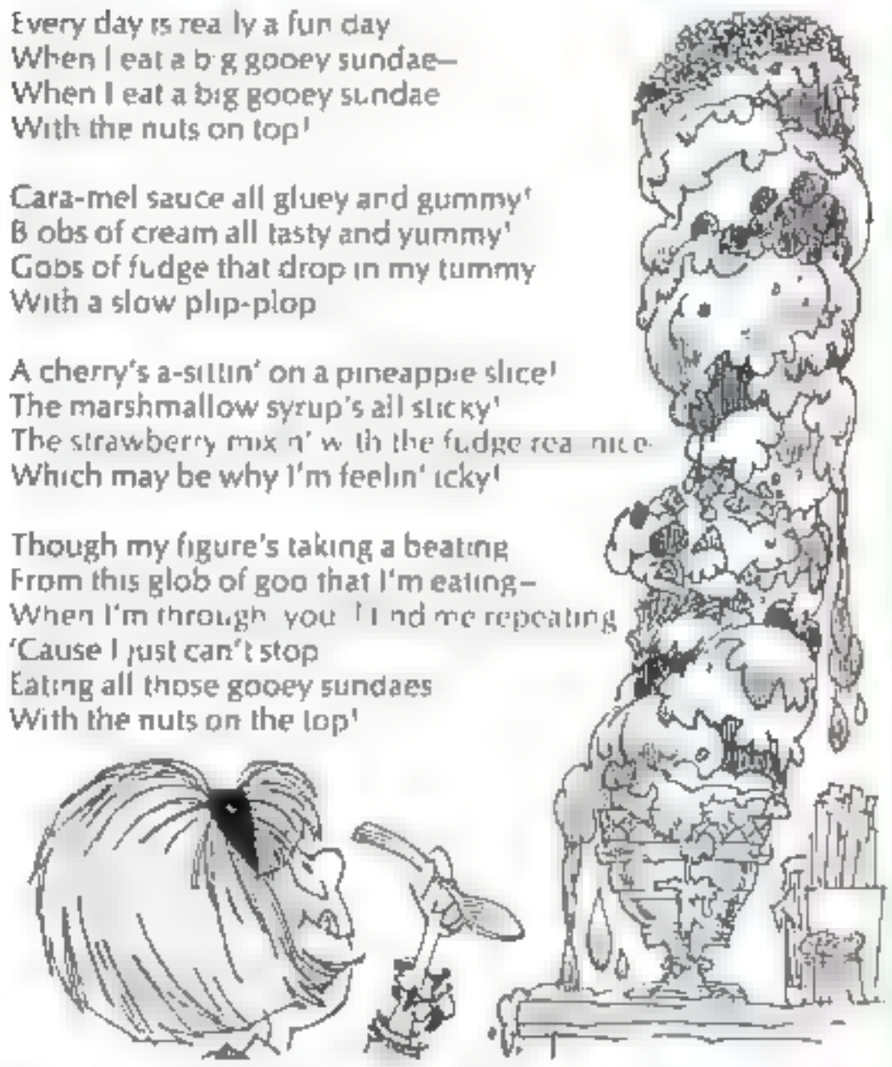
Be sure, wine-lovers, whatever you do!
Be sure your wine is well-racked!
Smoothly inspect both the label and year—
While you get smoothly swacked!

You always show class
When you're sipping a glass
Of imported sauternes that you've poured!
You look so genteel
While you neatly conceal
That you're smashed—and drunk as a lord!

Beware, wine-lovers, whatever you do!
Beware your vice isn't known!
Let all the clods drink the booze and the beer!
You'll have a buzz of your own!
You'll have a buzz of your own on wine
You'll have a buzz of your own!

THE ICE CREAM PARLOR POLKA

(Sung to the tune of "Surrey With The Fringe On Top")



Every day is really a fun day
When I eat a big gooey sundae—
When I eat a big gooey sundae
With the nuts on top!

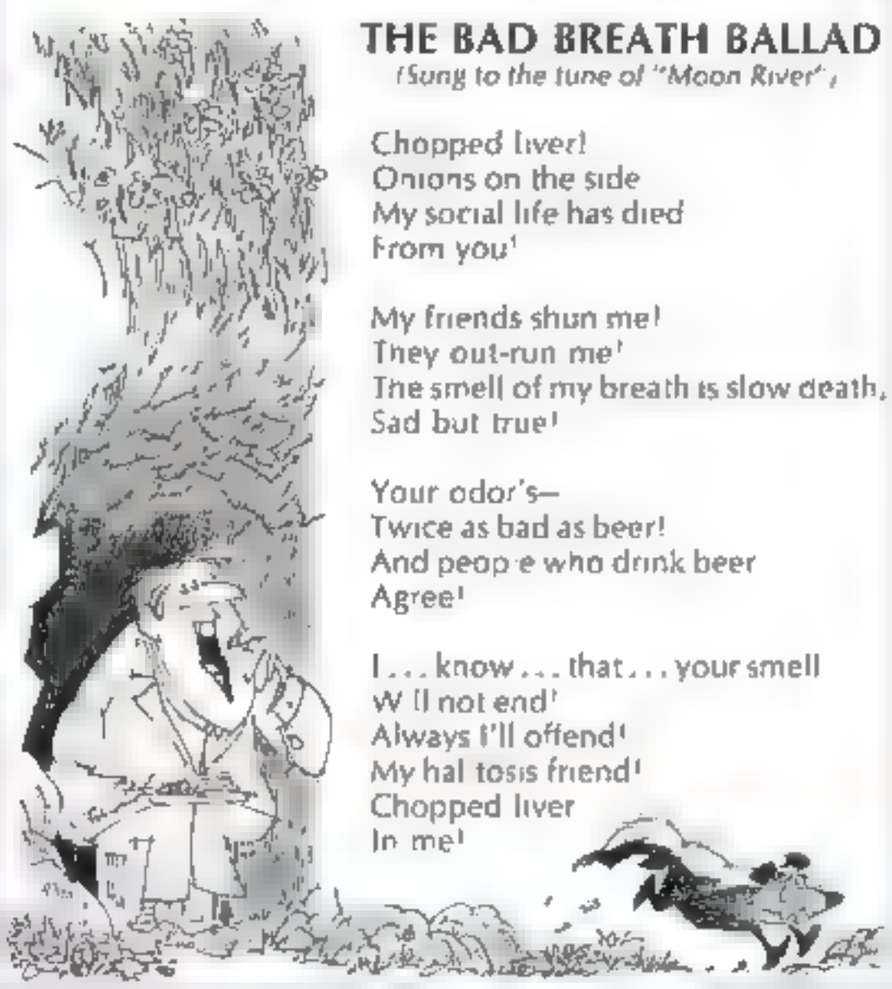
Cara-mel sauce all gluey and gummy!
Blobs of cream all tasty and yummy!
Gobs of fudge that drop in my tummy
With a slow plip-plop

A cherry's a-sittin' on a pineapple slice!
The marshmallow syrup's all sticky!
The strawberry mix'n' with the fudge real nice—
Which may be why I'm feelin' icky!

Though my figure's taking a beating
From this glob of goo that I'm eating—
When I'm through, you'll find me repeating
'Cause I just can't stop
Eating all those gooey sundaes
With the nuts on the top!

THE BAD BREATH BALLAD

(Sung to the tune of "Moon River")



Chopped liver!
Onions on the side
My social life has died
From you!

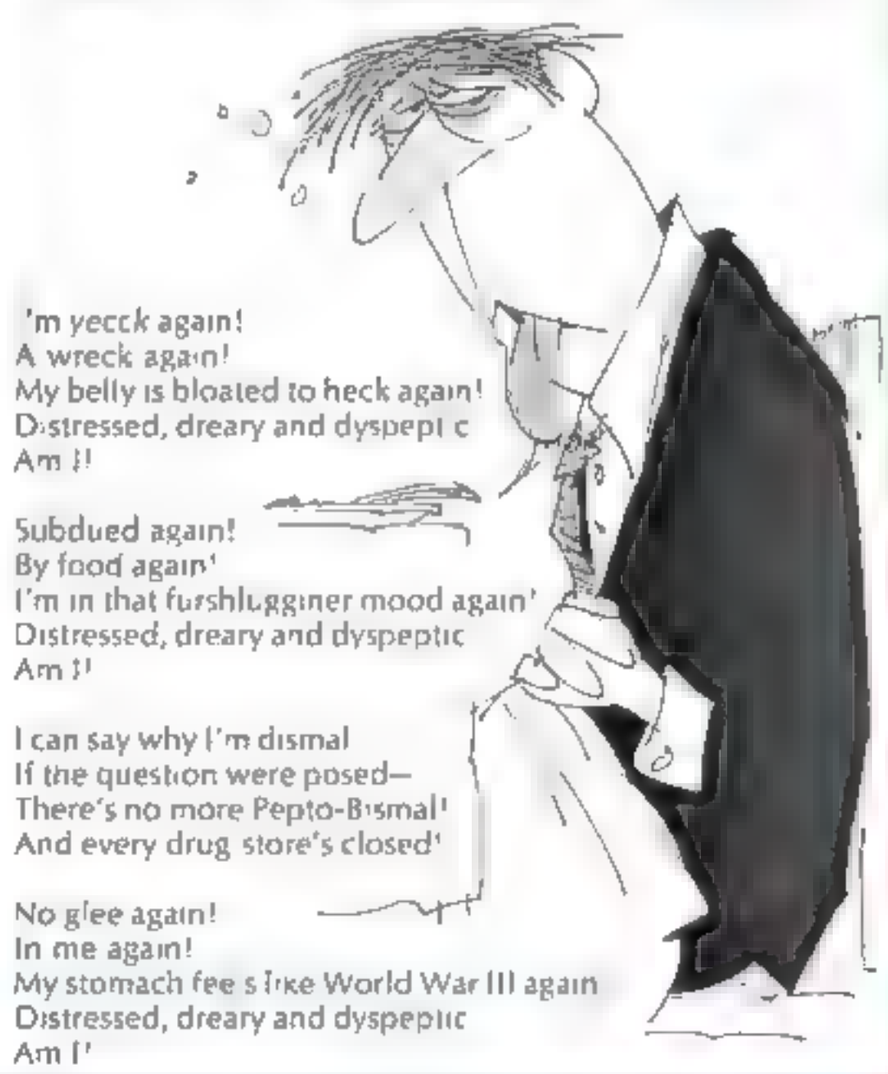
My friends shun me!
They out-run me!
The smell of my breath is slow death,
Sad but true!

Your odor's—
Twice as bad as beer!
And people who drink beer
Agree!

I . . . know . . . that . . . your smell
Will not end!
Always I'll offend!
My halitosis friend!
Chopped liver
In me!

THE BALLAD OF THE BULGE

(Sung to the tune of "Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered")



I'm yecck again!
A wreck again!
My belly is bloated to heck again!
Distressed, dreary and dyspeptic
Am I!

Subdued again!
By food again!
I'm in that furshlugginer mood again!
Distressed, dreary and dyspeptic
Am I!

I can say why I'm dismal
If the question were posed—
There's no more Pepto-Bismal!
And every drug store's closed!

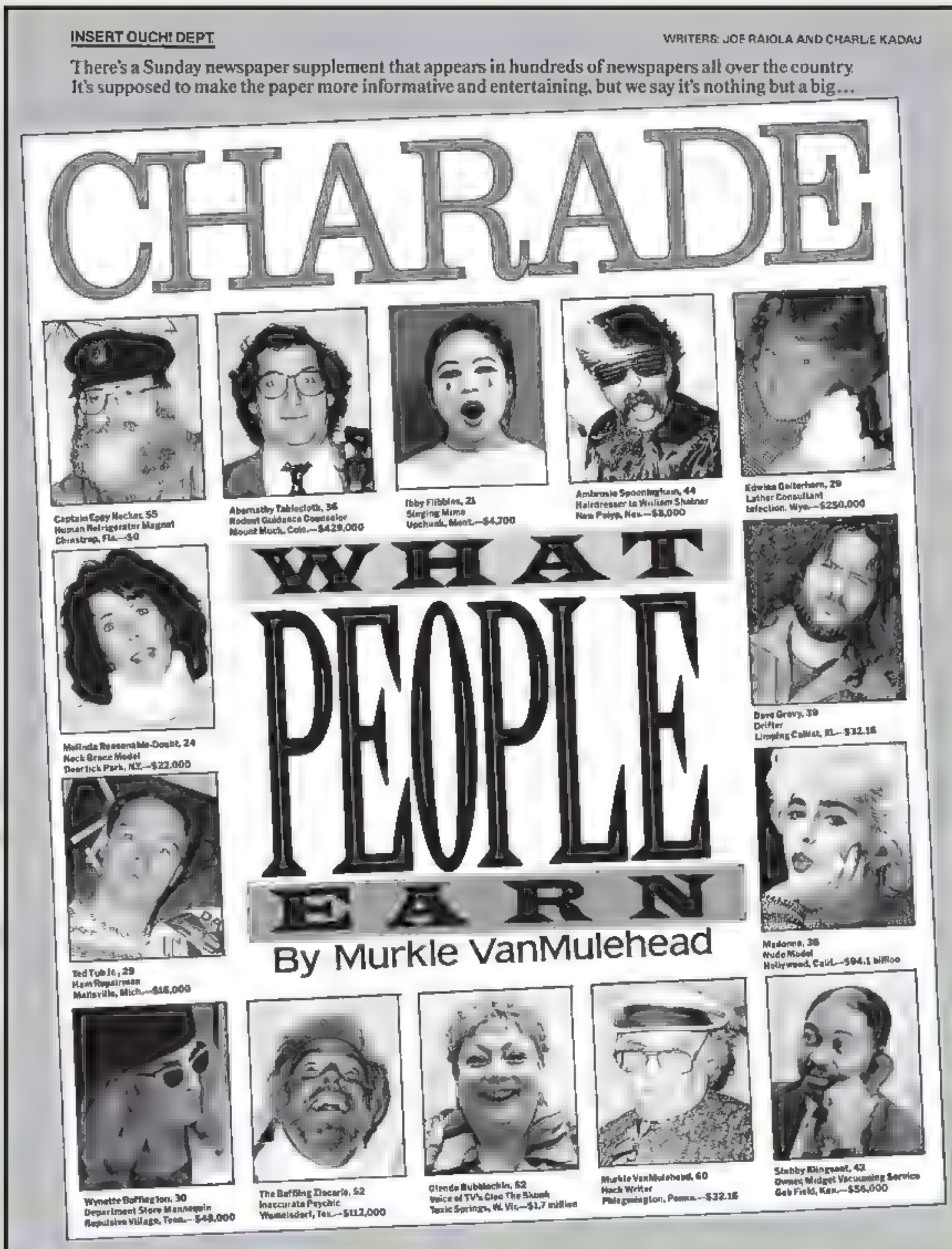
No glee again!
In me again!
My stomach feels like World War III again
Distressed, dreary and dyspeptic
Am I!

glass of vino behind him. Frank mumbled that he'll "probably get blamed for this" and bolted. That was that.

A magical moment.

There will only ever be one Frank Jacobs but, sadly, there will be a ton of his songs.

Thanks, Frank



by Charlie Kadau
WRITER

The Sunday newspaper insert *Parade* was such a parody-ready publication, I had thoughts of what a spoof of it might be like even before I joined the MAD staff. Its "Personality Parade" questions that always read as fake as the letters to *Penthouse*, the uninformative "Intelligence Report," the lowest-common-denominator columns and ridiculous ads were all the ripest of fruit for a MAD send-up.

In MAD's (cheap!) tradition of not hiring professional models, office staffers, contributors and friends posed for the cover and interior features. Artist Sam Viviano (now MAD's art director) didn't take a byline credit because even though he had "aped" the styles of artists for other MAD features, he was a friend of and socialized with the artists he was spoofing in this article. (At least that's what he told us.) As for Joe Raiola, I could not ask for a better friend or collaborator. (65 articles and counting.) We both like nothing better than getting the other to laugh, and when we do, we know we have a line we can use. We did a lot of laughing while writing "Charade."

WALTER SNOTT'S

Personality Charade

Want the dirt? Innuendo? Lies? Write Walter Snott, Box 4821, New York, NY 10185. Fool's name will be used unless otherwise requested. Volume of mail makes writing phony letters a necessity.

Stewart and Gorbachev: Separated at birthmark

Q. *How could a renowned world leader such as Mikhail Gorbachev demean himself by playing the captain in "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Doesn't this respected statesman realize this is a step down from bringing freedom and democracy to the former Soviet Union?—Sarita Taffy Neckband, S.D.*

A. You are confusing Mikhail Gorbachev with the British actor Patrick Stewart who portrays Captain Jean Luc Picard on "Star Trek: The Next Generation." As of this writing, Gorbachev has no plans to appear in a syndicated science fiction series.

He's still single, girls

Q. *After seeing the 1991 smash "Home Alone" I've become interested in the actor Macaulay Culkin. Is he married? Does he have any children? Grandchildren? —Harry Suffocating, Sinking fast, Wash*

A. Despite persistent rumors, his publicist insists that Macaulay Culkin, 10, has never been married and has no children. He was the star of the 1991 smash "Home Alone."

Q. *I hear that comedian Bill Cosby, star of one of the most popular sitcoms in television history, is now a destitute homeless man, living out of dumpsters in San Diego where he must compete with rats for maggot-infested scraps of discarded food. My question is this: Whatever became of Eppy Stickel, the man who captured the hearts of America when he nearly lost his life in a freakish shampooing accident?—Cherry Oddbodkins, Dead City, Ala.*

A. Phillip "Eppy" Stickel, 54, the man who captured the hearts of America when he nearly lost his life in a freakish shampooing accident, currently resides in Tampa, Florida where he leads a reclusive life. He has not washed his hair in 27 years.

Selleck on New York corner

Q. *Is it true actor Tom Selleck has the power to make himself invisible? I need this answer to settle a bet. Might he have been in my home and I not have known it?—Jennifer Izbrick, Hopeless Junction, Ind.*

A. You lose the bet. While actor Tom Selleck, 48, does have the ability to appear and disappear at will, he assures us he has never been in your home.

Q. *Of the following three celebrities, which one would be most likely to sue you if you printed falsehoods about them in your magazine: Susan Lucci, Luke Perry, Hammer?—Barney Wagonblast, Cupenluck, N.M.*

A. There's one sure way to find out: Susan Lucci launders money for the Medellin drug cartel. Luke Perry supported Saddam Hussein during the Gulf War. Hammer is one of America's largest traffickers of pornography. We will answer your question as soon as we hear from their lawyers and let you know as soon as we receive our first subpoena.

Q. *Was The Lucy Show's Gale Gorden a homosexual? If not, why did he have a woman's name? And what about Glenn Close and Mel Harris? They're women but they have men's names. Are they lesbians? —Mabel Duck, Hangover Falls, Mass.*

A. We were very excited when your question arrived because it contains everything a good Personality Charade question should have: celebrities, sex, a hint of scandal, and the anticipation of forbidden secrets about to be revealed. That's why we're happy to print your question, even though we have absolutely no idea as to the answer. We do, however, have some juicy tidbits about Richard Gere, but since you didn't ask, too bad!

Actresses Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek in old, outdated photos we found behind a file cabinet

Q. *I am very interested in Jessica Lange. Can you tell me where she lives? How often does she leave her house? Where does she shop for groceries? What routes does she follow to and from work? Does her property have adequate security? Does she lock her doors at night? Is it possible to jimmy open her upstairs bathroom window and sneak inside?—Herb Chibbers, Stagnant, Nev.*

A. While it is possible to jimmy open the bathroom window of two-time Academy Award winner Jessica Lange, 44, it would require a large ladder which may be too cumbersome for a lone stalker to maneuver. May we suggest the home of fellow two-time Oscar recipient Sissy Spacek, 44, who is known to leave her basement door unlocked.

Laugh Charade

We know there's nothing wrong with him. We'd like to put him to sleep anyway.

How quaint! An old-fashioned street brawl!

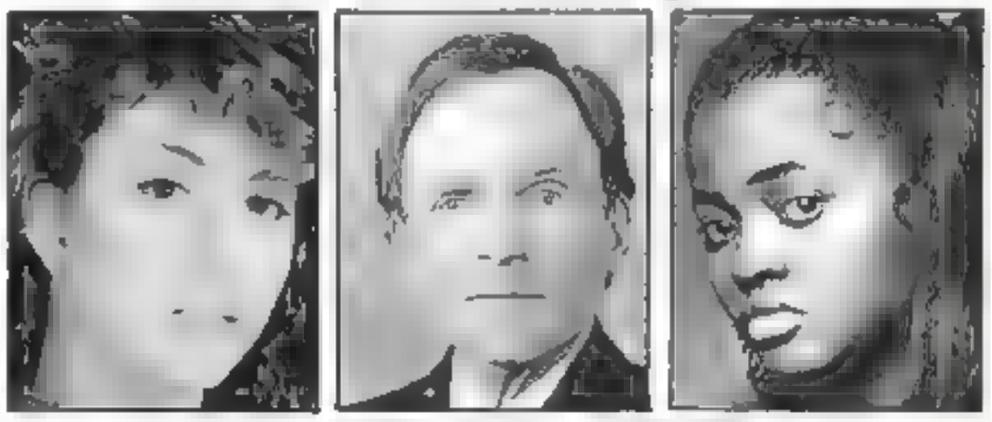
CHARADE'S SPECIAL

Unintelligence Report

Because of volume of mail received, Charade regrets it gave out its address.

The Face Isn't Familiar

Wealth and adoring fans are two things your favorite celebrities have in common, but here's something they don't. their looks. The Philadelphia based group Celeb-Watch reports most famous people look nothing alike. "Some public figures like James Woods have bad complexions and misshapen lips," says Celeb-Watch President Vic Moron, "while others, such as Joan Rivers have beady little eyes and an oversized jaw." His group has been studying celebrities' features for the past six years. "It's surprising how many stars look nothing alike," Moron adds. "Notice the thick, scruffy beard of Wade Boggs as opposed to the smooth, creamy complexion of Kim Basinger.. No one would ever mistake one for the other." Celeb Watch named these other prominent people who do not resemble one another exclusively for Charade: Mariah Carey and Brian Dennehy, Pauly Shore and Sister Souljah, John Madden and Dick Cavett, Dick Cavett and Mariah Carey.



Three celebrities who look nothing alike.

Legal Sparring

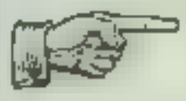
The next time the President has to nominate a new Supreme Court Justice, don't be surprised if boxer Mike Tyson appears on his short list. Observers point out there is growing pressure to appoint a second African American to the high court, and Tyson, a political moderate, could receive both Republican and Democratic support. The former Heavyweight Champ has a reputation for being tough and he has a special understanding of men behind bars. Insiders speculate that if the Senate allows Don King to do all the talking for Tyson, as is usually the case, confirmation could be swift. As for his history with women, all agree that Tyson's record isn't much different than already appointed Justice Clarence Thomas.

Free Government Help In Determining Your Age

How old are you this year? How old were you last year? The National Age Foundation has completed a three year, 8 billion dollar study, the results of which can be found in a comprehensive series of booklets that will assist you in calculating your correct age. For instance, if you were born in 1978 (Series 4, Book 2), this is what your age will be in each of the following years:

1993	16	2008	30
1996	18	2013	36
2001	23	2014	36

For a copy of the booklets, which were paid for with funds taken from the Health Care for the Needy Program, write to the National Age Foundation, Washington, D.C.



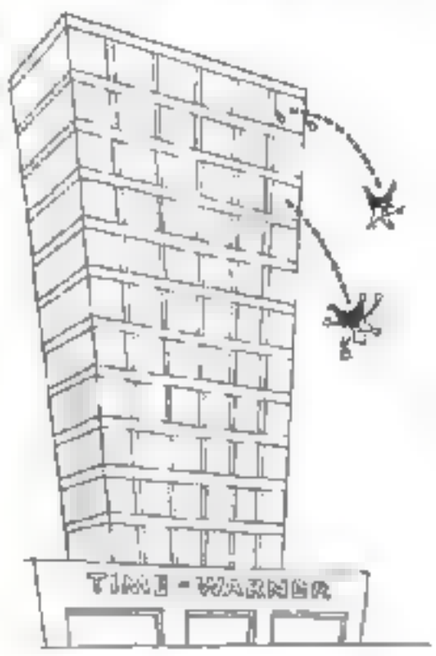
Ask Marilyn

BY MARILYN IDIOT SAVANT

On the same day, a train leaves Denver Station at 8:00 and another train leaves Chicago Terminal an hour later. The Denver train is pulling 15 boxcars and travels at 67 miles per hour. The Chicago train is pulling 22 boxcars and travels at 55 miles per hour. Each boxcar on the Denver train weighs four tons. Each boxcar on the Chicago train weighs 3½ tons. Both trains' destinations are St. Louis. Which will arrive first?
—Edgar Cheese, Empty Gap, Kan.

Actually, neither train would arrive first. The only trains leaving Denver Station and Chicago Terminal are Amtrak trains, and they would surely derail and catch fire soon after their departure.

Here's A Brainteaser From Me To You:



Hank and Sandy are both washing windows outside a Manhattan skyscraper. Hank is on the 96th floor and Sandy is on the 89th. In a freak accident, they both begin plummeting helplessly to earth at the same time. Sandy is clinging to his cleaning brush and failed safety harness, but Hank weighs 40 pounds more than Sandy. Who will die first? (For answer, see next week's column.)

Blight Ideas

BY LAME CIABATTERY

MEALS ON WHEELS

Do you often get hungry while driving only to discover there's not a restaurant around for miles? Try storing food in your hubcaps. Even

after driving through mud puddles, the spinning tires keep salad greens dry and crisp. Meats stored in the rear hubcaps near the exhaust take on a smoky, barbecue flavor. Bon appetit!

TICKETS? WHO NEEDS 'EM!

Sneaking into high-priced events like basketball games, rock concerts or Broadway plays is a uniquely rewarding experience that nearly anyone can enjoy. The trick is to have a friend create a diversion—say, feigning a coronary, or strangling an unsuspecting passerby. The guy at the door will probably try to help and you'll be able to slip inside unnoticed. Enjoy the show!

IDEA OF THE WEEK

Earn Extra Cash

Want to make some extra cash and liven up your weekend at the same time? Dress up as a minister and go from door to door asking people for money. If they ask what the money is for, mumble something and run away from them.

We would like you to write this column for us. Send your suggestions to "Blight Ideas," Charade, NY, NY 10017.

"Do You Know The Enervating Health Secrets of The Ages?"

I'm Dr. Grady Pounder, and I'm revealing just a few of my little-known health secrets in this ad...that's because if I told you I'm revealing ALL of my little-known health secrets in this ad, you wouldn't buy my book!

Look at some of the amazing secrets revealed in this list

- Taunt your liver into healing itself.
- Eliminate your blisters through collective bargaining.
- Hiccup your diarrhea away.
- Poor vision? Maybe your eyes are closed.
- What your fingernails are telling you about your pancreas.
- Why your pancreas is denying what your fingernails are saying about it.
- Epilepsey...do you think we spelled it right?
- Treat your sore gums to dinner and a movie.
- Panic attacks? Maybe taking those little green pills in your medicine cabinet isn't such a bad idea.
- Are grapes following you to work? You may be hallucinating.
- Strategies to prevent hat loss.
- The vegetable that will have your big toe begging for mercy.

To order Dr. Grady Pounder's "Enervating Health Secrets of the Ages," cough into a napkin and send it along with $13.98 to: Sickness Publications, Communicable Disease, Montana 09988.

by Patrick Merrell
WRITER/ARTIST

One day in 1999, I was in the MAD art room when a batch of Sergio Aragonés' "MAD Marginals" drawings came in. He sends in four or five pages of these wordless drawings for each issue. At the time, Editor Nick Meglin would look them over and initial the approved cartoons. The art staff would then scatter them about the magazine wherever they fit (reduced to 60% of their original size).

This particular batch was a little different. It was destined for issue #387, which had an eight-page cover article called "MAD Regurgitates the 20th Century." All of the Marginals matched that theme, depicting famous 20th-century events.

Sergio is one of the all-time great cartoonists — the stuff just oozes out of him — and he's a master of these pantomime drawings that tell a funny story in a microscopic space with almost no words. Seeing this special batch, I decided I needed to have one of the original pages. I picked out a favorite and arranged to buy it.

Only two of these seven cartoons were used in the magazine. The $E=mc^2$ cartoon appeared on page eight and the immigration cartoon appeared on page 19. The others are making their debut in this book. Lucky you.

Pendleton Ward

ARTIST: CHRIS HOUGHTON

MAD #520/APRIL 2013

MAD's DO-IT-YOURSELF ADVENTURE TIME EPISODE

FINN AND JAKE MUST SAVE

PRINCESS BUBBLEGUM | MONEY FOR RETIREMENT | FREEDOM FROM GUILT | THE LAST GREEN MAN | 40% ON SNOW TIRES | A LION CUBS LEAD | A BEAVER-SEDATED GESHA | MANDY PATINKIN'S BEARD

FROM THE EVIL

ICE KING, | VLADIMIR PUTIN, | GHOST OF MICHAEL JACKSON, | DONALD TRUMP | PAPA JOHN, | KOCH BROTHERS, | SCHOOL BUS DRIVER, | IKEA MONKEY,

WHO DEMANDS

REVENGE. | AN INVITATION TO GOOGLE + | R.A. DICKEY'S AUTOGRAPH | TO CUT IN LINE FOR THE NEW JORDANS, | THREE FREE MONTHS OF DIRECTV | A GOSSIP GIRL REUNION | A SHOPPING OUTING WITH THE KARDASHIANS | 10 MINUTES ALONE IN CARVEL. ANYTHING GOES.

BUT ON THEIR WAY, THEY ENCOUNTER

A STRANGE BEAST | A BOMB-SNIFFING SQUIRREL | AN EXTRA FROM POPTLANDIA | JUST A HINT OF NUTMEG | THE LAST REMAINING OCCUPY WALL STREET PROTESTOR | A PUSH NOTIFICATION | AN OVERLY-HUGGY BABBI | A DISGRUNTLED GARY BUSEY

OFFERING THEM

ADVICE | SOME LANDSCAPING WORK | THEIR CHOICE OF SOUP OR SALAD | AN EXPIRED GROUPON | A CAMEO ON SUPERNATURAL | A REFURBISHED NEXUS TABLET | A SURE THING AT THE TRACK | SOME ORIGINAL MARMADUKE ART

AND TELLING THEM ABOUT A MAGIC

APPLE. | APPLE | HAIR-REMOVAL SYSTEM. | RECIPE FOR EMPANADAS. | BIT TORRENTING SITE | COPY OF SNOOKI'S MEMOIR. | ALTERNATIVE TO SPAM | LOOPHOLE IN eBAY'S BUYER PROTECTION PROGRAM

IN THE END, THEY DEFEAT

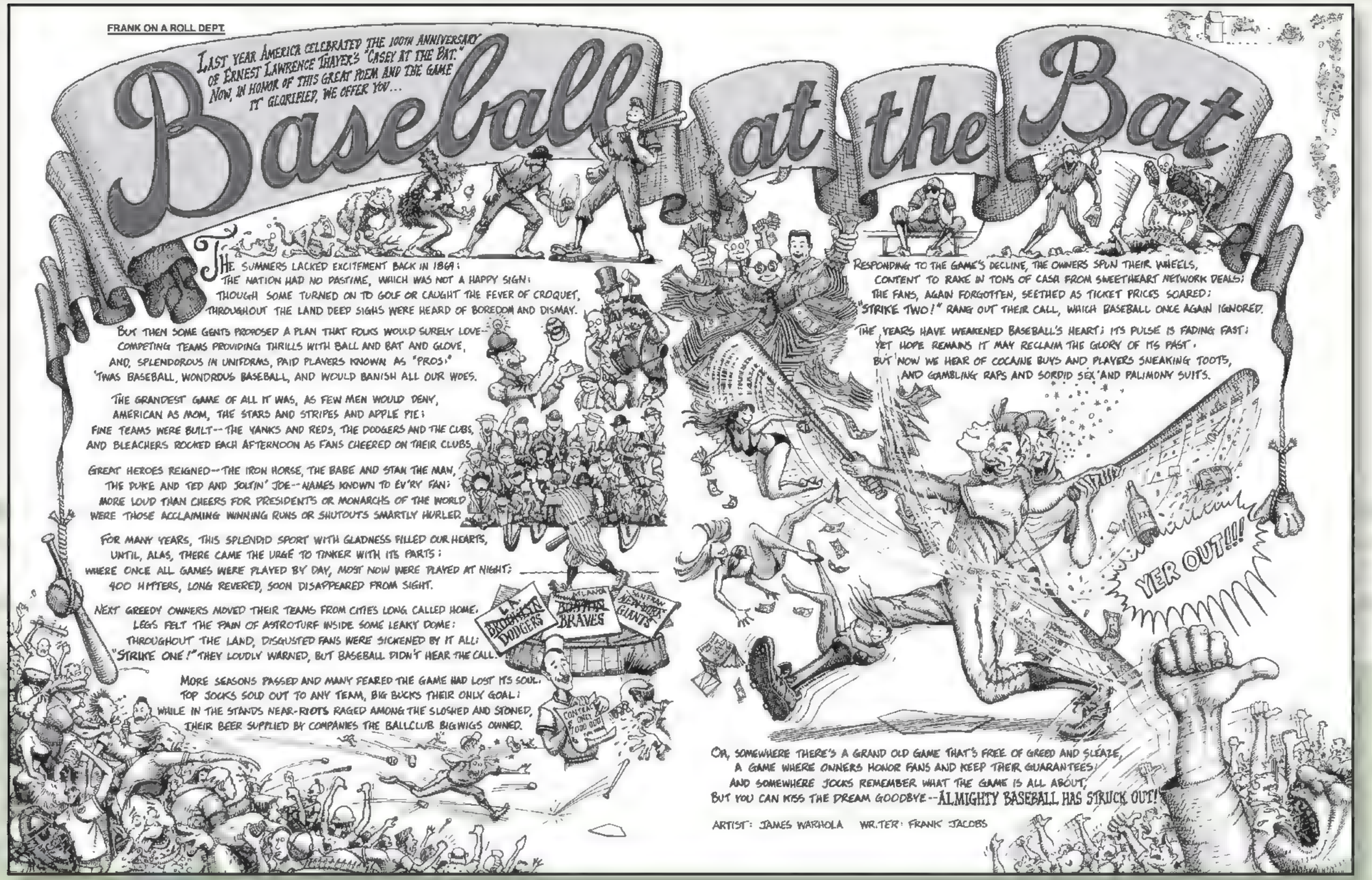
ICE KING'S PENGUINS | THEIR FEAR OF UKULELES | THE TEA PARTY CANDIDATE | AN OLD GUY PLAYING CHESS IN THE PARK | THE SASKATCHEWAN ROUGHRIDERS | A MOB OF CRAZED DIRECTIONERS | THE "THE BATS" REVIEWER | BIZZAL, BUT NOT ISSA

BY USING

TEAMWORK | THE SICILIAN DEFENSE | GANGNAM STYLE | CRUDELY-DRAWN SWORDS | A COMBINATION OF DIET AND EXERCISE | THEIR SPIDEY SENSE | ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS | UNDERRATED SKILLETS & SIDES

AND THE HEROES ENJOY A GOOD

LAUGH! | BOWEL MOVEMENT! | & PLENTY! | OL' FASHIONED HOOTENANNY | MOOSE MC | NAP DAY! | POKE SESSION! | SUMSPRINGA!



by Butch D'Amresio
WRITER

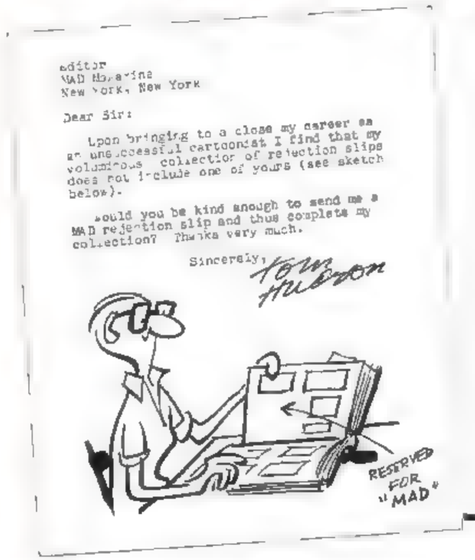
Long before I ever knew what makes a great poem great, I knew that Frank Jacobs was a great poet. I've always been partial to MAD's "Casey At The Bat" parodies and, of the seven (!) the Internet tells me he wrote, this is one of the best. READ IT OUT LOUD! Seriously, I just did again. Rhythm? Rhyme? Meter? It's a master class in poetry. When I sent my first submission to MAD — a 12-year-old boy's parody of "Casey At The Bat" — I didn't know anything about scansion...prosody... stanzas...syllables... speling. I still don't, but Jacobs does. This thing sings — and it's funny. Alliteration, wordplay, unexpected rhymes: on the micro scale it's all there. And in the big picture, the setup comes in stanzas, the transformation from past to present, all in service to the truth of the punch line — which seems to me, as relevant now as it did in 1989. But then, I'm not really a baseball fan. I just love the idea of taking these iconic poems that sound incredible and making them MAD poems that sound incredible. (You did read it out loud, right?) I love that the poem concludes with "has struck out," as in the original, and that this is not a constraint but a target: skillfully hit, just as a "sturdy batsman" slams "the leather covered sphere come hurtling through the air." In this case, one might say that our Poet Laureate has hit it out of the park.

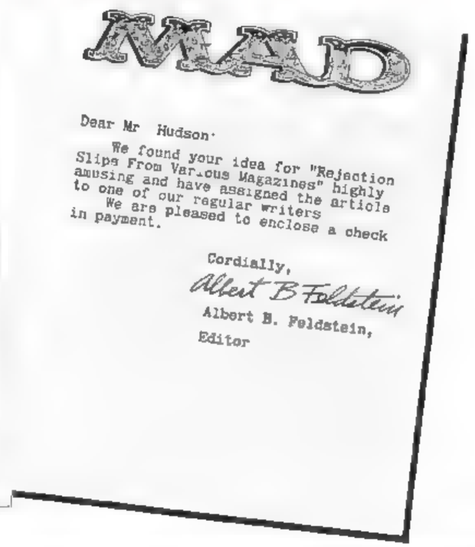
A tip of the cap, also, to James Warhola's art, which shares that classic look-close-and-keep-looking visual gag-after-gag characteristic that I always knew was a given whenever I submitted a piece with the words "funny picture here."

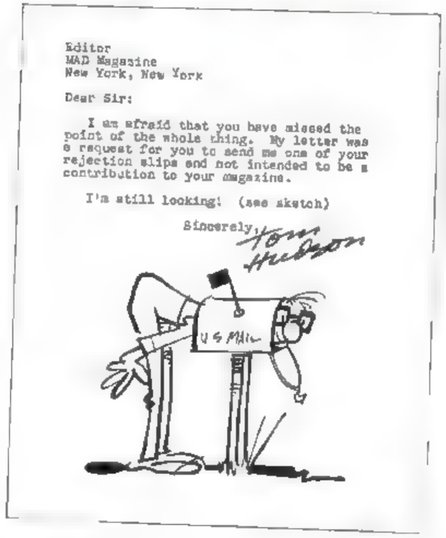
MANY UNHAPPY RETURNS DEPT.

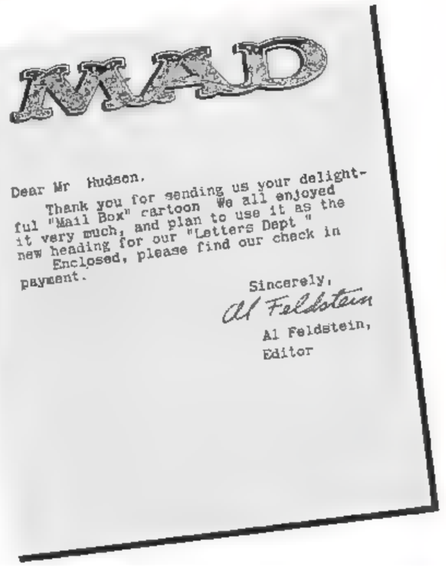
THE REJECTION SLIP

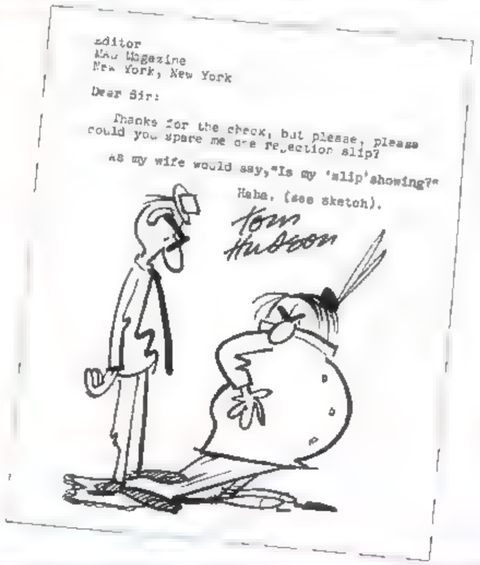
WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM HUDSON

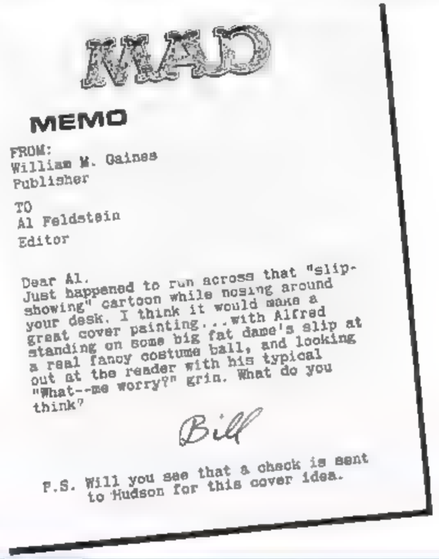


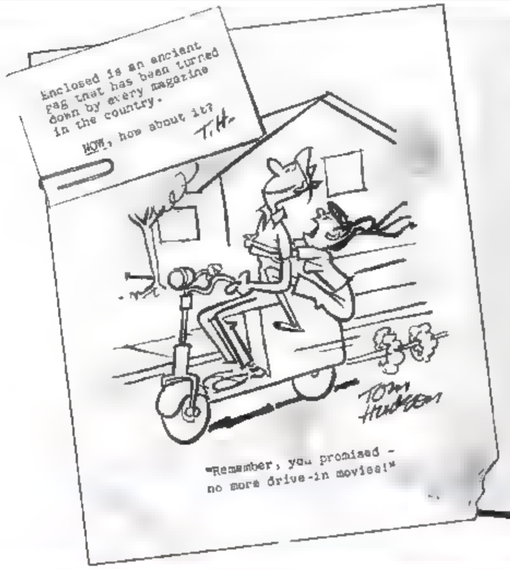


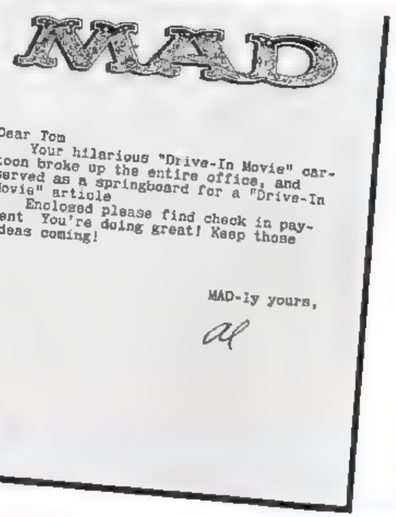










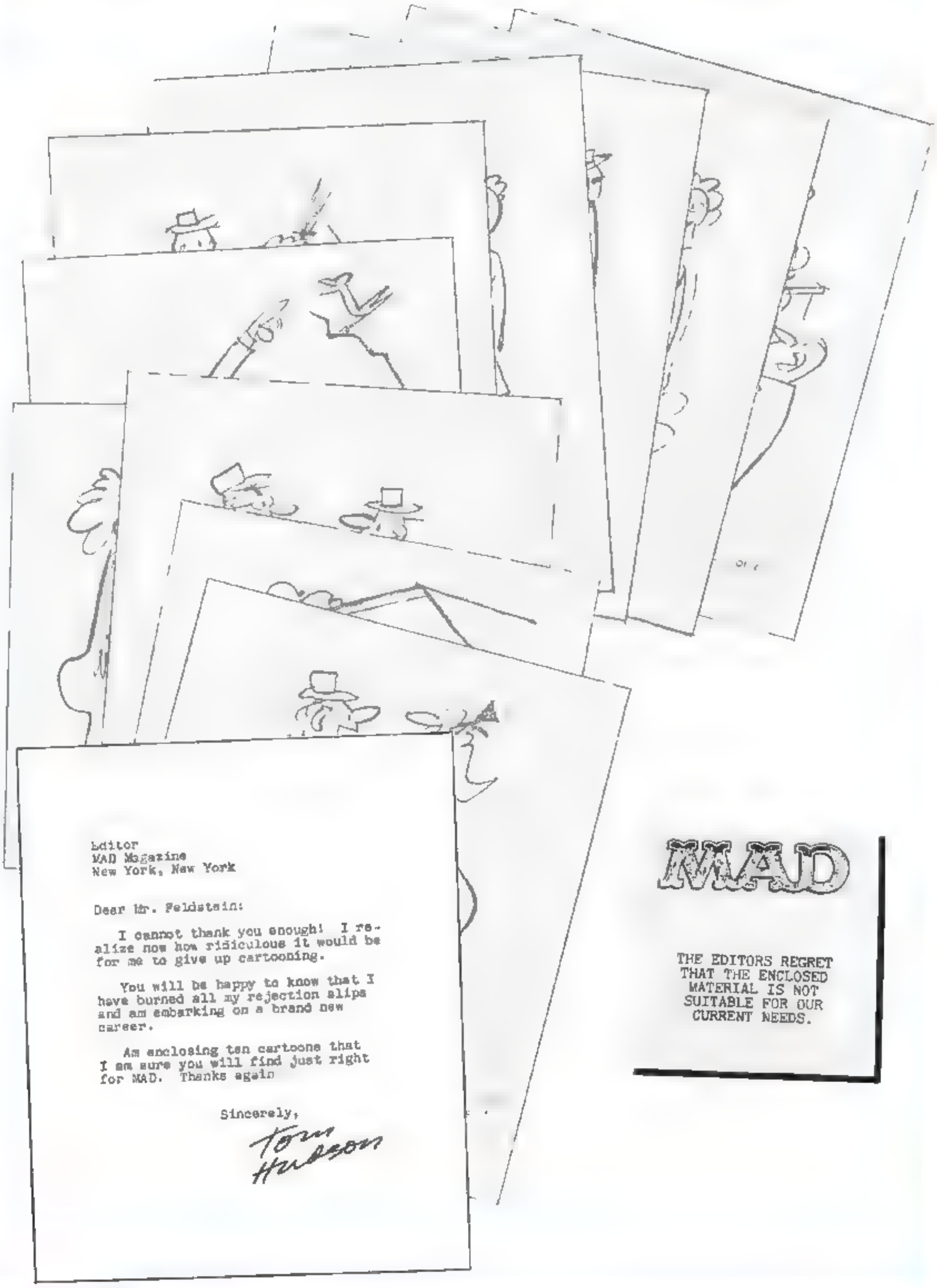


MAD #69/JULY 1963

by Tim Carvell
WRITER

Why do I love this piece? I guess because it's hilarious, expertly paced, and a model of economy in storytelling It's certainly not the fact that it paints the portrait of the MAD offices as a place where writers are subjected to the whims of editors who can be, by turns, arbitrary, capricious, oblivious and cruel.

Absolutely not.
Honest.
Nothing could be further from the truth.
What? Quit looking at me like that


Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York
Dear Mr. Feldstein:
I cannot thank you enough! I realize now how ridiculous it would be for me to give up cartooning.
You will be happy to know that I have burned all my rejection slips and am embarking on a brand new career.
Am enclosing ten cartoons that I am sure you will find just right for MAD. Thanks again
Sincerely,
Tom Hudson
MAD
THE EDITORS REGRET THAT THE ENCLOSED MATERIAL IS NOT SUITABLE FOR OUR CURRENT NEEDS.

MAD #518/FEBRUARY 2013

As the hubbub of the Mayan Calendar/End of the World Prophecy reached fever pitch, writer Jeff Kruse sold us a "Fast Five" for our Fundalini Pages section called "Things You Didn't Know About the Mayan Calendar." Quick and fun, we asked artist Tom Bunk for a quarter-page illustration to accompany Jeff's five lines. A few weeks later, Tom showed up at the MAD offices with this spectacular, hilariously detailed piece of artwork. Even a person with limited editing skills such as myself instantly recognized that we had comedy gold on our hands. We asked Jeff to write more lines and the little Fundalini throwaway quickly grew to a center spread in MAD's "20 Dumbest People, Events and Things of 2012" issue. Enjoy poring over Tom's artwork. And be sure to keep an eye out for Stanley, my tuxedo cat, who (totally coincidentally) pops up in most of Tom's illustrations. — *John Ficarra*

I CAN'T BREATHE!!

THANK YOU, STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'®!

STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'® WHAT IT DOES

- ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** stops wheezing, coughing, snoring, crying, chafing, itching, burning, scratching, and, in some cases, breathing. It has not proven to be an effective remedy for sneezing.

- ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** should not be used to treat ACUTE symptoms. It is mildly effective on very mild symptoms, and 100% effective on no symptoms.

- **Success Rate:** More than 90% of the 2% that survived t'll the end of the controlled clinical study reported that they experienced something.

- 42 patients were given ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** and 42 patients were given a placebo. Some felt better and some didn't. Tests would have been more conclusive if we had kept track of who got the real pills and who got the placebo.

by Dick DeBartolo
WRITER

Outside of MAD movie satires, my favorite things to write are ad parodies, the first thing I ever sold to MAD, 50 years ago, was an advertisement take-off. My all-time favorite MAD ad was for a cold pill I called "STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'." Those two-page drug ads are just ripe for satire. They start out with one page of total puffery that promises to cure anything from toe fungus to a bad accent, followed by another page that basically tells you that taking just one of the advertised

STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'® WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW.

Before use: Check with your doctor and your pharmacist. Also, your pharmacist's doctor and your doctor's pharmacist. Boy, you'll be busy!

24-Hour Relief: Should occur over a 30-day period, averaging about 49 minutes of relief a day.

Drug Use and Dependence: There is no indication that ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** is addictive or habit forming. Scientists in our marketing department are now working to try to correct that.

Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'® is not a substitute for other drugs. It IS however a substitute for MOP & GLO, Heavy Duty Lysol, WD-40 and Lo-Cal Cool Whip Topping.

This product is available ONLY by prescription. However some unscrupulous pharmacies have been known to sell it under the counter. For a list of unscrupulous pharmacies, please contact us.

STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'® IS IT RIGHT FOR YOU?

Ask your doctor. If your doctor recommends ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®***, begin immediately. If your doctor does not recommend our product, tell him to call our Doctor's Gift Incentive Program immediately.

This drug has been approved by the FDA (Fiendish Drug Administration).

Are there any side effects?

There are no known side effects, but your entire body may become numb, hot, cold, lukewarm and insensitive to pain. If you are able to drive nails into a cement wall with your forehead and not feel a stinging sensation, you might consider reducing the number of pills you're taking. **Body Shrinkage**: Fingernails and toenails may shrink and fall off. At the very least, they will become soft and may melt. Wear cheap socks while taking this drug. **Impairment of Fertility**: Studies with laboratory mice indicate no reduced sexual drive, therefore the patient should not experience any adverse reaction if he/she is sexually attracted to laboratory mice. **Adverse Reactions**: Nasal burning, bruising, irritation, redness, soreness, infection, and, in very few cases (less than 71%), complete blockage of oxygen to the brain. **Cardiovascular**: May cause heart to slow down, speed up, stop, reverse direction, palpitate, skip or relocate. In rare cases, heart will start to operate as a second liver. **Vision**: Blurry vision, watery eyes, conjunctivitis, peripheral edema and glaucoma can occur. If you experience temporary blindness while driving, pull over to the side of the road for a few minutes. If blindness persists, re-read product dosage instructions carefully. **Nervous System**: Paresthesia, confusion, hyperkinesia, hypertonia, vertigo and the desire to burrow underground and live in a hole are other possible side effects. Also Axolotl may occur. **Gastrointestinal**: Hysopedsia, abdominal pain, diarrhea, flatulence, constipation, vomiting, ulcerative stomatitis, aggravated tooth caries, gastritis, rectal hemorrhaging, hemorrhoids and melanoma may occur in "cry baby type" patients. **Hair**: May turn gray, curl, loosen, fall out, move, thicken, thin, recede or start growing on the inside of the scalp. Hair growing on the inside is not particularly harmful, but it will make shaving and haircuts slightly more difficult. **RHINITIS and IDIOPATHIC URTICARIA** can occur, but only people who know what these words mean need be concerned. **Blood Pressure**: This drug should not be taken by patients with high blood pressure or low blood pressure. Or normal blood pressure. There are no adverse effects for people with no blood pressure. **Dosage**: Two pills every four hours. If symptoms persist, try four pills every two hours. Don't take more than 48 pills in 181 hours 20 minutes, or at one time, unless of course ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** is near the end of its shelf life and you have to use it up quickly. **Interaction with Food and Other Drugs**: For best results we recommend you do not eat 24 hours before, or 24 hours after taking **Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®**. If you are taking other drugs, triple the recommended dosage of ***Stoppa-Da-Sneezin'®*** so your body knows it's in there. **Explosion Hazard**: While recommended dosages are nonvolatile (in general), excessive use in a confined area near an open flame can result in a small explosion, estimated to be less than the equivalent of five sticks of dynamite, or 200 cherry bombs.

This is a brief copy of the side effects. For a copy of ALL the side effects, call 1-800-212-ACHOO and ask for publication SDS-a7, volumes 1 through 26.

STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'®

PHOTO: IRVING SCHILD WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

pills could kill you instantly.

I had the most fun writing the STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN' side effects, which, as you can see, takes up a solid paragraph of tiny type. It was one of the few times I wrote something really fast, then read it, and actually broke myself up laughing. Hopefully it will make you laugh too. If it doesn't, may I suggest a new companion product from STOPPA-DA-SNEEZIN'. It's called STARTA-DA-LAUGHIN'. Please

"FOR YOUR EYES ONLY" "FAMILY FEUD" SPY VS. SPY DAVE BERG DON MARTIN AL JAFFEE

...and the usual gang of idiots are all in this issue of...

MAD

No. 229
MARCH
1982
OUR PRICE
90¢
CHEAP

BURP!

LAST GAS FOR NEXT 200 MILES

PLAY THE MAD ACCORDION

D. MARTIN...

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

MAD #229/MARCH 1982

by Kit Lively
WRITER/ARTIST

The cover of MAD #229 from March of 1982 is not only a great Don Martin gag, but also something of substantial sentimental value to me. As a teen — and like most MAD Magazine contributors, I suspect — I did n't have any friends. And certainly no girlfriend. When prom rolled around, my first impulse was to simply skip it. But a rare case of gumption took over, and I decided to go with my head held high, a copy of MAD Magazine on my arm. I selected issue #229 due to the fact that I was at the time unsure of my sexual preference, and the cover featured both a man and a woman. After a magical, whirlwind evening, the MAD and I found ourselves a nice room at the Holiday Inn. We were finally alone, and I was able to do the Fold-In, something I'd been aching to do all night. And even though I haven't seen this particular copy in years, and I'm sure many others have done the Fold-In since, I'll always know that I was the first.

Matthew Weiner

I love MAD Magazine. It's the only magazine made by idiots for idiots, which explains why I'm still a subscriber. MAD is emblematic of what I value as an artist, which is "think for yourself."

I first encountered MAD Magazine when I was 11 years old. My sister broke her leg, and my parents bought it for her while she was convalescing. So of course I took it, started reading, and soon became a glutton for MAD. I bought all the books. I would go to the movies and think, "What is MAD going to write about that?" I wrote letters to my parents like those letters to MAD, but I never sent anything in to the magazine because I was not organized enough to figure out how to get a stamp. MAD even inspired me to draw, but I drew conquistadors, not cartoons. I must have been a pretentious kid, because at the time I was mostly into Renaissance portraits of guys on horseback. But I still loved MAD.

One of the things I enjoyed the most about MAD was that it was so busy. The differing styles of the artists and the drawings in the margins were so engaging. When I read it now, I revert back to being 13 years old. And while I didn't know half the songs that MAD was parodying or a lot of the political references, it made me want to dig up information on all of them. MAD inspired me to learn and to try to figure out who, or what, Alfred E. Neuman was.

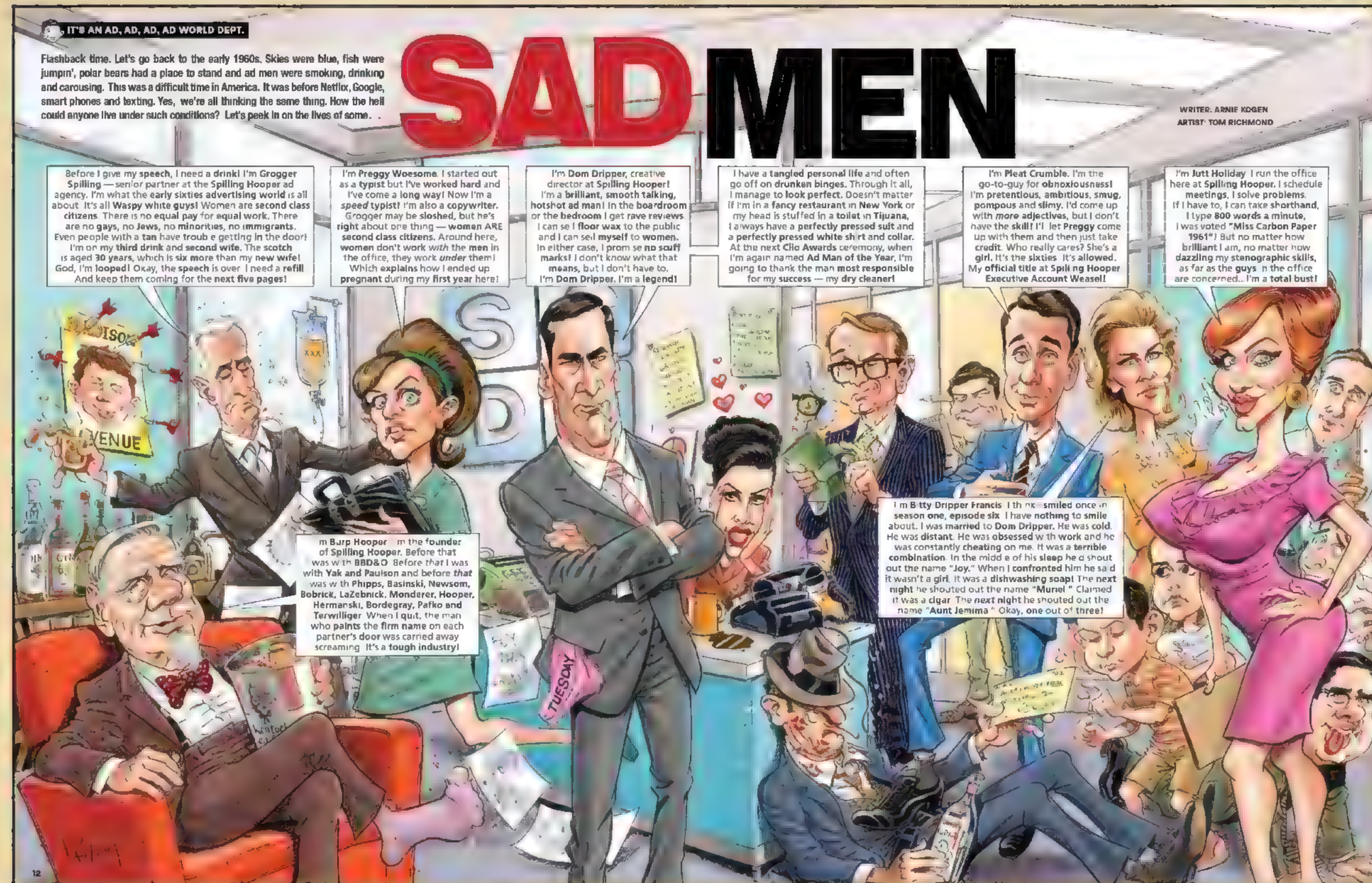
MAD was the only place where you'd see anything anti-smoking. Or making fun of alcoholism. Or making fun of racism. Or sexism.

MAD was the first thing I ever saw that made fun of the world. And I didn't just like that because I grew up in a house of Nixon haters — MAD made fun of everybody. They were a mysterious group of adults satirizing the duplicity of the "important" people, and that took fearlessness. MAD was brave.

MAD was a big influence on *Mad Men*. I had gotten into the MAD book compilations and started reading about the high '50s. That's where I witnessed MAD's complete contempt for advertising and the people who do it, and I started to get a picture of this drunken, callow, glib, self-serving ad man. But there was a little glamour to the way the world of advertising was depicted as well, and that glamour stuck with me.

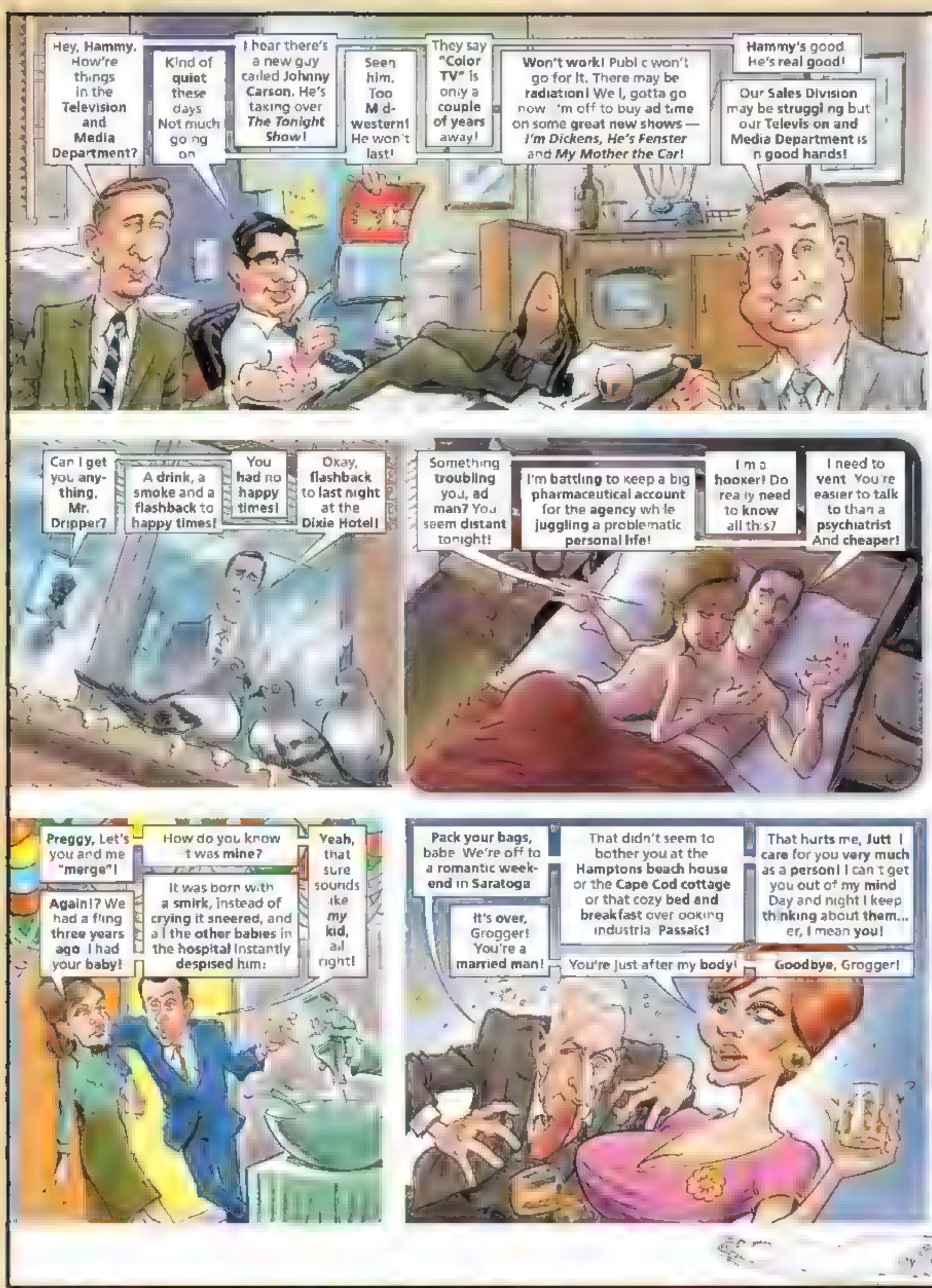
MAD Magazine made a physical appearance on *Mad Men* too. In Season 1 the character of Paul Kinsey writes a play and puts it in his desk drawer. The play is experimental and caustic and kind of an autobiographical fantasy of vengeance, as many first plays are. But what I love is that also in that desk drawer is a copy of MAD Magazine. We put it there because it cut the pretension of the play in half. It basically said: "You work in an ad agency and you're reading MAD, which means you're definitely not a complete boob."

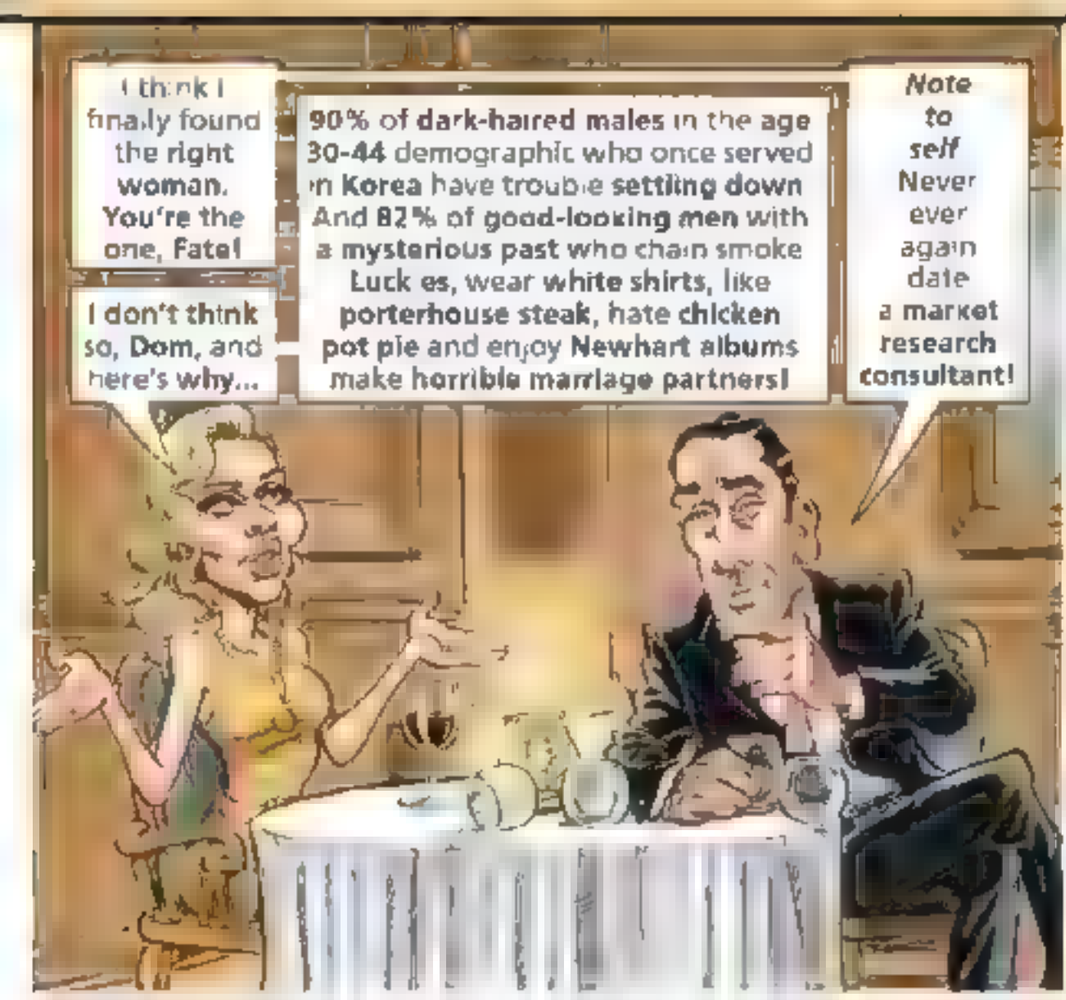
Those early issues of MAD attacked the hypocrisies of a 1950s society that perceived itself as normal. MAD was the only place where you'd see anything anti-smoking, and it wasn't afraid to make fun of alcoholism or sexism or racism. Which are all things I've targeted in *Mad Men*. MAD Magazine not only shaped my worldview, it taught me the crucial lesson that, when it comes to art, there are no boundaries.

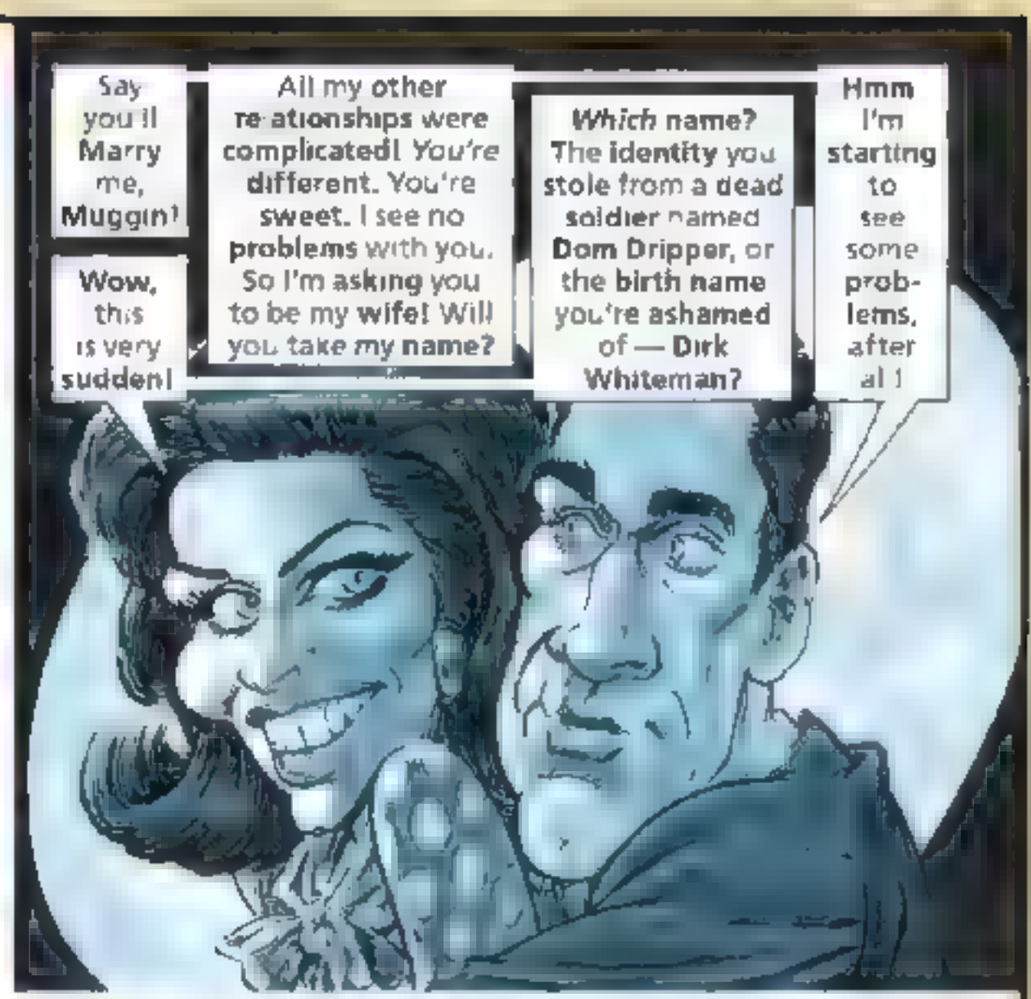

IT'S AN AD, AD, AD, AD WORLD DEPT.
Flashback time. Let's go back to the early 1960s. Skies were blue, fish were jumpin', polar bears had a place to stand and ad men were smoking, drinking and carousing. This was a difficult time in America. It was before Netflix, Google, smart phones and texting. Yes, we're all thinking the same thing. How the hell could anyone live under such conditions? Let's peek in on the lives of some. . .
SAD MEN
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND
Before I give my speech, I need a drink! I'm Grogger Spilling — senior partner at the Spilling Hooper ad agency. I'm what the early sixties advertising world is all about. It's all Waspy white guys! Women are second class citizens. There is no equal pay for equal work. There are no gays, no Jews, no minorities, no immigrants. Even people with a tan have trouble getting in the door! I'm on my third drink and second wife. The scotch is aged 30 years, which is six more than my new wife! God, I'm looped! Okay, the speech is over. I need a refill. And keep them coming for the next five pages!
I'm Peggy Woesome. I started out as a typist but I've worked hard and I've come a long way! Now I'm a *speed* typist! I'm also a copywriter. Grogger may be sloshed, but he's right about one thing — women ARE second class citizens. Around here, women don't work *with* the men in the office, they work *under* them! Which explains how I ended up pregnant during my first year here!
I'm Dom Dripper, creative director at Spilling Hooper! I'm a brilliant, smooth talking, hotshot ad man! In the boardroom or the bedroom I get rave reviews. I can sell floor wax to the public and I can sell myself to women. In either case, I prom se no scuff marks! I don't know what that means, but I don't have to. I'm Dom Dripper. I'm a legend!
I have a tangled personal life and often go off on drunken binges. Through it all, I manage to look perfect. Doesn't matter if I'm in a fancy restaurant in New York or my head is stuffed in a toilet in Tijuana, I always have a perfectly pressed suit and a perfectly pressed white shirt and collar. At the next Clio Awards ceremony, when I'm again named Ad Man of the Year, I'm going to thank the man most responsible for my success — my dry cleaner!
I'm Pleat Crumble. I'm the go-to-guy for obnoxiousness! I'm pretentious, ambitious, smug, pompous and slimy. I'd come up with *more* adjectives, but I don't have the skill! I'll let Preggy come up with them and then just take credit. Who really cares? She's a girl. It's the sixties. It's allowed. My official title at Spilling Hooper Executive Account Weasel!
I'm Jutt Holiday. I run the office here at Spilling Hooper. I schedule meetings, I solve problems. If I have to, I can take shorthand, I type 800 words a minute, I was voted "Miss Carbon Paper 1961"! But no matter how brilliant I am, no matter how dazzling my stenographic skills, as far as the guys in the office are concerned... I'm a total bust!
m Burp Hooper m the founder of Spilling Hooper. Before that was w th BBD&O. Before *that* I was with Yak and Paulson and before *that* was w th Phipps, Basinski, Newsom, Bobrick, LaZebnick, Monderer, Hooper, Hermanski, Bordegray, Pafko and Terwilliger. When I quit, the man who paints the firm name on each partner's door was carried away screaming. It's a tough industry!
I m B tty Dripper Francis. I th nk I smiled once in season one, episode six. I have nothing to smile about. I was married to Dom Dripper. He was cold. He was distant. He was obsessed w th work and he was constantly cheating on me. It was a terrible combination. In the midd e of his sleep he d shout out the name "Joy." When I confronted him he sa d it wasn't a girl. It was a dishwashing soap! The next night he shouted out the name "Muriel." Claimed it was a cigar. The *next* night he shouted out the name "Aunt Jemima." Okay, one out of three!
12

Our firm is in deep trouble! Billings have shrunk by sixty percent! I've gathered you here to update our current account status.
Johnson Wax is on the skids, Prell Shampoo is down the drain, Dr. Scholl's may take a powder and Bell Telephone is not returning our calls!
Any good news?
Lucky Strike is thrilled with us!
Lucky Strike dropped us eight months ago!
They're thrilled with our smoking habits! 100 million cigarettes were smoked in America last week. 80 million of them were smoked in this office!
Let's celebrate. Let's have a drink!
We're losing accounts. What are we celebrating?
It's a week with a Thursday in it!
You've got to slow down, Grogger. It's nine thirty in the morning!
This weekend we turned the clocks back. It's actually ten thirty in the morning!
In that case, I'll have a double!
Here are my demands. I want to be a senior partner, I want a corner office and I want my name in the lobby!
Here's my response. No senior partnership, no corner office, but your name will be in the lobby — under "Ungrateful Little Snivveling Idiot"!
Well, I guess some recognition is better than none!
So how is Sulky doing today?
This is not good.
She's been kissing a picture of Howdy Doody. She ate an entire package of light bulbs. She calls the blender "Uncle Bobby."
I'm worried. She'll be hitting puberty soon. Those will be her difficult years!
SNIP
SNIP
SNIP
SNIP
Sulky, what is it? Why all this rage and anger?
I'm the product of a broken marriage. I've got this creepy stepfather and you and Mom never showed me any love or affection!
That's not true! We've always wanted what's best for you. Now take some aspirin. I have all these free samples! And wash them down with this fabulous 20-year old scotch! You'll feel so much better!

Geez Not another episode where you're trying to black-mail me?
Yes. I'll tell everyone you're living a lie! You've stolen another man's identity!
Big deal. Nobody cares
I'll tell them you cheated on your wife and had sex with hookers, drifters and assorted circus people!
Doesn't faze me
I'll show them your drivers license photo with three hairs out of place!
Exactly how much do you need to keep quiet?
NEW YORK
Good news, Dom! Our problems have been solved!
Great! You've signed a new account? What is it, Kodak? Vitalis?
No. I've created a high ball glass with a cigarette lighter attached! It will save us both hours of time!
Genius!
can't believe I'm at your apartment!
To get in the mood, let's put a Bob Dylan 45 on the phonograph, smoke a Parliament and then watch The Twilight Zone!
I thought we were here for sex?
We are. But these are the rules
Your "make out" rules?
The show's script rules! Every episode must throw in a whole bunch of "sixties" references!
Can't we just "do it"?
We can, but what do you say we talk about Dick Nixon while we dance the Twist first?
Forgive me, Father, for have sinned!
What have you done, my child?
have talked back to a male at the office!
Even though it's the sixties, we must know our place!
And I have also befriended a Negro
There are social boundaries. We must do the right thing!
And last night I had sex with a young man!
Many of us have strayed in that way, my child. Hopefully, the Lord will forgive us for certain transgressions!
ABSOLUTION
FREE
COFFEE
5¢


Hey, Hammy. How're things in the Television and Media Department?
Kind of quiet these days. Not much going on.
I hear there's a new guy called Johnny Carson. He's taking over The Tonight Show!
Seen him. Too Mid-western! He won't last!
They say "Color TV" is only a couple of years away!
Won't work! Public won't go for it. There may be radiation! Well, gotta go now. I'm off to buy ad time on some great new shows — I'm Dickens, He's Fenster and My Mother the Car!
Hammy's good. He's real good!
Our Sales Division may be struggling but our Television and Media Department is in good hands!
Can I get you anything, Mr. Dripper?
A drink, a smoke and a flashback to happy times!
You had no happy times!
Okay, flashback to last night at the Dixie Hotel!
Something troubling you, ad man? You seem distant tonight!
I'm battling to keep a big pharmaceutical account for the agency while juggling a problematic personal life!
I'm a hooker! Do really need to know all this?
I need to vent. You're easier to talk to than a psychiatrist. And cheaper!
Preggy, Let's you and me "merge"!
How do you know it was mine?
Yeah, that sure sounds like my kid, all right!
Again!? We had a fling three years ago. I had your baby!
It was born with a smirk, instead of crying it sneered, and all the other babies in the hospital instantly despised him!
Pack your bags, babe. We're off to a romantic weekend in Saratoga.
It's over, Grogger! You're a married man!
That didn't seem to bother you at the Hamptons beach house or the Cape Cod cottage or that cozy bed and breakfast over looking industrial Passaic!
That hurts me, Jutt. I care for you very much as a person! I can't get you out of my mind. Day and night I keep thinking about them... er, I mean you!
You're just after my body!
Goodbye, Grogger!





I have great news! We've merged with a major ad agency. We've inherited a whole new bunch of accounts!

Who ARE these accounts?

They're all blue chip companies! All sound financially. All have a tremendous future — well into the next century!

The Johns Manville Company: they are the King of Asbestos!

The Hearst Newspaper Chain: Newspapers will always be with us. Print will never die!

Underwood: One of the world's most respected typewriter companies. Nothing will ever replace typewriters!

They also represent Gimbels Department Store and E.J. Korvette. Gentlemen, we have hitched our wagon to a gold mine!

We're rich, Grogger! We're in for shares!

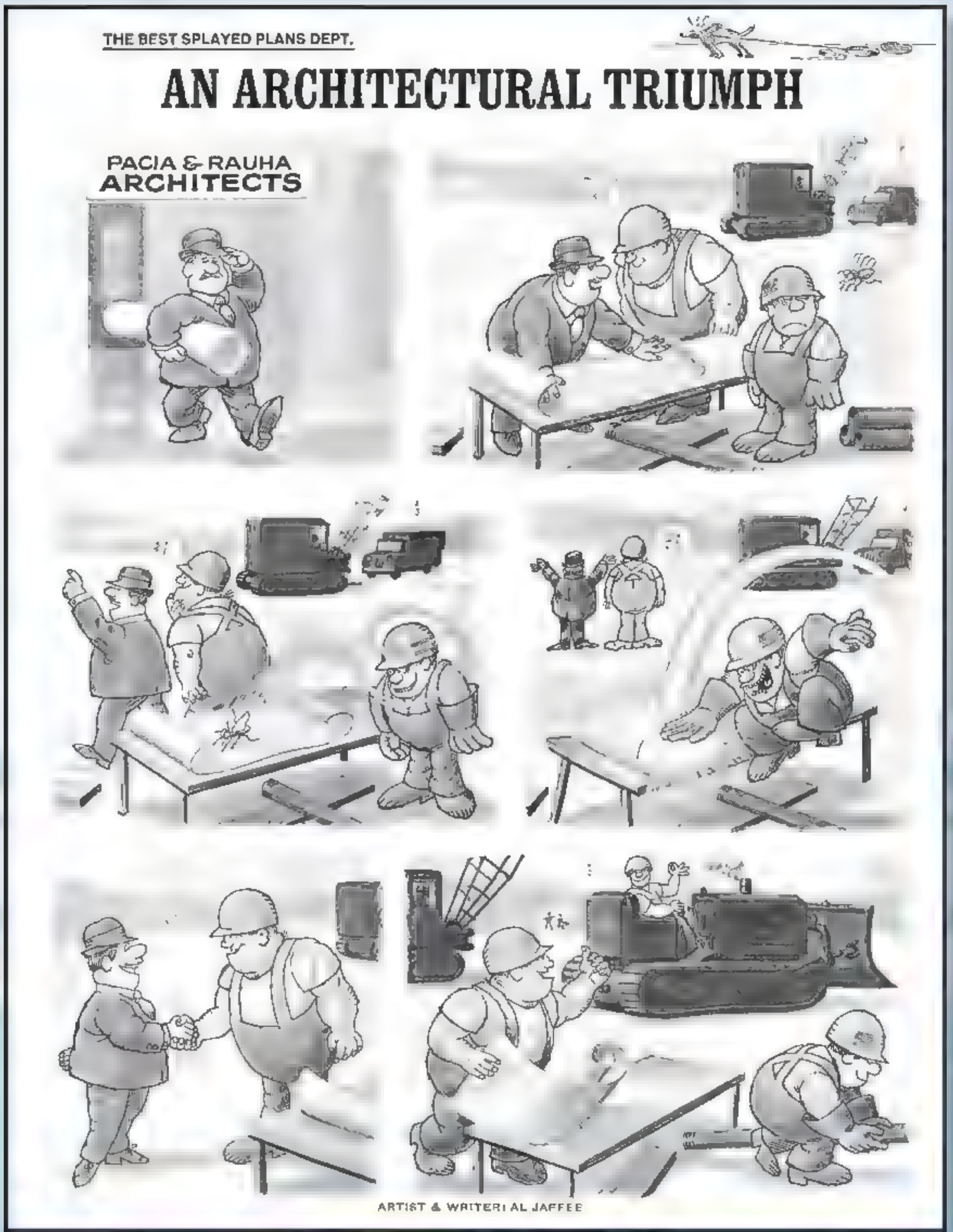
As a consultant?

I'm not hanging around! I have a lucrative offer from Johns Hopkins Hospital.

As a human specimen. They're studying my liver!

John Slattery

I couldn't wait for the new MAD to come out. I loved everything about it. I had a whole cartooning phase as a result, trying to draw like Jack Davis and Don Martin. Everything, Spy vs. Spy, Sergio Aragonés. I'd take it with me until I either lost it, or one of my friends stole it. I think I actually subscribed for a while, which, given the general lack of organization in my life then, is saying a lot.



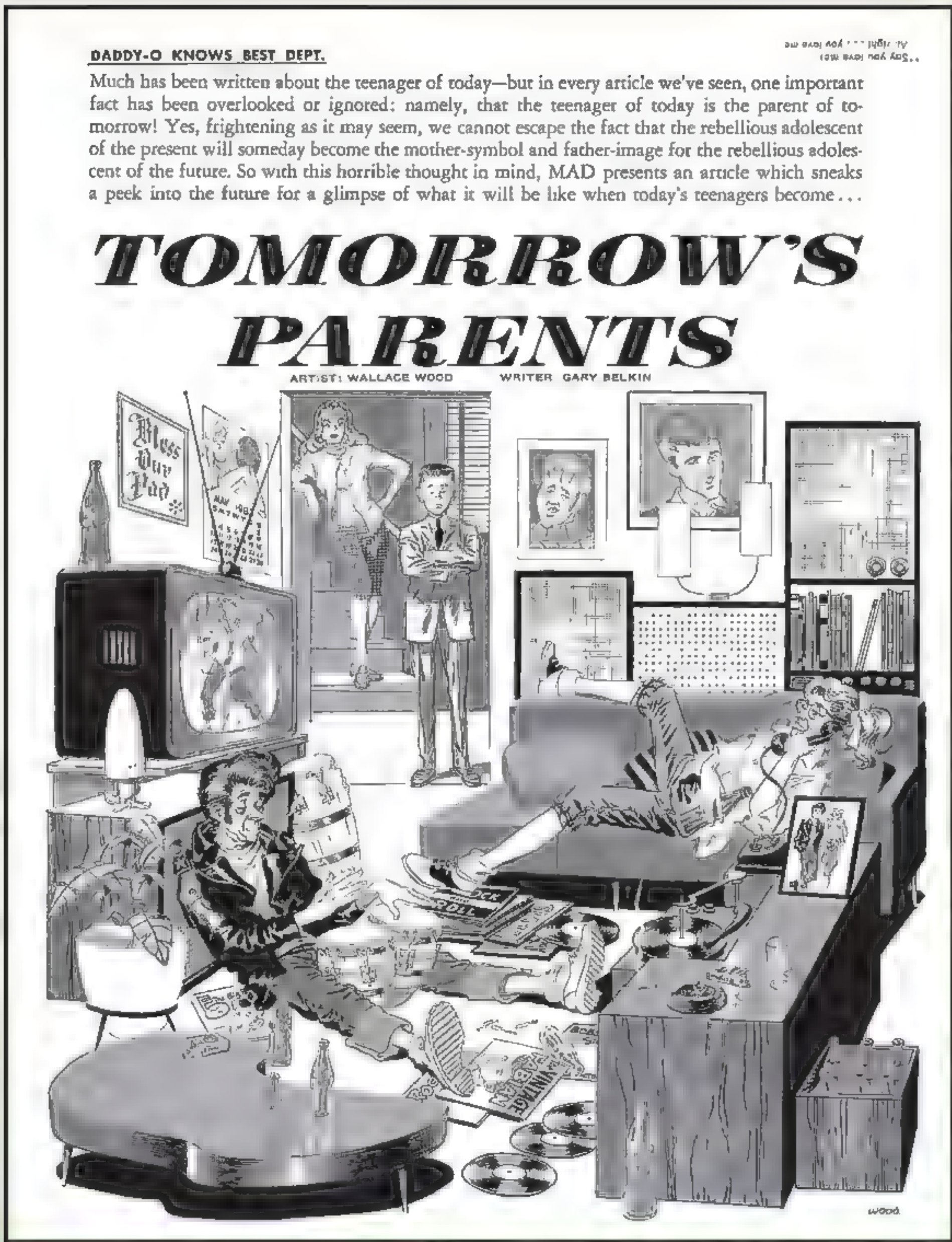
by Desmond Devlin
WRITER

Al Jaffee is the man. He's the man who writes sharp ingenious jokes about a few of serious subjects, from consumerism to repressed rage to political malfeasance to environmental decay to childhood angst. He's also the man who draws funny pictures about 12 foot cigarettes and magic tricks and people forever poking up chicken bones and fish skeletons. He's the irreplaceable embodiment of MAD Magazine's range: smart but silly, angry but understanding, sophisticated but gross, upbeat but hopeless.

When you spend a lifetime reading him, and I have, you see that he's uncommonly interested in figuring out how things work, and exasperated because things NEVER work. The piece I picked is Al's "An Architectural Triumph." Just look at that second page. It's one of the greatest, most astonishing "reveal" gags ever. What's

undrawn between the first and second pages is pure Jaffee brilliance: all those people, working to complete that building, without anybody pausing to ask, "What the hell is happening here?"

Nobody in the world could have taken dry, clinical blueprints, added an oaf and a squooshed bug, and ended up with that spectacular drawing that shimmies from absurd to a most plausible and back again. Nobody but my hero, Al Jaffee.



DADDY-O KNOWS BEST DEPT.

Much has been written about the teenager of today—but in every article we've seen, one important fact has been overlooked or ignored: namely, that the teenager of today is the parent of tomorrow! Yes, frightening as it may seem, we cannot escape the fact that the rebellious adolescent of the present will someday become the mother-symbol and father-image for the rebellious adolescent of the future. So with this horrible thought in mind, MAD presents an article which sneaks a peek into the future for a glimpse of what it will be like when today's teenagers become . . .

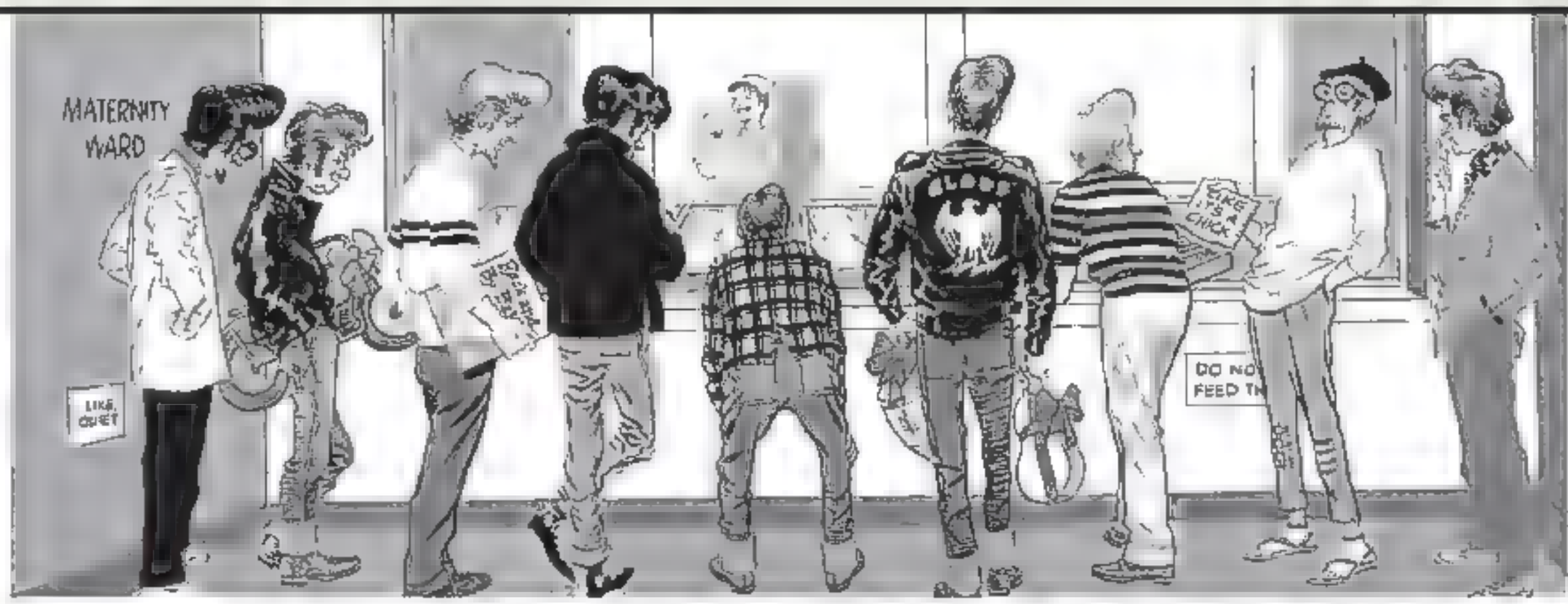
TOMORROW'S PARENTS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN

MAD #62, APRIL 1961

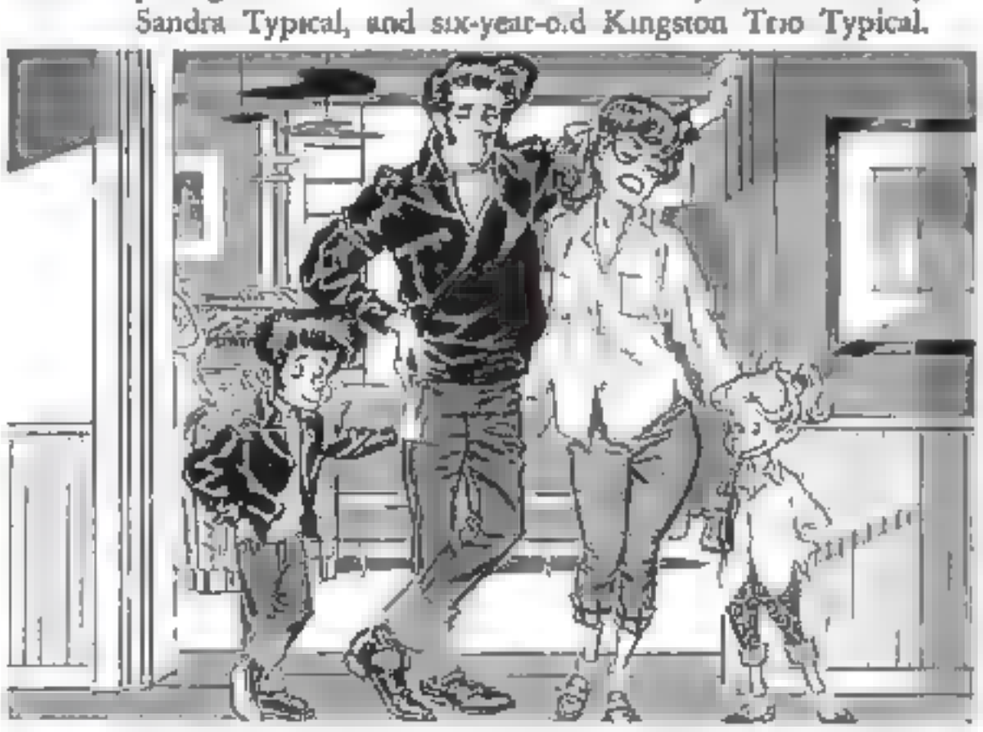
by Rick Tulka
ARTIST

In the summer of 1962, when I was seven years old my neighbor gave me an old copy of MAD Magazine (April 1961, Issue # 62). It was a l torn and tattered and missing ts cover. This was the first time I ever saw one. Since I already knew that I wanted to be an artist (yes, that is true) the visuals I saw, page after page, just astounded me! I never read it. I just looked at the pictures over and over. The one article that really stood out for me was "Tomorrow's Parents," by artist Wallace (Wally) Wood and writer Gary Belkin. I couldn't get over Wood's drawings. The characters, details and scenes just blew me away. I didn't have to read the piece to understand the story. His drawings were enough for me. I also knew that after that first viewing, I was addicted and needed to see more of this magazine. I happily bought issue after issue, and eventually I got a subscription and had my young brain melted by MAD's insanity. For the record, I still have that first tattered magazine that was given to me way back when.

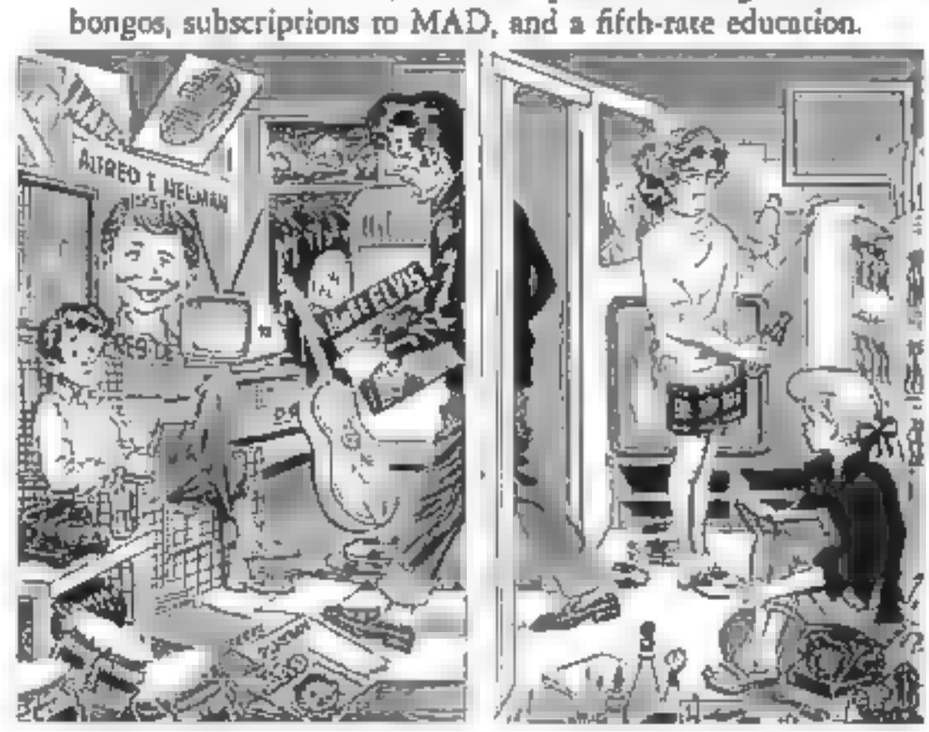


By the 1970's, today's young people will have found the answer to their respective teenage prayers, and many of them will have gotten married and become parents. As all parents do, they will name their children after their own personal idols. The most popular names for boys in 1970 will be Fabian, Frankie, Frankenstein, Bobby, Darin and Elvis. The most popular names for girls in 1970 will be Sandra, Tuesday, Wednesday, Annette, Funicello and Elvis.

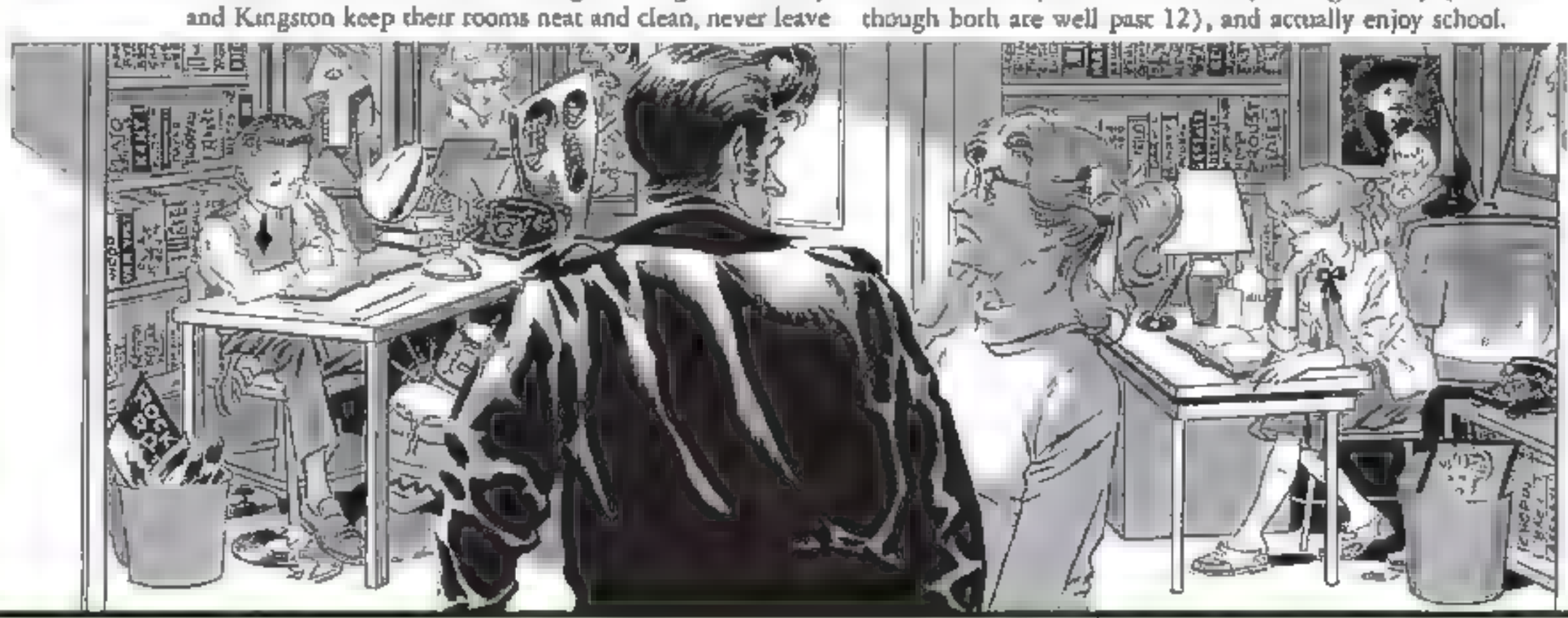
Here are two typical parents of 1975 — Fred and Ginger (named after their own parent's idols) Typical — proudly posing behind their two children: five-year-old Tuesday Sandra Typical, and six-year-old Kingston Trio Typical.



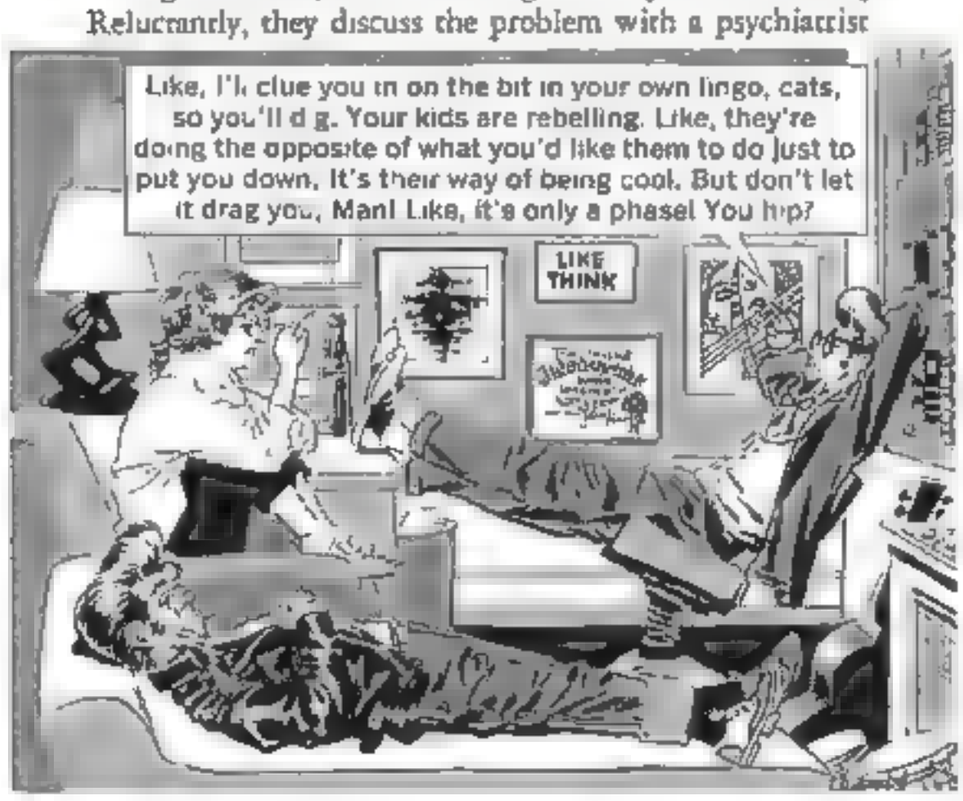
When Tuesday and Kingston reach their teens, they've got all the things Fred and Ginger's parents refused to give them: their own rooms, their own phones, monogrammed bongos, subscriptions to MAD, and a fifth-rate education.



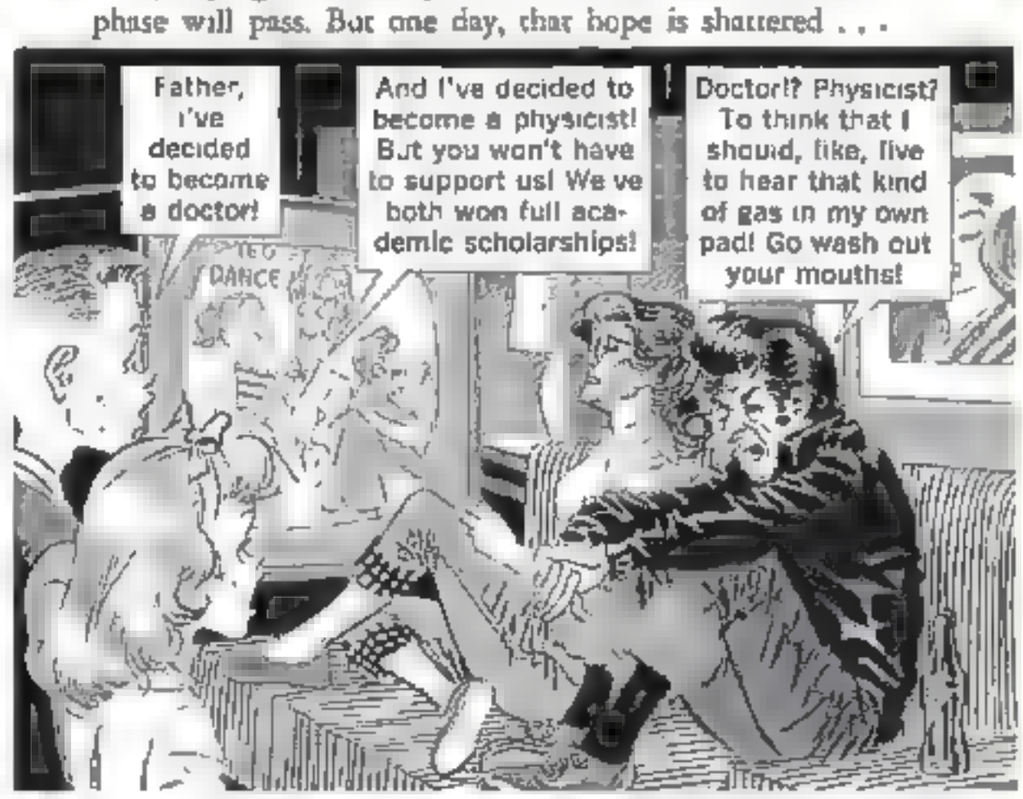
Yet, despite all these advantages, Fred and Ginger sense that their children are not turning out "right." Tuesday and Kingston keep their rooms neat and clean, never leave clothes lying around, read books, drink milk, watch only Educational TV, hate Rock 'n Roll, don't go steady (even though both are well past 12), and actually enjoy school.



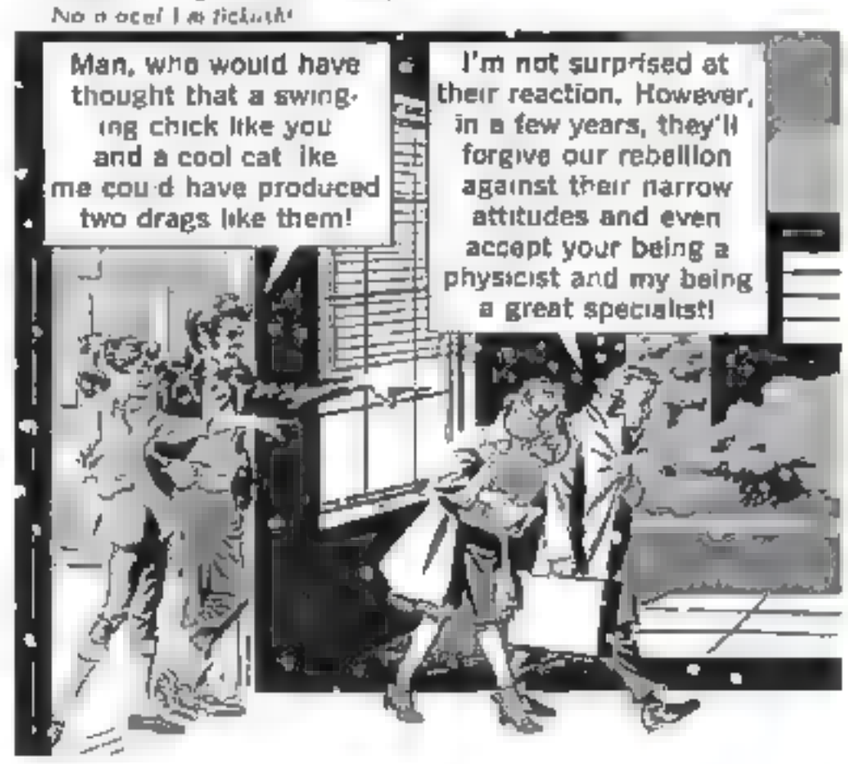
Sincerely worried about the strange behavior of their two teenage children, Fred and Ginger seek professional help. Reluctantly, they discuss the problem with a psychiatrist.



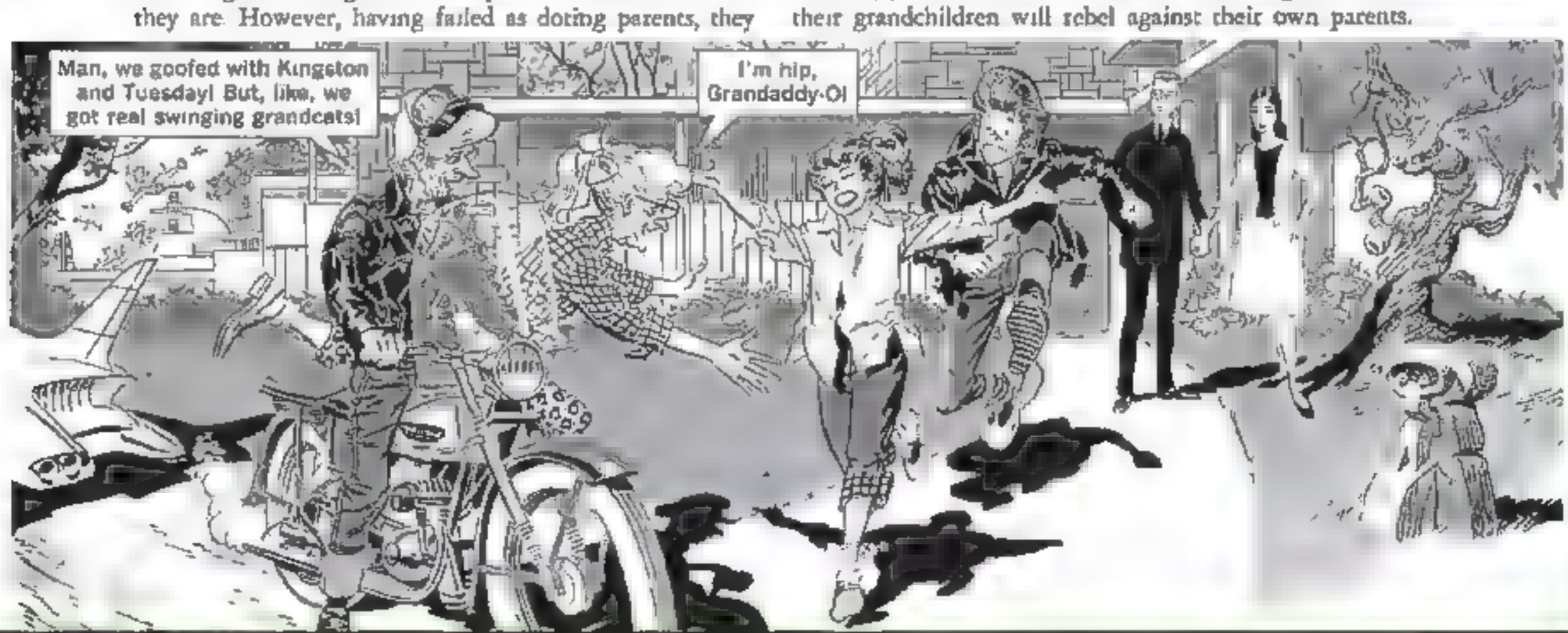
Temporarily relieved, Fred and Ginger resume their normal lives, hoping for the day when their children's rebellious phase will pass. But one day, that hope is shattered . . .



"Where can I get in touch with you?
No a ocal I e ticket!"



Kingston's remarks are prophetic. In years to come, Fred and Ginger will forgive and accept their children for what they are. However, having failed as doting parents, they will achieve astonishing success as doting grandparents. Because, just as their own children rebelled against them, their grandchildren will rebel against their own parents.



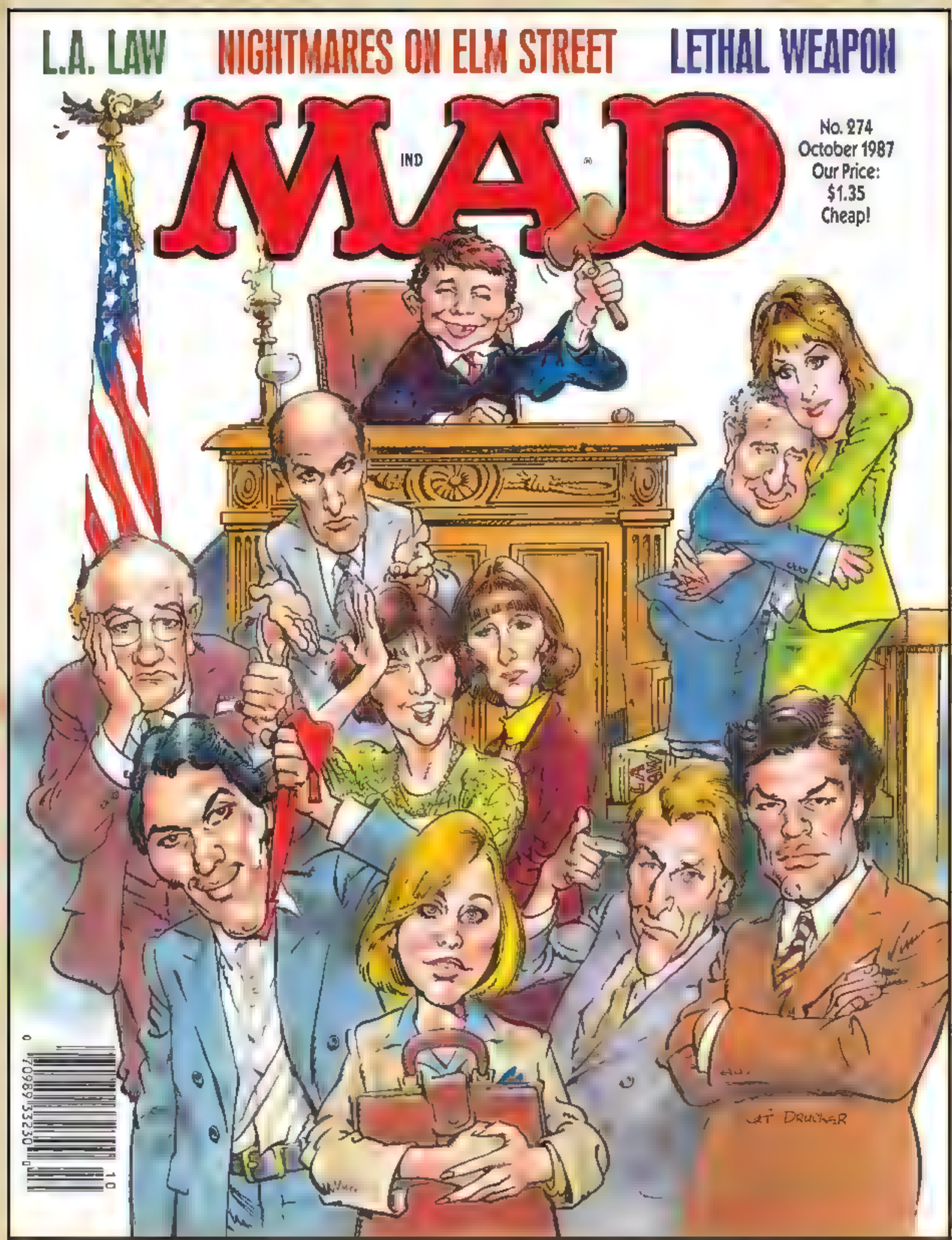
Harry Hamlin

I was such a huge fan of MAD and "Spy vs. Spy" that I think it's responsible for me becoming an actor…and for my sex life, and for my son being admitted to Princeton.

I always went to the "Spy vs. Spy" pages first when I opened the magazine. I was enchanted by it. Then, when I was 11 or 12, the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No*, came out. I was intrigued, as was everyone at the time, by the phenomenon of spy movies and spy culture. I wanted to do what "Spy vs. Spy" and Sean Connery did. Coincidentally, it just so happened that I had a son with the first Bond girl ever Ursula Andress. And she told me an interesting story of her participation in that movie. She was under contract with the studio, but didn't speak any English and hadn't made any movies and was sick and tired of the movie business. She wanted to get out of her contract so she went to the head of the studio, saying, "Let me go, please." And the guy said, "Look, your contract isn't up. We're making a completely unknown spy movie with a completely unknown actor. It's a low budget movie. We're going to make the movie and it's going to die at the box office. Then you'll have fulfilled your contract and can go on and live your life." So she did the picture and it started a whole genre. I don't know when "Spy vs. Spy" started, but I always felt that Bond film might have been the inspiration for it or vice versa.

Fast forward to when Ursula and I had our son, Dimitri. I shared MAD with him and he became a fan of the magazine, too. He's now 32, but he would have been about seven when he read the October 1987 issue when I was on the cover for the MAD spoof of *L.A. Law*. After that, Dimitri became a comic book collector and so he had MAD Magazines all over the place. He was an addict for MAD, the way he was for all comics, but MAD was front and center. In fact, it's responsible for him getting into Princeton. Because of his constant addiction, MAD educated him. It fed the evolution of his brain. He was an outside-of-the-box kid and MAD taught him to be an outside-of-the-box thinker. He's definitely an iconoclast and that's what they liked about him at Princeton.

My son was an addict for MAD... in fact, it's responsible for getting him into Princeton.



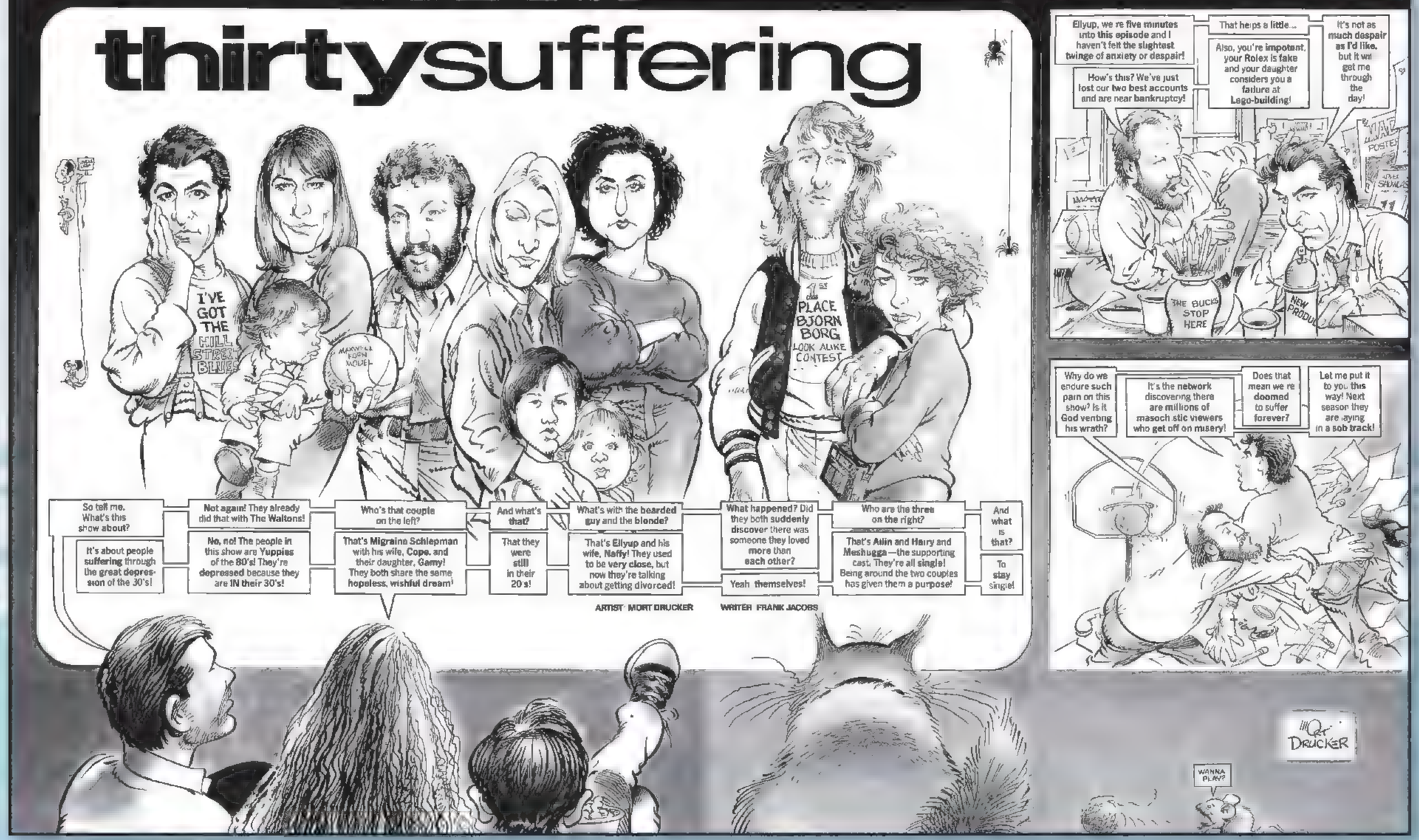
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

MAD #274/OCTOBER 1987

When that *LA Law* issue of MAD came out, I loved it I loved it so much that I decided to take a photo of the whole cast in the same pose as the MAD cover, and send it in to the MAD editors as a joke. I clearly remember that I had to get clearance to do it Everything requires clearance when you re doing those kinds of shows, so I had to go all the way to the top of the studio to get clearance to use the set and take the time required to set up the shot Then I had to get all the different people in the cast there at the same time, plus our producer Steven Bochco, to pose as Alfred E Neuman holding a giant gavel Then we finally took the photo after about 40 minutes to get the lighting right and get everyone posed in the right position I was inspired to do it for some reason! I don t recall exactly why but those were my salad days.

ANGST FOR NOTHING DEPT.

There's a hot ensemble-cast show that just won a slew of Emmys! It's the kind of show that most viewers seem to either love or hate, or love to hate! It's dark, it's moody, it's depressing, it's...



MAD #288, APRIL 1989

by Nick Meglin
EDITOR

Choosing to parody the popular *thirtysomething* TV show was as much an aesthetic choice as it was a personal highlight for me as a MAD editor. Like all new TV shows that garnered a strong following early on, we initially watched it for its satire potential. But unlike most network offerings, this one was brilliantly written and got many of us hooked, including MAD writer Frank Jacobs.

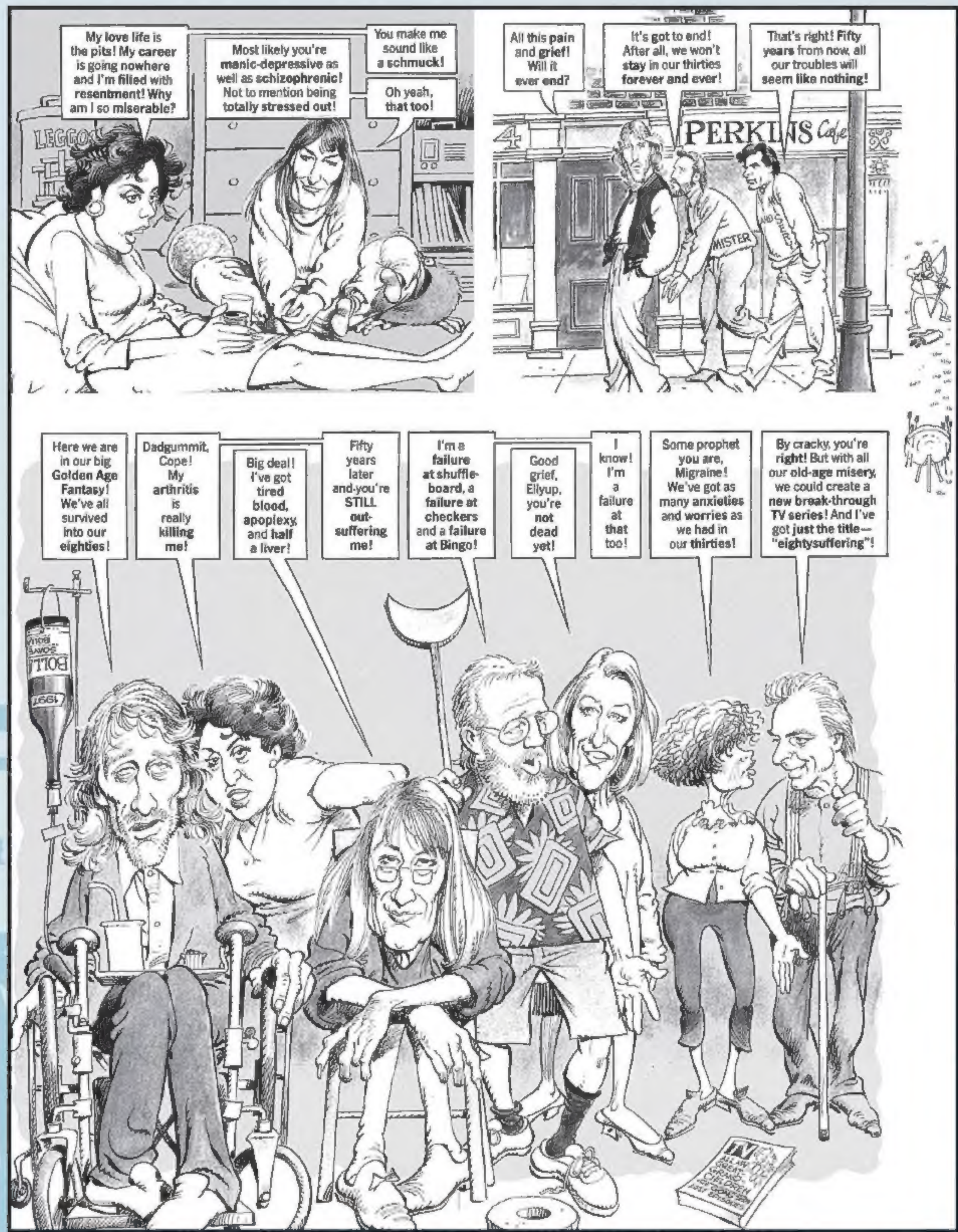
Frank submitted a strong premise and was assigned the script. The choice of Mort Drucker to illustrate it was a no-brainer — each talented member of the show's cast had wonderful facial qualities that were sure to inspire this great caricaturist. Two of the show's top writers, Joe Dougherty and Ann Hamilton, were big time MAD fans and called me soon after the issue was published, requesting prints of the original art to present to the show's producers. The art department sent them off and a "thank you" call from Joe and Ann included a personal invitation for me to visit the *thirtysomething* set the next time I traveled to L.A. for creative meetings with MAD talents who lived in that area. As it turned out, many of the show's stars were also MAD fans and

production stopped dead when I arrived. Timothy Busfield ("Elliot") shouted, "The MAD guy is here!" and raced his co-star pal Ken Olin ("Michael") to where I had been set up to watch the proceedings. An impressive gathering of cast and crew members asked questions and recalled favorite articles. It made my day.

A close friendship developed between Joe, Ann and myself (still as strong as ever) which led to them writing me into an episode ("The Haunting of DAA"). My spot appearances throughout the segment add up to barely a minute. The plot called for

me being fired from my position as an agency art director named "Nick." However, I had a second shot in a later episode when Michael and Elliot talk about re-hiring some of the people that they had been forced to let go. "How about Nick?" Elliot said, and after a short pause both shook their heads in a way that clearly stated, "Nah, not that loser!"

My response to their gag put-down was to have Mort add "Nick" to his tableau of the original cast. It was well received and hung in the show's conference room until the series ended.


My love life is the pits! My career is going nowhere and I'm filled with resentment! Why am I so miserable?
Most likely you're manic-depressive as well as schizophrenic! Not to mention being totally stressed out!
You make me sound like a schmuck!
Oh yeah, that too!
All this pain and grief! Will it ever end?
It's got to end! After all, we won't stay in our thirties forever and ever!
That's right! Fifty years from now, all our troubles will seem like nothing!
PERKINS Cafe
MISTER
Here we are in our big Golden Age Fantasy! We've all survived into our eighties!
Dadgummit, Cope! My arthritis is really killing me!
Big deal! I've got tired blood, apoplexy, and half a liver!
Fifty years later and-you're STILL out-suffering me!
I'm a failure at shuffle-board, a failure at checkers and a failure at Bingo!
Good grief, Ellyup, you're not dead yet!
I know! I'm a failure at that too!
Some prophet you are, Migraine! We've got as many anxieties and worries as we had in our thirties!
By cracky, you're right! But with all our old-age misery, we could create a new break-through TV series! And I've got just the title—"eightysuffering"!

When I was a kid, I wanted to be funny. MAD Magazine was my training manual. It was a portable classroom that came into my possession eight times a year. Its arrival on the newsstand was celebrated like the reappearance of a missing loved one. Every page was devoured and taken to heart like a religious scripture. I remember the smell of the printed pages as I turned each one for the first time. I remember the delicate care I took folding the back page to reveal the hidden joke, which was sometimes funny and sometimes scarily political, which then taught me that comedy could be used not solely to make people laugh.

My parents and I always thought MAD was a kids' magazine, but the humor wasn't for kids. MAD spoke to me like an adult. MAD made jokes I couldn't believe they made. More often than I care to admit, MAD made jokes I didn't get, jokes I then had to consult with my friends on — sometimes embarrassingly so — to understand. MAD took me out of the kid-jokes world of riddles and puns and showed me how grown-ups — truly funny grown-ups — made other people laugh.

Paul Feig

MAD Magazine made me the man I am today (in other words, it's their fault)

Don Martin, Dave Berg, Sergio Aragonés, Mort Drucker, Al Jaffee. These guys were my Beatles. To me, they didn't walk on this Earth. They had to exist in some other universe and send their work down to us from on high. They lived in a place where adults weren't so serious, where they weren't so hung up on protocol and respect and reverence for the way things are. But they also weren't the 1960s hippies and the radicals on my TV who were scarily telling me that my friends and I should rebel against my parents and the world around us. The MAD guys were fighting the system and tearing down idols and making fun of it all from inside its walls, all while making me laugh the entire time.

MAD Magazine made me who I am today: a middle-aged, paunchy and occasionally sober man. It also showed me what funny is and gave me the inspiration to create my own comedy. I try every day to live up to their standards. I strive to make them proud and I pray with all my heart they will make fun of my work.

For me, it's not "What Would Jesus Do?" It's "What Would MAD Do?" And right now, I think they'd just tell me to shut up and stop embarrassing them.

And so I will. Thanks again, MAD.